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THIRTY YEARS'

CORRESPONDENCE,

&c. &c.

VOL. I.

THIRTY YEARS'

CORRESPONDENCE,

BETWEEN

JOHN JEBB, D. D. F. R. S.

BISHOP OF LIMERICK, ARDFERT, AND AGHADOE,

AND

ALEXANDER KNOX, ESQ. M.R.I.A.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

PERPETUAL CURATE OF ASH NEXT SANDWICH:
FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP JEBB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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NEW-YORK.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1835.

"The above letter, is almost the earliest of a series, terminating only with the year of Mr. Knox's death, (1831,) which the editor has long cherished, among his choicest treasures. How much he owes to this correspondence, . . how much to the free, familiar, yet paternal converse, of many thousand happy hours, . . how much to the uniform example of this true-hearted christian philosopher, will not be known, until the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. But thus much he can say, with certainty, that, scarce a day elapses, in which some energetic truth, some pregnant principle, or some happy illustration, (and those illustrations were always powerful arguments,) does not present itself, for which he was primarily indebted, to the ever-salient mind of ALEXANDER KNOX."

BISHOP JEBB, *Extract from his new Edition of Burnet's Lives, Introduction*, p. xxix.

E. & L. Merriam, ... Printers,
Brookfield, Mass.

TO

THE HONORABLE

RICHARD JEBB,

SECOND JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH IN IRELAND.

My dear Sir,

Upon the opposite page, you will read the recorded judgment of my late honored friend, the Bishop of Limerick, upon the merits of Mr. Knox's portion of the following correspondence. With regard to the published specimen there alluded to, Bishop Jebb's high estimate has been amply borne out: Mr. Knox's letter upon christian preaching, first printed in the Bishop's introduction to Burnet's Lives, having not only experienced a most favorable reception in this country, but having been twice re-published in North America; the second time, in a separate form, for distribution among the episcopal clergy.

Upon the death of his friend, the Bishop received back his own part of the correspondence; and having, for the first time, carefully perused both sides of the series, as a whole, he confided the manuscripts, not

many months before his own departure hence, to my care, in the following words: . . 'These volumes are yours; and remember the correspondence is to be given to the world.'

Immediately after our great bereavement, almost my first thoughts were directed to this injunction, and to the grateful, though trying duty, which it laid upon me. The duty, however imperfectly, is at length accomplished. And in the discharge of my sacred trust, I feel a satisfaction, which words cannot express, in the opportunity afforded me of inscribing these remains to one, whom Bishop Jebb loved as the best of brothers, and honored as his second father. The daily companionship of nearly one and twenty years, enables me to say, that the motto prefixed to the dedication of Practical Theology, was the Bishop's prevailing sentiment through life :—

'Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni!'

With regard to your brother's part of the correspondence, the name of Bishop Jebb, will sufficiently recommend to public notice, any writing known to come from his pen. It may be mentioned, however, as an interesting fact, that Mr. Knox always considered the Bishop's familiar letters, as, in point of composition, the most perfect of his writings. I well remember Mr. Knox's strong expression to myself, to this effect, so far back as the year 1810. He had just received a letter from your brother, which, in taking out of his pocket to read, had been slightly creased. The accident annoyed him for the moment, and he thought it right to explain why it discomposed him. Unfolding the injured letter, he ob-

served, 'I shall lay this carefully by; I keep all Mr. Jebb's letters; for I know no such letter-writer in the English language. Every letter of his is fit to pass, without correction, from the post-office into the printer's hands.'

In preparing the correspondence for publication, I find evidence of still earlier date, that, in Mr. Knox's judgment, your brother's letters were most deserving of permanent preservation.

The value of a correspondence so long and intimate, between two such minds, upon subjects the most interesting that can engage the thoughts of man, will be felt by every reflecting reader. For myself, I can only add, that, taking together the ability and attainments of the correspondents, and the perfect freedom, the entire absence of reserve, which characterize, throughout, their interchange of thought, I am unaware of the existence, in our own or in any language, of a correspondence similar in interest or importance, to that between Alexander Knox and Bishop Jebb.

I remain, my dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your truly obliged and affectionate

Friend and Servant,

CHARLES FORSTER.

Vicarage, Ash next Sandwich,
May 29. 1834.

LETTER 1.

July 25. 1799.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I yesterday received a letter from the Bishop of Kilmore, letting me know that he had recommended you to a vacant cure in his diocese, in Dean Blundell's parish of Swanlinbar; and the Dean called on me this day, to tell me that he was ready to acquiesce with pleasure in the Bishop's recommendation. In order to enable you to judge how far the business may be eligible for you, I will transcribe that part of the Bishop's letter.

"Dean Blundell has offered me the curacy of Swanlinbar; I have accepted of it, and recommended Mr. Jebb for it, if the appointment should meet his and your wishes. I am anxious to have a *creditable* clergyman fixed there, it being a place of fashionable resort during the summer. I conceive, too, that, for him, it will offer better accommodations than most country towns in Ireland. By accepting of it, he will obtain a footing in the diocese: it is the first establishment which has offered since you spoke to me. I own I wish it may suit him; but do not imagine that I make a point of his accepting it."

Now, my dear Mr. Jebb, all I can say is, consider the point, and make your election as speedily as you can; for Dean Blundell is impatient to have the cure filled; as it has been some time vacant, to the no small detriment of the parish. I need make no remark to you, I am sure, on the kind, candid, gentlemanlike manner in which the Bishop expresses himself. It is in unison with every thing I have seen in him. Your own views and feelings, however, must decide; and if it be in favor of the appointment, you must arrange matters for entering on it without delay. It is not the cure, strictly, of the parish, but of a chapel of ease; the salary, the usual one, 50*l.*

Write to me as soon as you can, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER I.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Ballyconnel, May 29. 1800.

My dear Sir,

I have frequently accused myself of scandalous neglect, in not, long since, having given you some account of my situation here. I did, indeed, write you one letter, many months ago; but I am ignorant whether it ever reached you. Since that, I was not certain in what part of England you were; but, from some inquiries I made, I am happy to find, that your health and spirits are both better, than when I had last the pleasure of seeing you.

By your kindness, I am embarked in my profession in a manner as favorable as I could possibly have wished; and much more so than I ever had any reason to expect. In the Bishop of Kilmore, I have experienced a gentleman, and a friend. His manners are highly pleasing, and his attention to me has been such, as clearly proves, that he had a high regard for your recommendation. Added to this, when I find him a good man, and a truly pious Christian, surely I need not say, that it is delightful to me to have commenced my duties under him. Independent of any prospects, I am happy at being placed in his diocese; and I shall not attempt to thank you for the introduction you gave me to such a man, because I never could do so sufficiently.

I find myself very pleasantly situated. Immediate neighborhood I have none, except one family. That family is very pleasing, friendly, and good. Their house is always open to me; and they are most ready to co-operate in any plan for the good of the poorer classes; teaching and clothing their children, and providing them with work. At a greater distance, I have an intercourse with Mr. Woodward*, Lord Enniskillen, and the Bishop: this society, parochial duties, and my books, occupy my time very completely; and leave me no room to complain of heavy hours.

I have followed your advice, in occasionally making a particular sermon of Tillotson, or Secker, my model; following their arguments, and adopting their arrangement. I have, also, preached a kind of commentary on a Psalm, now and then;

* The Rev. Henry Woodward, youngest son of Richard Woodward, D. D. Bishop of Cloyne; and, through after-life, one of Bishop Jebb's most attached and valued friends.—Ed.

keeping in view your very useful lecture in Dawson Street, on that subject: this practice I find extremely pleasant to myself, and do not think it is unpleasing to my congregation. These are, for the most part, of the lower order; very decent, regular, and attentive. I almost regret, that the arrival of water-drinkers is so near. I think I could preach more usefully to my own poor, but respectable audience: they are, in general, about 150 in number; sometimes, much more.

I have a near neighbor (at Florence Court) Wm. Cole, with whom, till lately, I have had but little intercourse. He is a most respectable young man; as a clergyman, extremely zealous and correct. I should wish, very much, to cultivate an acquaintance with him; and was happy to find him lately making advances, towards my more frequently visiting at his father's. He has made it very much his business to study the tastes, and dispositions of his parishioners; going to their houses; inviting them to the Sacrament; and preaching in a manner level to their understandings. There are few young men of rank, who take so much pains; and I am convinced that I may derive from him much useful information. It is very happy that he is settled in a place, where the rank and influence of his family give him so many opportunities of doing good.

I hope and trust, that you continue to mend in health and spirits. I should think, that the variety of situation, and the air of England, must be useful to you. It would give me true pleasure, if, in any leisure half hour, you would let me know how, and where, you are; there are, I believe, very few, who wish more sincerely for your welfare,—I am sure, none have better reason,—than I. That you may be well and happy, that it may please God to continue you long to your friends, and to society, is the wish and prayer, of your obliged

And most sincere friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER II.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Ballyconnel, Nov. 6. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just learnt your address in London, and cannot deny myself the pleasure of writing you a few lines. I heard, lately, from my brother, that you favored him with your company for one day. I hope and trust that your health continues in, at

least, as good a state, as when he saw you. I have often wished for some more satisfactory way of learning where, and how, you were, than from inquiries, which could be seldom made, and still less frequently answered. If you could spare so much time, I believe few would be more gratified than I should, to hear, from yourself, a little of yourself: however, I should be sorry to trespass upon time, which is employed to far better purpose. Do not, therefore, think of writing, till you have a vacant hour; should any occur, I would be extremely gratified by your giving me a line.

The extreme retirement of this place gives me abundant time for reading. I wish I were able to give a good account of the method in which it is employed. However, I can say, I am not absolutely idle; and in the duties of the parish, and occasional visits to my friends, I find sufficient relaxation. I have it in contemplation to study greek with some care; chiefly with a view to make myself well acquainted with the New Testament. I propose beginning with the historians; Herodotus, Thucydides, &c. I should be very thankful for your opinion of this plan. I by no means intend to let it exclude divinity, and English literature. Two hours a day is all I would give up to it.

I have been, very lately, with the Bishop of Kilmore. The more I see him, the more reason have I to admire and esteem him. I think myself happy in the society of such a man; and am not without hopes that I receive improvement from every visit I make him. His piety is unaffected; his understanding is sound; and his opinions are most correct. If I do not improve by his example, it is my own fault. I often meet, with him, a very excellent, and very learned man, Dr. Hales.

Both —— and —— are very anxious for the completion of the Flapper.* According to the original plan, there were to have been 108 Nos.; 75 only have appeared. Its publication in London is deprecated, in the present unfinished state. Dr. —— would engage for his full proportion: so would ——. The latter would, also, rally the contributors in Dublin. Dr. —— proposes signifying, by advertisement, that a letter-box will be open till the 1st of January; and publishing all the additional numbers together, on the 1st of February. Then, he says, the entire work might go, in a handsome manner, to Rivington's press. Your co-operation is earnestly requested. —— has no doubt of the Dublin Flappers. I have been invited to take a share; and, though very fearful that I should be wofully deficient, would endeavor to do something, if the business were taken up.

* A literary journal, published in Dublin.—Ed.

If you can spare time, an answer to this will make me very happy.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your much obliged and affectionate
humble servant,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER III.

To A. Knox, Esq.

December 4. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I DO assure you, I know not when I received a letter, which gave me so much real gratification, as that you had the goodness to write me. I need not, I trust, say, that I am truly sorry for the cause of your former silence. Your letter, however, is to me a most acceptable proof, that your state of health is improved; I am willing to imagine, that its length proves not only your kindness to me, but, also, the absence of any oppressive complaint. To write to you, will always be a pleasure to me; but, however anxious I may be to hear from you, I beg and intreat, that you never may attempt writing, when it does not perfectly suit your state of health and spirits. I shall certainly, as you desire it, frequently indulge myself by writing to you; and will be amply repaid by a few lines, whenever you can give them *perfectly at your ease.*

Your kind expressions concerning my brother, are such as demand my warmest thanks. I feel their value the more sensibly, because I know they are sincere, and think they are merited. In him, I have experienced, not only a brother, but an adviser, a friend, and a father; I assure you, he has more than once reminded me of Proculeius,—'Notus in fratres animi paterni.' That he should marry, is, and has long been, a favorite wish of mine; I hope and believe that he will do so: he is a man of domestic habits, exceedingly attached to 'homebred happiness.' My sister would, I am sure, be happy in your favorable opinion; in a letter I some time since received from her, she expressed herself of you as she ought.

I have not very lately seen the Bishop; but shall, please God, soon take a trip to Kilmore. I will not fail, then, to look at the passage in the British Critic, you so kindly pointed out. I will, I fancy, take in that publication, from January next.

I agree perfectly with you in deprecating illiberal churchman-

ship. I read the notice to RUSTICUS, and think it as fair and candid, as could possibly be expected.

For your kindness in procuring me Lowth and Blackwall, I feel much indebted. They are books which I had a great inclination to read; their value will certainly experience no diminution, by their coming from you. Sacred criticism I have always looked forward to, since I thought of divinity, as a very principal and delightful branch of my future studies; and Marsh's Michaelis, with Lardner, &c. &c., I purposed procuring. I am, therefore, happy to find my intentions corroborated, by your opinion. I shall keep in view your caution as to Michaelis's boldness. I fancy some caution will be, also, necessary, in using Lardner. Cruden's English, and Schmidius's Greek Concordances, properly used, will, perhaps, be the most effectual guards against any thing fanciful; by leading to Scripture, as its own expositor. Any criticism that is just, an accurate investigation of Scripture must confirm. Whatever is unfair, or unscriptural, will not stand the test, but must meet detection.

I discovered, lately, a most brilliant passage, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, astonishingly applicable to the present times; Book 5. Canto 2. Stanza 29. ad finem. It depicts the arrogant impugners of the natural and moral dispensations of Providence,—the unsettlers and equalizers, the democrats and deists,—in most vivid and appropriate colors. I really believe, that, if a person of considerable talents were to sit down, for the express purpose of attacking such gentry, in the style of Spenser, he could not do it in so exact and so poignant a manner, as Spenser has done. He would use more antiquated words (which you will observe are very rare in this passage); and he would be afraid to venture certain words, which seem of modern coinage, and which Spenser has almost prophetically given,—'equalize—uncontrolled freedom—equality—innovation—lordings—commons,' &c. &c.

I should think it a great pity, if this eloquent and admirably descriptive passage were not given to the world, with suitable remarks. The writings of Godwin, Paine, Darwin, and Co. would afford an excellent commentary. I had thoughts of sending it to the Gentleman's Magazine myself; but, on some conversation with ——, am of opinion, it should pass from abler hands than mine. I wish you had leisure and inclination to take it up. It would take, well edited with notes, somewhat after the style of the 'Pursuits of Literature.' If you decline it, might it not, by some means, be put into the 'Pursuer's' hands, or suggested to Mr. Canning? I beg you will inform me of your opinion on the subject.

I hear a report that the Archbishop of Dublin is dead. May

there not be some prospect of our excellent friend's removal to Cashel?

Believe me your most faithful and obliged
friend and servant,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER IV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Dec. 31. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I consider it highly probable you have, by this time, fixed your quarters at Bristol, I write this, at random, to London; concluding, that, if you have removed, the persons with whom you lodged are acquainted with your address.

I have not lately seen the Bishop of Kilmore; but purpose, please God, as soon as I have shaken off a cold, produced by this raw weather in a very damp country, to pay him a visit. He went to town the 26th inst. to pay his respects to the new primate; but will, I am informed, speedily return. I wish he could be prevailed upon to vary the scene, by remaining a little longer.

Since I last wrote to you, I have experienced much pleasure, and derived no small advantage, from a correspondence, which has been pretty briskly carried on, between Stopford of the College, and me. Every letter that he writes, is calculated to make him who receives it a better Christian. He abounds in truly ardent zeal; his simplicity, humility, and benevolence are most edifying; he has a charitable and friendly feeling for Christians of all denominations; and it is his supreme wish, to promote piety in sentiment and practice, and the knowledge of gospel truth. I am not without sanguine hopes of his exertions, and example, having a happy influence on the minds and habits of young students (he is lecturer in divinity): if they only follow his advice, they will become exemplary clergymen. And I think it nearly impossible, that many of them should not imbibe some of his spirit, and be warmed by a portion of his zeal.

My present study is the Bible, without any commentary: the object, to acquire a general view of God's dispensations. After having gone through the Sacred volume, I purpose reading general views of Scripture; and, then, applying the information acquired from them; reading over the Bible again; reviewing

my remarks; and looking at the queries put down; for I do not, now, stop to investigate minute difficulties. For all this, I allow about a year. And then, with God's help, having formed some ideas for myself, I propose to enter on a plan of general study, in which divinity shall be the grand object, and all the branches shall be subordinate.

Correspondence on religious topics, I believe, would be extremely useful. Stopford says, he has found it of singular service; and strongly recommends it to me. His letters are a great treasure. I find, in them, a powerful stimulus to exertion; and, at the same time, a serious call to humility. They unite, in an uncommon degree, fervor, and a sense of man's weakness in himself. They have created in me some new feelings. And I heartily implore God's grace, that I may improve by them as I ought.

Whenever you can conveniently write, I would be particularly obliged to you for your advice; whether as to study, or practice, or methods of improving my religious feelings.

I should be very thankful for a few ideas, on what *christian* preaching should be: it is a complaint with many, and I believe in some measure just, that clergymen do not sufficiently preach the peculiar doctrines of our religion. What do you conceive to be the mean, between cold morality, and wild enthusiasm, in preaching?

Have you thought about the passage in Spenser, which I mentioned?

I was much taken with an epitaph on Voltaire, in the Gentlemen's Magazine for December. Do you think it could possibly be translated?

Will you have the goodness to excuse this too hasty and imperfect letter, written at the close of a very busy day, and believe me

Your most obliged and affectionate
friend and servant,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 2.

Shrewsbury, Jan. 29. 1801.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I THANK you much, for your last letter: I sat down to answer it, several days ago; but I began, on a larger scale, than I was able to accomplish: I must, therefore, be content to take in

my sails; not, as is customary, because there is too much wind, . . but, because there is not enough to fill them.

What you say of Stopford* is just, in every respect: he is an uncommonly good man; and you cannot do better, than keep up a correspondence with him. The grand deficiencies in right temper and conduct, arise, much more, from want of right feelings, than from want of knowledge: and right feelings cannot, so certainly, be either obtained, or improved, as by communication, and close intercourse, with those who possess them. 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man, his friend:' Solomon said some true things; and this is not the least important of them.

You say, that, 'it is nearly impossible, that many of those, who attend Stopford's divinity lectures, should not imbibe some of his spirit, and be warmed by a portion of his zeal.' It is, indeed, impossible. True religion is happily contagious: and, I am sure, it owed its rapid progress, in the early ages of the church, infinitely more, to the divine infection, (if I may use such an expression,) that attended the spirit of the Apostles, than to the demonstrative evidence of their miracles. I believe, there never yet was a really good man, I mean, a zealous, decided christian, whose lively expression of his own feelings, did not, more or less, reach the hearts of those who heard him.

And this, in some degree, answers your question, 'What christian preaching should be?' At least, it points out an in-

* 'The Rev. Joseph Stopford, D. D. then fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, afterwards rector of Letterkenny, Ireland. The motives of delicacy which, in 1832, led to the suppression of his name, no longer exist: he died this year (1833) alike regretted and beloved.'—Bp. Jebb: note to the 2nd edition of his Burnet's Lives, Introduction, p. vi.

Before the close of the same year (December 9. 1833), the Bishop of Limerick was himself taken to his reward:—

'He taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die!'

The following brief notice, taken from a public journal, is so justly descriptive that it claims more permanent preservation:—

'Died, on the 9th instant, at East Hill, Wandsworth, in the 59th year of his age, after a long illness, the Right Reverend John Jebb, D.D. F.R.S., Lord Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe. For nearly seven years, he had suffered under the effects of a violent paralytic seizure, which compelled him to withdraw from the more active duties of his See, and to reside in this country for the benefit of medical advice. But his mind survived his body; and, while an invalid scarcely able to move about his room, even with assistance, he continued an anxious and watchful care over his diocese, and employed the hours of languor and sickness in the preparation and publication of works original, or those of other great divines, for the benefit of the church of Christ. In private life he was among the most amiable and beloved of men, with a singular faculty of attaching all of every age to him. In literature, he was among the most distinguished biblical scholars of the age; and, in personal humility and piety, he was worthy of his office as a christian bishop.'—Ed.

dispensable pre-requisite: christian preaching can arise, only, from a christian mind and heart. This is the great want in the preaching of to-day: there is no spirit in it. It is the result of a kind of intellectual pumping; there is no gushing from the spring. Our Savior, speaking to the woman of Samaria, of the happiness which his religion would bring, into the bosoms of those who cordially embraced it, elegantly and expressively represents it, by a well of water in the breast, 'springing up into everlasting life.' Where this is in a minister, it will spring *out*, as well as spring *up*: and it will be felt to be living water, from the pleasure and refreshment which it conveys, almost even to minds hitherto unaccustomed to such communications.

What HORACE says, is quite in point:—

> Non satis est PULCHRA esse poemata, DULCIA sunto:
> Et, quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunto.
> Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsunt
> Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent:

the PULCHRA, is all, that a man who does not himself feel, can attain to: the DULCIA, is the offspring of an impressed, and interested heart. But, if such effects were to be produced, by the mere feeling exhibition of human distress, what may not be looked for, from divine truths? . . interesting to the hearer, no less than to the speaker; and interesting, beyond all that can be conceived, to every natural sentiment of man, . . when done justice to, in the same way, that Horace here demands for the drama.

A witty poet has well said, . .

> The specious sermons of a worldly man,
> Are little more than flashes in the pan:
> The mere haranguing upon what men call
> Morality, is powder without ball:
> But he, who preaches with a Christian grace,
> Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place.

But you also ask, 'what do I conceive to be the mean, between cold morality, and wild enthusiasm?' To this, I answer, that the mean between all extremes, is christianity, as given in the New Testament. An attention to the exhibition of Christ's religion, as taught, by himself; as exemplified, in the acts of the apostles; and as expanded and ramified, in the epistles, particularly of Saint Paul, . . is the best, and only preservative, against coldness, against fanaticism, and against superstition. But, let me tell you, that this simple, direct view of christianity, has very seldom been taken. Most men, in all ages, have sat down to the gospel, with a set of prejudices, which, like so

many inquisitors, have laid the christian religion on a bed like that of Procrustes; and, as it suited them, either mutilated it by violence, or extended it by force.

I agree, however, with Mrs. Chapone, in her ingenious essay on the subject, that coldness is a far more dangerous extreme, than over much heat. The one, may consist with real goodness: nay, may be the consequence of real goodness, commixing with a perturbed imagination, or an ill-formed judgment. But coldness can be resolved, only, into an absolute want of feeling. Enthusiasm is excess, but coldness is want of vitality. The enthusiast, in a moral view, is insane; which implies the possibility of recovery, and, perhaps, a partial or occasional recurrence of reason. The cold person is like the idiot, where reason never shows itself, and where convalescence is desperate.

But, let it ever be remembered, that he who has really found the mean, between the two extremes, will, and must, be reckoned enthusiastic, by those who are in the extreme of coldness. You can easily conceive, that, when any one stands on a middle point, between two others, who are, with respect to him, strictly equidistant, he must, from the inevitable laws of perspective, appear to both, not to be in the middle, but comparatively near the opposite party. He therefore,

> Auream quisquis mediocritatem
> Diligit,

must make up his mind, to be censured on both sides: by the enthusiast, as cold; by those who are really cold, as an enthusiast.

This, however, is a digression. I return, to the New-Testament view of Christianity.

Now this, I repeat, (for the reasons above given,) is most surely, to be sought, in the New-Testament itself. And the representation given of christianity there, differs, in my mind, from that given, in most pulpits, in very many, and very important instances. I shall notice two instances particularly: . .

I. Christianity is represented, in most pulpits, rather as a scheme of external conduct, than as an inward principle of moral happiness, and moral rectitude.

In modern sermons, you get a great many admonitions and directions, as to *right conduct*: but, what David asked for, so earnestly, is seldom touched upon, . . 'Create in me a CLEAN HEART, O God! and renew a RIGHT SPIRIT within me.' Now, the New Testament dwells on this, as its main object: 'make the tree good,' says Christ, 'and its fruit will, also, be good':

. . ' Except ye be converted, and become as little children, you can, in no wise, enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

These expressions evidently imply, that, in order to be christians, persons must undergo a moral change ; that christianity is designed to make them something, which they are not, by nature ; and, that, the alteration produced, in the mind, the affections, and the conduct, by a right, and full, acquiescence in the Gospel, is so radical, so striking, and so efficacious, as to warrant the strongest imagery, in order to do it justice, that language can furnish.

' Except a man,' says our Lord, ' be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'. . ' If any man,' says St. Paul, ' be in Christ, he is a new creature : old things are passed away ; behold all things are become new.' . . ' If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above : for ye are dead, and your life is hid, with Christ in God.' . . ' Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.' And, to quote but one passage more, from St. Paul, . . ' They that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh, with the affections and desires.'

Now, what, I ask, do these expressions imply ? After every fair allowance for figure, and metaphor, do they not convey a far deeper, and more mysterious view of christianity, than is, commonly, adverted to ? Some divines, I know, endeavor to explain these, and similar passages, as if they referred, rather to a relative and extrinsic, than to a real and internal change ; as if they meant, merely proselytism from heathenism, to christianity, and initiation into outward church privileges. But this miserable mode of interpretation, is flatly inconsistent with the whole tenor of the New Testament. It is not HEATHENISM, but MORAL EVIL, which is here pointed out, as the grand source of human misery : and the aptitude of the GOSPEL, to overcome and extirpate this MORAL EVIL, is what is dwelt upon, as its great, and leading excellence. These, therefore, and all similar passages, must be understood in a moral sense : and, when so understood, how deep in their import ! To suppose that there is not a strict appositeness, in these figurative expressions, would be to accuse the apostles, and Christ himself, of bombastic amplification : but, if they have been thus applied, because no other ones were adequate, to do justice to the subject, I say again, what a view do they give of christianity !

It may be said, that enthusiasts have abused these expressions. True : but what then ? What gift of God, has not been abused ? And the richest gifts, most grossly ? Meanwhile, the Scriptures remain unadulterated ; and, abused as they may have

been, by perverse misrepresentation, on the one side, or on the other, we have no right to go to any other standard.

With these passages of Scripture, then, and many similar ones, . . nay, with the whole tenor of the New Testament, in my view, I hesitate not to say, that christian preaching consists, first, in representing man to be, by nature, (I mean in his present fallen state,) a weak, ignorant, sinful, and, of course, miserable being ; as such, to be liable to God's displeasure ; and to be absolutely incapable of enjoying any real happiness, either here or hereafter. The passages of Scripture which prove this, are innumerable : I shall give but a few. 'You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. The carnal mind is enmity against God. The carnal man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them ; because they are spiritually discerned. They that are in the flesh, cannot please God. Having the understanding darkened ; being alienated from the life of God.'

Nor, are we to suppose, that these texts speak, only, of the grossly wicked. St. Paul repeatedly explains such statements, to belong to all mankind, until they are brought to repentance, and are inwardly, as well as outwardly, changed by divine grace. And, in fact, our own experience confirms the truth of this. For, if we look around us, whom do we see, either truly good, or truly happy ? Some there are, unquestionably ; though, too generally, in a very low, and imperfect degree. But, how rarely do we discover, what St. Paul calls, 'the FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT, . . . love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' Yet, surely, the possession of these tempers, is just as essential to christianity now, as it was in the days of St. Paul : now, as well as then, it is an immutable truth, that, 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.'

To shew, then, strongly, and feelingly, the misery, not only of sinful actions, but, of that carnal, worldly, indevout, unfeeling state of mind, in which, most men are content to live ; and to point out the absolute necessity, of a change from that state, into an humble, watchful, spiritual, devout, filial frame of mind, is, in my opinion, the very foundation of all christian preaching ; as it is, in truth, the key-stone of christianity.

The very word for REPENTANCE, points out the reality, and depth of this change ; *μετανοια*, a *transformation of mind.* And our Lord's words to St. Paul, clearly explain wherein that change, that *μετανοια* consists : 'To open their eyes ; to turn them from darkness, to light ; and from the power of Satan, unto God :' that is, to enlighten them, with a divine and saving knowledge, of what is true, and good ; to fill their hearts, with

the love of it; and to furnish them with the power, to perform it. The blessings consequent upon this change, immediately follow: 'That they may receive forgiveness of sins; and an inheritance among them that are sanctified; through faith, that is in ME.'

Christianity, then, in this view, is really what St. Paul calls it, . . THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION. When thus pursued, I mean, when a deep sense of inward depravity and weakness excites a man, to seek divine knowledge, and divine grace, in order to the enlightening of his mind, and the renewing of his heart, . . when this view produces conscientious watchfulness; excites to fervent, habitual devotion; and presents to the mind, in a new light, God's inestimable love, in the redemption of the world by HIS SON, . . then, by degrees, sometimes more rapidly, sometimes more slowly, the true christian character begins to form itself in the mind. Then, the great things spoken of christianity, in the New Testament, begin to be understood, because they begin to be felt. The vanity of earthly things, becomes, more and more apparent: that divine faith which gives victory over the world, begins to operate: religious duties, once burthensome, become delightful: self-government, becomes natural and easy: reverential love to God, and gratitude to the Redeemer, producing humility, meekness, active, unbounded benevolence, grow into habitual principles; private prayer is cultivated, not merely as a duty, but, as the most delightful exercise of the mind: cheerfulness reigns within, and diffuses its sweet influence, over the whole conversation, and conduct: all the innocent, natural enjoyments of life, (scarcely, perhaps, tasted before, from the natural relish of the mind being blunted by artificial pleasures,) become inexhaustible sources of comfort: and the close of life is contemplated, as the end of all pain, and the commencement of perfect, everlasting felicity.

This, then, I conceive, is a faint sketch, of that state of mind, to which, the christian preacher, should labour to bring himself and his hearers. This, I take to be, 'true religion;' our Saviour's, 'well of water, springing up into everlasting life;' St. Paul's, 'new creature,' and 'spiritual mind;' and St. John's, 'fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ.'

These points, therefore, I take to be the great features of christian preaching: . .

1. The danger and misery of an unrenewed, unregenerate state; whether it be of the more gross, or of the more decent kind.

2. The absolute necessity of an inward change: a moral transformation of mind and spirit.

3. The important and happy effects which take place, when this change is really produced.

But, how little justice have I done the subject! what a

meagre outline have I given you! But, if it sets you on thinking for yourself, and leads you, like the Bereans, to search the Scriptures, 'whether these things be so,' it is the utmost I can look for.

I know not any place, in which, the view of practical christianity I have been giving, is, either so clearly, or so compendiously set forth, as, in that collect of the afternoon service, 'O God, from whom all holy desires, &c.' It seems, as if that prayer were peculiarly fitted for those, who feel in themselves the marks of sincere repentance; but whose change, from the influence of the carnal mind, to that of the spiritual mind, is not yet completed. It, therefore, begins with a scriptural enumeration, of the component parts, and effects, of true repentance; and an ascription of these to the God of grace, as their only source. 'Holy desires,' answer to St. Paul's 'opening of the eyes;' 'good counsels,' or resolutions, to the 'turning from darkness, unto light;' and 'just works,' are the certain consequences, of being brought 'from the power of Satan, unto God.' St. Paul was directed, to inculcate this *μετανοια*, in order to the receiving of 'remission of sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified': and, on exactly the same principle, this admirable collect directs the penitent to ask from God, 'that peace, which the world cannot give.' This is what the true penitent looks for; and it embraces, in the largest sense of the word, both the blessings, which the Apostle speaks of: 'remission of sins,' that is, well-grounded peace in the conscience; and, 'an inheritance among them that are sanctified,' that is, the blessed peace of a pure, holy, benevolent, pious, mind; living by faith, above the world; and, having its conversation (its *πολιτευμα, citizenship*, Phil. iii. 20.) in heaven. Both these, are contained in the nature of that 'peace of God, which passeth all understanding;' and its effects are beautifully expanded, in the words which immediately follow: 'that, both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also, that, by thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Savior.' This determinateness of heart, . . as, by a second nature, more fixed, even, than the first, . . to keep God's commandments, and the consequent freedom from all fear, external and internal, being the perfection of christianity. And see, how scriptural all this is: . . 'The *work* of righteousness, shall be peace; and the *effect* of righteousness,' (its less immediate, but not less certain, consequence,) 'quietness and assurance for ever.' Zacharias, in his hymn, states it to be, the very matter, and substance of the mercy promised to the fathers, . . 'That we,

being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.' And St. John expressly says, 'Perfect love casteth out fear; for he that feareth, is not made perfect in love.' Now, only compare this collect, with my statement above, and say, whether they do not suggest the identical same view of christianity.

Let me observe, however, that the change I speak of, must, from variety of circumstances, vary in conspicuousness. Some, have pleased God from their youth; have never lost a sense of duty: in these, of course, there cannot, in the nature of things, be that deep compunction, which penitents feel, who have been rescued from a lower depth. Nay, some even, are gently and gradually, reclaimed from a course of vice, and folly; so that, their final safety, may be the result of an almost imperceptible advance, through many years. But, the change itself, from the dominion of the carnal mind, to that of the spiritual mind, must be wrought: because, 'If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but, if ye, through the spirit, mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.' To insist, therefore, on the change itself: to lead men into their own bosoms, to inquire, what most prevails with them; this world, or the next: to ascertain, what spirit they are of; of the self-denying spirit of Christ, or the self-indulging spirit of the world: to ask, whether, like David, they love God's law; or whether their obedience is the result of servile fear: to examine, whether they have any sense, of 'God's inestimable love, in the redemption of the world, by his Son;' or whether they are conscious, that they would have been just as happy, if such a thing never had taken place: to seek, finally, whether they feel the need of the aid and consolations of God's Spirit; and, therefore, find prayer as necessary to their mental comfort, as food is, to their bodily strength: . . to urge such inquiries, I take to be CHRISTIAN PREACHING: to insist on circumstances, . . such as, a moment of conversion, known, and remembered; certain depths of distress; strongly marked, instantaneous consolations, . . as if these had been *necessary*, I humbly conceive to be ENTHUSIASM.

I have, now, said enough, of the *first* error in preaching: that of making christianity to consist, rather in outward performances, than in an inward change.

II. The *second* error, according to my apprehension, is, that preachers exhort men to *do*, without impressing on them a sense of their natural inability, *to do any thing that is right;* and their consequent need of divine grace: first, to create them anew unto good works; and, then, to strengthen them, by daily and hourly assistance.

Our blessed Savior begins his sermon on the mount, by pronouncing, not certain actions, but certain dispositions happy; to shew, that, right dispositions are the only source, whence right actions can proceed. And, in order to the attainment of those right tempers, he directs to earnest prayer, for God's holy Spirit; with this encouragement, . . 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more, will your Father, who is in heaven, give his holy Spirit, to them that ask him.'

But, the second error, is, in fact, the natural consequence of the first. For, where an inward, spiritual principle, is not insisted on, as primarily, and essentially, requisite in religion, there, the whole system must be vague, extrinsic, and superficial.

It is remarkable, but, I believe, it will be found a fact, that the meditations of Marcus Antoninus contain a much stricter plan of moral self-government, than is set forth, by most modern christian preachers. He seems to have looked, much more to the state of his mind and temper, than the generality of pulpit instruction insists upon. And certainly, Cicero's beautiful picture of a virtuous man, (de Legib. lib. 1. ad fin.) comes nearer the New Testament, than the view taken, by the far greater number of existing christian moralists. But, can this be just, and right? If christianity amounts to no more, than a heathen moralist could, by philosophic discipline, attain to, we may well ask, to what purpose did the Son of God, take our nature upon him? Why, did he suffer death upon the cross?

To some, I doubt not, this whole scheme would appear enthusiastic, and be set down, as rank methodism. If so, I can only say, it is such methodism, as was taught by the great divines of our church, from the reformation, until the latter end of the seventeenth century. Then, some of the most popular divines, took up a mode of moral preaching, which they seem to have learned from Episcopius, and the other Dutch remonstrants; and to which, Tillotson's over-disgust at his own puritanic education, very much contributed. This mode became more and more general; until, at length, little other was to be met with.

And yet, were I to point out authors, whose works, as most nearly agreeing with the views given above, I am most disposed to recommend to you, as part of your first studies, I should name some of that very period, the latter end of the seventeenth century. Two laymen of that time, may be set down, as, in their lives, among the brightest examples of christianity, that ev-

er the church afforded: I mean, JUDGE HALE, and ROBERT BOYLE. The life of the former, by Bishop Burnet, ought to be in every one's hands. But his 'Contemplations on moral and religious subjects,' is the work I particularly refer to: wonderfully plain, and simple; but exquisitely christian. There is a work, also, of that time, which contains, perhaps, the finest view of practical religion, the most removed, from coldness, on the one hand, and over-heat, on the other, that is to be found in the christian world, . . Scougal's life of God, in the soul of man. The author was a Scotch episcopal clergyman; and died at a very early age. This, every christian ought to have, as a sort of manual.

Another composition of that day, I would earnestly recommend to your perusal; Bishop Burnet's conclusion of his own life and times. It, also, contains, in a small compass, as fine a view of practical christianity, as almost ever was composed.

Burnet, both in his pastoral care, and in his own life and times, speaks much about, and bestows the highest encomiums upon, Archbishop Leighton. He was a pattern of christian perfection. His writings bear a close resemblance to early English divinity: but, in sublime piety, and often in genuine strokes of natural, but most exalted eloquence, they are not excelled, but by the sacred writers.

Lucas's inquiry after happiness, especially his second volume, is peculiarly, of that kind, which avoids both coldness and enthusiasm. And to these, I would add Dr. Worthington's book on self-resignation.

Burnet's life of Bishop Bedel; his account of Lord Rochester; and his funeral sermon for Mr. Boyle, . . deserve, also, to be placed in the highest rank. I wish much, that all Burnet's lives, including the sermon, were to be republished in Ireland; except his large one of Bishop Bedel, which is easily come at, and peculiarly worth having.

Burnet's most interesting anecdotes of Archbishop Leighton, given in his own life and times, should, also, be extracted, and introduced into such a volume.

Archbishop Leighton, however, on second thoughts, I do not recommend to you, as just for your purpose *now:* because I wish to mention those, only, who completely occupy that middle place you speak of; and on whom, of course, you may safely rely. But Leighton had a leaning to Calvinism: which places him in a different class. Hereafter, when your theological knowledge is somewhat more advanced, and you are able to exercise the *eclectic* faculty, he ought to make a part of your library: for, a more apostolic man never lived; and his genius

was not only vivid, but sublime. In the far greater part of his works, he really deserves to stand very near the inspired writers.

But there are two authors, whom I would certainly wish to occupy a place in your earliest course. One, more ancient, whom, I fear, it may not be easy to come at, in Ireland. The other, modern.

The ancient one lies, at this moment, before me: it is entitled, 'Select discourses by John Smith, late fellow of queen's college, Cambridge:' a quarto, of the smaller size, printed at Cambridge, in the year 1660. His editor was the Dr. Worthington, already mentioned. Of this volume, all is learned, liberal, ingenious, and eminently pious: but the latter part is the most interesting, 'A discourse of legal and evangelical righteousness, &c.,' and all those that follow, to the end. The first short treatise in the volume, however, on the true method of attaining divine knowledge, ought, by no means, to be passed over.

The other, the wise and excellent Doddridge, was a man, who, though a dissenter from our church, would have done any church the highest honor. Pure conscience kept him from conforming; his early views having been formed on another plan: though, there can be little doubt, that, in our establishment, his transcendant merits would have raised him to the highest dignities. He is not exactly of the description of writers I have been mentioning: but he is, indeed and in truth, a combination of all excellencies. Scougal, Burnet, Lucas, and John Smith, excelled in their views of the religion of the heart, as embracing habitual devotion, internal purity, and active charity. In these respects, they are, perhaps, the first writers in the world. But, the excesses of some of the puritanical men of that age, led them to be much on the reserve, as to some of the peculiar doctrines of christianity. On what concerns the christian *μεταγοια*, and its most precious fruits, they are unrivalled: respecting the christian *πιστις*, its nature, and its exercise, they are perhaps, somewhat deficient. Who is perfect?

Our Savior says, 'Ye believe in God; believe, also, in Me.' The former duty, they well understood, and nobly inculcated, from well-experienced hearts: the latter, they themselves professed and practised; but not with equal clearness. Here, the Calvinistic puritans have been somewhat wild; and their wildness, perhaps, occasioned over-caution, in these excellent men. But Doddridge is as perfect here, as in every other respect. Instead of shunning puritanism, to which extreme, some of his connections might rather have given him an over-

inclination, he extracts all its excellencies, and leaves behind all its feculence. Never was there a better-informed divine, a more judicious casuist, or a more evangelic christian. His theological lectures, though in some measure deformed, by the strange adoption of a mathematical form in demonstrating his propositions, are a complete body, and most candid treasury, both of theoretic, and practical instruction; both of questionable opinions, and of unquestionable truth. His family expositor, is, in most parts, a perfectly sound, fair, pious, and rational interpreter of the New Testament. And his sermons on regeneration, are, of all practical works, that which, perhaps, comes nearest what you mention as a desideratum, . . the fulness of evangelical truth, without the alloy of enthusiasm. His rise and progress of religion, has been unusually read, and approved. It is a capital work, but, I think, it involves this defect, that, its plan, almost necessarily leads to an insisting on one mode of passing, from a thoughtless, to a religious life; and, therefore, seems to lay stress on a certain method, where both reason and religion would seem to point out an infinite variety. From this, which, however, he meant, as much as possible, to guard against, his sermons on regeneration, (which, also, he intended as a kind of elementary work on practical religion,) are admirably free.*

I have now, my good friend, nearly executed what I intended: and have only to make a few observations, to prevent any possible misconception of the plan I have dwelt upon.

If you do not, many would, think the view I have given of religion, as implying an inward change, and an habitual devotion, 1. too strict: 2. somewhat fanatical.

1. As to the first objection, I would desire any candid person, seriously to consider our Lord's view of religion, in the parable of the sower; and ask his own reason, whether, in the distinction made, between the thorny-ground, and the good-ground hearers, there is not an awful indication of the strictness of HIS religion. I would recommend to attention, also, the truths suggested in the parable of the man who came into the marriage feast, not having on a wedding garment. But, above all, the parable of the ten virgins: this, to my apprehension, is

* In later years, I have good reason for knowing, that, respecting the writings of the excellent Doddridge, Mr. Knox's views underwent some modification. He would, especially, have guarded youthful readers, against, what he was obliged to think, educational prejudices, on the subject of church-government: and, of some circumstantial errors, even in his theology, he became duly sensible. But, with few drawbacks, (as few, perhaps, as often fall to the lot of humanity,) he continued, and most justly, to account Doddridge a burning and a shining light; which, in days of more than ordinary coldness, Divine Providence was pleased to enkindle, in order to impart both warmth, and illumination, to the professing christian world.—BP. JEBB's *Introduction to Burnet's Lives*, editions 1832–1833, *note*.

the most awful of all our Lord's discourses. Where, it may be asked, lay the difference between those individuals? It was not external: they were all called virgins; they all appeared in equal readiness; they had all had their lamps burning; which must mean, that they all maintained an equally promising character, as far as human eyes could go. The difference, then, is *internal:* the foolish, had oil in their lamps, for the present; but no supply, no reservoir, in their vessels. Can this mean any thing short, of what I have been stating above; that christianity implies, (I use the words of Scougal,) 'a real participation of the divine nature; the very image of Christ, drawn upon the soul; or, as it is in the Apostle's phrase, CHRIST FORMED WITHIN US'?

2. As to the second objection, that this view is somewhat fanatical, . . I would answer, that the divines above mentioned are deservedly esteemed among the wisest, and most rational, in our church. And, so far as I can understand them, it is precisely their view. But, there is another divine, whom I have not yet named; and to whom I may safely appeal; the judicious HOOKER. Turn to the tracts, at the end of his ecclesiastical polity, and read the thirteenth and fourteenth sections of the first of the two sermons, on part of St. Jude's epistle; compare what he there says, with my statements, and see, whether he does not, in using language bolder, and more unqualified, go beyond my view of the question. And yet, no one ever charged HOOKER with being an enthusiast, or fanatic. The truth is, that what he there delivered, was no more, than what was daily taught in the churches: only, Hooker expresses himself in stronger terms, and with more fiery eloquence.

I hope you will excuse the incoherencies, and indigested manner, of the above. Your question appeared to me a weighty one: and I wished to answer it as well as I could. But I could not do it, as I wished. Besides, I have been obliged to do it by snatches, when bad health, and bad spirits, permitted me.

It is now, full time to have done: you will consider this poor attempt, as, at least, a small mark of the real regard, with which I am,

My dear Mr. Jebb,
Your affectionate,
And faithful friend,
ALEX. KNOX.

Feb. 13. 1801.
The Rev. John Jebb,
Swanlinbar, Ballyconnel, Ireland.

LETTER V.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, May 13. 1801.

My dear Sir,

I have frequently read your letter on christian preaching; and each reading has, more decidedly than the preceding one, convinced me, that your ideas on the subject are perfectly scriptural. If any were to deem your scheme enthusiastic, I should be inclined to think them cold; and I should be happy in preaching, all my life, such methodism, as you have furnished me with a specimen of. The books, for which I am indebted to your kindness and recommendation, have not yet reached the country. When they arrive, I shall lose no time in having recourse to them. They are such, from the description you have given [of] them, as cannot fail to be highly useful; but I must fear my power of turning them to good account; however, I shall make some efforts, not relying on my own strength; and I will leave the event in his hands, who, alone, is able to order things for the good of his creatures.

By the kindness with which you have answered my former question, you have subjected yourself to the trouble of receiving similar applications from me. You have had some experience of applicants, in your official capacity; and, I dare say, *that* experience proved to you, that success, on one occasion, seldom prevents people from being solicitous a second, and a third time. Such is the case with me. I am emboldened by your goodness, to trespass on it still further.

I hear, that you read to the Clerical Society, a paper on '*The Treatment of Roman Catholics.*' I should be more than commonly gratified, if you would favor me with a copy of it. However, I beg, if it be in the least degree troublesome to you, that you will not think of sending it. I should be truly sorry to derive advantage, from any thing irksome, or inconvenient to you.

I have commenced a plan of giving service, in the evening of Sunday; which concludes with a kind of expository lecture, on a portion of the New Testament. I began with St. Matthew's Gospel; and purpose to go regularly through it. The attendance of the parishioners is very respectable; never less than 50 to 60. From never having heard a lecture of the kind, I am sometimes at a loss to know, whether I have adopted the proper plan. If any ideas on the subject of lecturing occur to

you, I would thankfully receive them; and endeavor, by following them up, to improve myself and the parish.

On the treatment of Methodists, you gave me some useful advice in Dublin. They form so considerable a portion of my flock, that I wish to direct much of my attention to them. I have some pleasure in imagining, that most of them are inclined to attend to me, and have rather a favorable opinion of me. One preacher, indeed, I have been well informed, endeavored to infuse suspicions of me. Of this, I shall, you may be certain, take no notice. Other of their preachers, I have been informed, recommend attention to what I preach, &c. &c. I wish, indeed, that their meetings did not interfere with the hours of divine service; which they sometimes do. On the means of effecting a change in their time of meeting, and on any other particulars respecting them, a few hints from you would be extremely serviceable to me. You well know the principles and feeling of the sect; and could, no doubt, point out the gentlest, and the most effectual mode of dealing with them.

I have written this day to Stopford, and requested that he, or other members of the Clerical Society, would turn their minds towards investigating the best mode of instructing Protestants, who cannot read, and are completely ignorant of the principles of christianity. He will tell you the occasion of this request. Probably, your friend Mr. Alcock, from his great experience, acquired by long visiting his parishioners, could draw up most useful 'Hints for religious conversation with the uninstructed poor.'

You have, I suppose, seen Magee's book, on Atonement and Sacrifice. It evinces astonishing research; and appears to me full of most excellent argument.

I heard of the purpose to which you applied Orton's letters. There could not be a better one. I am much obliged by your sending over for another set.

I trust this fine weather has been beneficial to your health. In the country, every thing promises well. Thank God, every thing here is plentiful; and there is a greater prospect of an increase of harvest, than has been recollected for many years. Providence orders all things wisely: the scarcity of two years, has been the means of creating a foresight, and industry, and economy, hitherto unknown; probably, these may ripen into a habit.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obliged and affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER VI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Kilmore House, Nov. 26. 1801.

My dear Sir,

The Bishop of Kilmore tells me, that he has informed you of the option he has given me, of remaining at Swanlinbar, or removing to Cashel. He spoke to me this day of his intentions, in that open, kind, and delicate manner, which might be expected from such a man. You, most probably, know, better than I can know, what might be expected, from his recommending me in the strongest manner to Bishop ———; but, I confess, that, from various reasons, and, not least among them, from a wish to be under the good man, from whom, during more than two years, I have experienced nothing but kindness, I should prefer removing to Cashel.

By your advice and opinion, in conjunction with that of my brother, I shall be decided. This only I would say, that, if an introduction to any Bishop I know, were to place me immediately in a comfortable living, on condition of my giving up all prospect of getting into the Bishop of Kilmore's (Brodrick's) diocese, at some future period, I should feel a very strong inclination to refuse it.

I have just written to my brother, and desired him to call on you. I am sure that you, who had the goodness to establish me in my profession, will grant me the additional favor of your advice, in this case.

I should long since have written to you, on other matters, had I not feared that my letters might be troublesome. If I could be certain that the fact were not so, I should sometimes do myself the real pleasure of writing to you; and be amply satisfied by hearing from you *only* when perfectly convenient, should it be but once a year.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your most obliged, and most faithful servant,
John Jebb.

———oo———

LETTER 3.

Feb. 2. 1802.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I should sooner have acknowledged your very acceptable let-

ter, if I had not been, both particularly engaged in, and indisposed for, writing. Both the same obstacles, too much continue; but I cannot longer defer saying something to you.

I yesterday dined with *our* archbishop. I mentioned to his Grace your having asked my opinion about your course of lectures; and he expressed his wish, that you should particularly apply yourself, to the preparing youth for confirmation: and gave, I thought, as a reason, his purpose of setting you on that employment, when you should go to Cashel. I answered, that both were very compatible; that I did not question the importance of what he mentioned, but that I consider the lectures, also, as of peculiar moment; and, therefore, could not help hoping you would persevere in your design. He seemed not disposed to differ from me: though I am not sure, that he has yet before his mind, all the motives, for cultivating that particular mode of instruction. I think, that, if he saw it in the light, in which, if I live, I will endeavor to place it to him, he will be more decidedly attached to it. And the epitome of these reasons is simply this, . . that this, alone, is *preaching the word of God.* This is bringing the Scriptures forward, into the light of day; while the common mode of preaching, is but a statement of human sentiments.

I soberly think, that, in the Scriptures themselves, there is a clearness, a directness, an energy, a congeniality, with all that is honest, good, and wise, in the human heart; which places them infinitely above every thing else in the world. But these qualities do not shew themselves, to the superficial reader, or hearer. They are too genuine, to be ostentatious. They are, also, perhaps, so disposed, as to require that attention to discover them, which tends to fit the mind for valuing them when found. The treasure was *hid* in a field; but, in fact, 'Pater ipse haud facilem esse viam voluit,' applies almost to every thing promotive of human improvement: which saying of Virgil's, is astonishingly correspondent with that in Genesis, 'In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread.' In order, therefore, to bring the energies of the Scriptures into action, there must be labor of some; there must be study. But the inability of the people, in general, to do this for themselves, is the very foundation of the clerical office. How, then, can this office be so well fulfilled, as in developing these concealed excellencies? How can the time, allotted for public instruction, be so happily employed, as in opening the very words, and expressions, of Moses and the Prophets, of Christ and his Apostles? If they are to be effected at all, what so fit for the purpose, as that which was performed, for this very end, by the very wisdom of God? 'The word of God is quick and powerful,' we are told,

'and sharper than a two-edged sword.' But, I think, modern practice effectually prevents this being either known, or felt. For, in my mind, mere reading the Scriptures, without opening them, is but wielding the sword, with the scabbard on: and preaching, in the usual way, is brandishing a weapon, of human manufacture, (which has neither power nor sharpness,) in its room. But, to explain the Scriptures themselves; to lead them, from clause to clause, and from verse to verse; to show the wise adaptation, of the observation, to the occasion; to explain the connection, and, by that means, exhibit the innate wisdom, of the sacred text; to show the knowledge of the human heart, which it implies; the accordance with human conduct, and the matchless conduciveness to real happiness, personal and social, which it displays; and, under such a display, to put it to them, 'Is not this infinite truth? Is not this the way to happiness? Do not your hearts give their testimony to this, . . 'that he that doeth these things, shall never fall?' consequently, this is the word of God, which if you go on to despise, let your own hearts tell what must be your feelings, when you come to the verge of eternity! — It is only after laying open the Scriptures themselves, that any modest man could speak thus, and yet, to speak thus, is the only way to rouse the benumbed consciences of men.

In another letter, I hope to give you my thoughts, on the matter of your lectures; which, at present, I conceive should be, alternately, from the historical parts of the Old Testament, beginning with the lives and characters of the Patriarchs; and from the Gospel, and Epistles.

Most truly yours,
Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER 4.

Dawson-street, April 3, 1802.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I ought long since to have written to you; but various causes have concurred, to make me a defaulter. I was obliged to you for your little memoir.* My only fault with which was, that it was too well,—that is, too elaborately written. The matter, as far as I can pretend to judge, was, in point of local information, interesting; and the arrangement, and expression, clear; but I could have wished to have seen no attempt at good writing; nor any rise, above colloquial ease. Perhaps, you

* A statistical account of the parish of Swanlinbar.—Ed.

were not aware, that there was such an attempt. I, therefore, take the liberty of mentioning that it struck me; as I cannot but think the occurrence of this, now and then, your *single* fault. I may, perhaps, some other time, go more into the particulars of your pleasant statistic sketch. But, at present, I have a more important subject to talk to you on.

Mr. —— shewed me your prospectus for an association sermon; which, in substance, I much like. But, let me advise you, sit down, in the very first instance, to Lowth; and read at the average of two lectures a day. No one can do full justice to the sacred volume, until he has read that exquisite work. I do not mean to say, that you would find materials in it. I rather think not: at least, to any great amount. But you would, on perusing it, see the Scriptures of the Old Testament, in so new, and so elevated a point of view, that you would be able to speak of them, with a spirit and animation, which nothing short of the rich light he throws on them, could, I think, raise in the mind.* I am, myself, going through them slowly. And a more beautiful work, or more useful aid for understanding holy Scripture, never, I conceive, in any other instance, came from a human pen. In fact, I never met any thing more interesting, or more truly entertaining; nor can I believe, that it was, wholly, *sine numine*. If you have not yet begun it, let this be a stimulus: if you have begun it, you could, I am sure, say more yourself.

Any assistance I could help you to, you may fairly command. And that I may be able to help you, I should be glad to have your syllabus, as soon as you form it. What hints I offer you, will be yours to reject, as freely as to use. But, having thought a little on the subject, and wishing *you* to make the most, that can be made of it, in a single sermon, I feel an inclination to contribute towards your stock of materials.

It is my conjecture, that the idea usually entertained, of the holy Scripture being Θεοπνευστος (in, perhaps, a different sense from what the Apostle meant), has kept very many back, from exercising their judgments, on its structure and composition. It has been so regarded, as authoritative, as, possibly, to have lost some of the esteem it deserved, as a scheme of sublime philosophy. It has been usual, to view the holy Scripture, as a divine code of laws; but this, I conceive, is but a small part of its design. It, certainly, does give directions for conduct, both by example, and precept; but it seems to me, to aim, primarily, at making provision, *à priori*, for right conduct,

* The fruits of this recommendation were seen, 18 years after the date of this letter, in Bishop Jebb's 'Sacred Literature;' in which Bishop Lowth's principle, advanced on and matured, has been successfully applied to the New Testament.—Ed.

by fixing in the human heart, right principles of action. It is not satisfied with enlightening the understanding, and depending upon that for wise acting: which is the strict province of a code of laws. But, on the far nobler plan, it directs its energies to the centre of all action, the heart; and, when fully operative there, makes virtue and goodness, matters of course. The scripture philosophy is, that there are no right actions, where there are no right tempers. 'If I give my body to be burned, and all my goods to feed the poor, and have not *love*, it profiteth me nothing.' Again, that, where there are right tempers, there must be right actions. 'Love worketh no evil to his neighbor, *therefore*, love is the fulfilling of the law,' and, 'if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' But it teacheth, farther, that all right tempers are resolvable into a farther principle, which it denominates *faith*, that is, an impressive, heart-felt sense of God, and of our relation to him, as revealed in the Scripture. 'This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' 'Neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love.' That is,—true faith immediately produces love; and, by means of that divine temper, becomes operative in every thing true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report.

This, briefly, I take to be the heart and soul of the Scripture. True, it certainly appears, apart from its divinity, as the most noble and beautiful scheme of philosophy, that ever was thought of: indeed, *not* apart from its divinity; as none, I am assured, but the Fountain of wisdom and goodness, could have conceived so divine a system. I must now break off, for the present, fearing I shall be too late for the post.

Most sincerely yours,
Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER VII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, April 7. 1802.

My dear Sir,

I had been, for some time, accusing myself, of not thanking you for your excellent advice, respecting the popish perversion; and, still more, for your most improving observations on lecturing; when I found my debt considerably increased, by your last, most acceptable letter. Your reasons for lecturing are so

solid and convincing, that, had I entertained any idea of relinquishing the plan, they could not but have removed it. I hope to plan a little course, ere long; and, indeed, nothing would prevent me from chalking it out immediately, but the expectation of your promised thoughts, on *the matter* which it would be best to employ. I have sent to town for Henry's Commentary; from which I expect much materials. And now, my dear Sir, let me return you my warmest thanks, for your candid and friendly mention of a fault, which I am conscious of, in my style of writing. I think that you have touched me only too gently; and you will greatly add to the many obligations you have conferred on me, by probing me to the quick on this, or any other point. One of the greatest blessings which can be derived, from a communication with real friends, is the exposure of our errors. And I trust that, if you, now and then, take the trouble of bestowing a little correction on me, it will not be thrown away. I am sure, in the present case, you are perfectly right. My pen too often runs into a kind of measured period. I shall endeavor to correct the fault, and to write with more simplicity for the future.

Need I say, that I am truly grateful for your kind offer of assistance, in the business of an association sermon? I think not. I am sure that it will be more agreeable to you, that I should restrain myself from speaking what I feel, respecting both the kindness, and value, of the proposal. I shall, indeed, most thankfully send you my syllabus, when it is formed: but I am in doubts how far I can go beyond the little sketch you saw, till I have made some progress in collecting materials. Besides, though, at the instance of my friend Magee*, I undertook to think of the matter, I do not believe it has been mentioned to the Association; and I cannot help thinking they may, very probably, not listen to the proposal of employing a person so young, inexperienced, and unknown, as I am.

I should, long since, have made a great advance in Lowth, had it not been for the negligence and delay of carmen. I did not receive it till about *five* days since; and had just entered on it, when I received your stimulus. Even the small progress I have now made, fully justifies me in calling it a wonderful book. The entrance to the temple is beautiful and glorious; what shall I say, when I am admitted into the Sanctuary?

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Dear Sir,
Your most obliged and sincere friend,
JOHN JEBB.

* Afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.—ED.

LETTER 5.

April 13. 1802.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I certainly know no fault in your compositions, but the single one I have mentioned. And I was the more disposed to mention that, because I conceive you may easily get rid of it. Dr. O'Connor and I are the only present members of the Preacher Committee; ———, the third member, having gone to England. We, of course, could soon, settle the matter, were it not that the Bishop of Killaloe has been somehow or other spoken of. My opinion, however, is, that he will not choose to undertake it, as speaking in public is troublesome to him; and, as I conceive, he will not choose to move in so very trodden a path. The Bishop is a first-rate preacher, for sense and language. Too flowery, a little, perhaps; but very able. So that I promise, since it has been spoken of, the offer will be made to him: though, as I said, I think he will not undertake it. I hope to mention to you whatever may occur.

My notion of the best mode of lecturing would be, to begin with Genesis and the Gospels, alternately; not going regularly through either, but selecting portions in order. The flood, perhaps, would furnish matter for one; and, perhaps, the subsidence of the water, and the going out of the ark, and the sacrifice of Noah, another. The life of Abraham,* would afford several: in particular, the sacrifice of Isaac. I do not know whether Isaac's life, after this event, would furnish any thing: but Jacob's history would give two or three; beginning with the vision of the ladder. The gospels might be lectured on, selectively, or continuously, as you found it expedient: perhaps, however, the former mode would, in the first instance, be better, as leaving more liberty. To begin, as if continuously, would bind one, in some respects, to go on.

In your lectures in Genesis, Hale might help. But I would recommend one great object: to impress awful and interesting views of God's attributes; the reality of his providence in the world; his care of those who serve him; and the happiness of those who do so. The circumstances of their being strangers and pilgrims, wherever it is referred to, has in it something peculiarly capable of improvement. The design in this, most probably, was, to keep their families insulated, until they had acquired a set of habits of their own; peculiar to themselves,

* A sermon, on this important subject, was composed, long after, by Bishop Jebb; and has appeared in 'Practical Theology,' published in 1830.—Ed.

as worshippers of the one true God. And, in this view, Egypt was a most proper country for them to sojourn in; as the repulsive habits of the Egyptians, were a full security against any vicious contagion. One grand use of the patriarchal history is, to shew, that true religion requires total resignation of one's self, to the will and guidance of God. This, as operating in the heart, was that faith, which was imputed to them for righteousness. They are at God's disposal; ever ready to go, at his call, from country to country. This was, in its principle, true religion; and, therefore, they are held forth as examples to us, who, like them, are called, also, 'to be pilgrims and strangers upon earth.' Yet, who, then on earth, were so happy as those pilgrims? They wandered from one kingdom to another, from one nation to another people. But they were still in God's empire; and he shewed they were: for, 'he suffered no man to do them wrong; but reproved even kings for their sake.' How infinitely, then, was their lot preferable, to the kings, in whose lands they sojourned? In this, also, they are patterns and encouragements. God calls all men, to leave the country, they have hitherto, in general, lived in: for who has not, more or less, like the prodigal, gone into 'a far country?' Nay, we are born in sin; and, too generally, continue in it. This country, then, we are to leave; and follow God's will, in righteousness, and true holiness; though to do so, may imply, sometimes, a *pilgrimage*, in respect to present gratifications, and the favorite objects of the world. Yet, is it not worth while to submit to the inconveniences of the Patriarchs, in order to share with them in their blessings? The city they sought, that which 'hath foundations,' is destined for all, who imitate their obedient, self-denying faith. And, even here, there is substantially, though less visibly, the same protection; for, says Saint Peter, 'Who will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?' The hebraisms, which are used in the Old Testament to describe religion, are peculiarly susceptible of useful interprement. For instance, 'Noah was perfect in his generation, and *walked with God*.' Again, '*Walk before me*, and be thou perfect.' Every thing of this kind ought to be laid hold of; it being always the great point, to impress the happiness of a life of true religion, and the misery of the reverse.

Whether I have now said any thing very worthy your attention, I do not know. But, as I was in your debt for some remarks, I have wished, at least, to shew you my good will. The Gospels may, perhaps, be attended to a little, at some other time. You have, perhaps, observed, that the Bishop of London's lectures are at press.

Yours most truly,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER VIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, July 26. 1802.

My dear Sir,

I have just formed a kind of syllabus of my Association Sermon; and am now about to avail myself of your friendly permission to send it to you, trusting that you will have the goodness to point out its defects; and, according to your kind promise, will furnish me with some hints and materials, towards filling it up. I am doubtful about many things, especially the text; and, therefore, shall not proceed in the business, till I hear from you.

Text—Isaiah, LXII. 10.

I, 1. Text opened—refers to the *ultimate* restoration of the Jews—admits of application to the calling of any people, to the knowledge and practice of true spiritual religion—This the object of Association, who have '*gone through the gates*' . . '*cast up the highway*' . . '*gathered out the stones*' . . actively engaged in removing obstructions, and making necessary preparations, for the establishment of righteousness in our land . . Shown how instrumental to these great objects, have been the talents and exertions of former preachers . . aim of my humble efforts, to assist in '*lifting up a Standard for the people*' . . the Standard of holy Scripture . . which, like a military banner, shall not only serve to collect together a people zealous of good works, but to inspire them with courage and resolution, in their holy warfare.

2. Standard to be lifted up amongst higher orders . . lament their general neglect of sacred volume . . this, in a great measure attributable to,

1, Undue prejudices against its style;

2, inadequate conceptions of its object:

These obviated by,

1, An attempt to vindicate the sublimity and beauty of Scripture, corroborated by,

1, A view of the noble spirit infused into the writings of our earliest English authors, by an intimate acquaintance with holy writ.

2. Testimonies of men eminent for learning, accomplishments, and taste . . Lord Bacon . . Robert Boyle . . Sir Wm. Jones . .

2, A statement of the real object of Scripture . . not merely a code of laws, directed to the understanding, but a scheme of sublime philosophy, on a far nobler plan, addressing itself to the heart.

This supported by,

Its effects on men in the active and elevated stations of life, when operative rather as a vital principle, than an external rule.

3. Association, urged to provide for the inculcating these and similar ideas of Scripture, by much abler persons than myself, through the medium of a public lecture in the Metropolis . . A measure once in their contemplation.

This plan vindicated from the imputation of being chimerical and inefficient, by the success of the Bishop of London's lectures; attended, during four years, in the most fashionable church of our sister metropolis, by an assemblage no less remarkable for strict order, and apparent piety, than for magnitude and rank . . Brief view of the Bishop's lectures . . and statement of the happy effects which might be produced on the minds of our higher ranks, by similar lectures, here.

II. All that has been said, is connected with the Association's great object, a dissemination of the Scriptures amongst the poor.

1. The rich, the conduits, through which, the Scriptures must flow to the lower orders : . . it is not by cold calculations of political expediency, that they can be induced to enter, with zeal, into this labor of love . . but inspire them with love and veneration for the sacred volume, and the most happy effects will be conspicuous ;

1. In themselves . . zeal, warm and affectionate, proceeding from a divine principle of charity.
2. In the people . . receiving the Bible from the hands of their superiors, without suspicion of any sinister view . . love . . gratitude, &c. . . people shrewd . . know the difference, between those, who would '*hold them in with bit and bridle, like brute beasts that have no understanding*,' and those, who would '*draw them with the cords of a man, with the bands of love.*'

2. Necessity of such exertions . . view of wretched ignorance of lower classes, respecting the great truths of Religion, and consequent effects . . Much has been done, it is true . . number of Bibles and Testaments distributed . . approbation of mode . . statement, from experience of effects . . donation from Society for promoting Christian Knowledge

in London . . *but much remains to be done* . . Association urged to proceed . . to impress on the gentry, by every possible means, the necessity and advantages of their interference . . Members called upon, not to rest satisfied with the public and general applications of the body at large, but to apply, privately and earnestly, to their individual friends.

3. Conclusion. Delightful effects on country at large . . high and low, rich and poor . . view of a country, where the Scriptures rule the life, and regulate the heart . . preparing the way, for glorious time (alluded to in the text) when Christ's kingdom of universal piety, shall be established on earth . . for still more glorious consummation of all things in heaven.

This, my dear Sir, is the sketch, which I unreservedly submit to your castigation: to your tried friendship, I look for unqualified censure, wherever you think it due. You will perceive, that the best feature in this little prospectus, is borrowed from one of your letters. I need not tell you, that I mean the moral view of Scripture, as a scheme of sublime philosophy. On that subject, a few hints will be most truly acceptable. I commissioned a friend to get for me the Bishop of London's lectures; but have heard nothing from him. I am extremely anxious to get them; and I should be very much obliged to you, if they are at Archer's, to procure them, and get them freed by Mr. ————; or, if they are not, to get them, through the Post Office, from London, and send them to me. I shall thankfully repay you, when we meet; and should not think of giving you this trouble, but that I think it essential to my scheme, that I should very soon read them.

I have been lecturing through Genesis: not so much to my own satisfaction, as I could wish; but endeavoring, *haud passibus æquis*, to follow up your views.

I am, also, preparing young people for confirmation: so that, with this sermon, which not a little alarms me, I have much business on hands. My head aches, with much writing to-day; I must, therefore, conclude with assuring you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and affectionate friend,

John Jebb.

LETTER IX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

August 16. 1802.

My dear Sir,

I have been prevented from answering any of your kind letters, by an apprehension, that I could not reach you before your sailing for England; and I now venture a few lines, at hazard.

I thank you much, for your observations on the text; and have been anxiously waiting for something more. I suspend doing any thing, till I hear from you more fully.

At present, I confess myself not entirely inclined to acquiesce, in the text you recommend: it strikes me as an excellent one, for a sermon addressed to parents, on giving their children an early knowledge of, and taste for the Scriptures. But, if you look at the little sketch I sent, I think you will see, that the object I propose to myself, is not so much a panegyric on Scripture, as an incitement to the Association, to pursue the dissemination of the Bible; as being the best mode of promoting religion. I am, however, fully open to conviction; and doubt not, that you have good reasons to object to the text from Isaiah; though, at present, I still think, it touches the subject, without any strained construction.

I trust that you will not give me up as incorrigible, for not immediately seeing the text from St. Timothy, in the light you do. I am really not without a great deal of diffidence, in even appearing to put my opinion in competition with yours; but I hope your next letter will put an end to all doubt and difficulty. I am obliged to conclude myself, in much haste,

My dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and affectionate friend and servant,

John Jebb.

LETTER X.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Sept. 15. 1802.

My dear Sir,

It is now more than a month, since I received your last letter

of the 7th August; in which you were kind enough to promise me a full letter, by the next post. I make no doubt this letter has been lost, through some mistake of the Post Office; and, from the disappointment, I am constrained to begin the sermon, on the plan I submitted to you; as the time approaches too near, for any further delay. However, though I know not where you now are, or how engaged, I entertain some hopes, that this may soon reach you, and that you will have the goodness to send me a few hints. I need not say, how highly useful I would esteem them: and they are the more wanting, as, from a confinement of some days, by a heavy cold, which is not yet removed, I find myself much unfitted for exertion. I fear much I shall do myself, and my friends, some discredit in this business. But, though I enter on it with much distrust in myself, I still have hopes, from the assistance of that good Providence, which has been uniformly kind to me.

I have met with, and read some of the Bishop of London's lectures. I am sorry they were published. They certainly made great impression, at the time of their delivery; but, in the closet, they appear to such disadvantage, that I wonder much at the character they obtained.

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As I am desirous not to be too late for our post, I must have done.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your truly obliged and affectionate,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

1802. About Sept. or Oct.

MY DEAR SIR,

I YESTERDAY dispatched a packet to you, under cover to Mr. Taylor, which I trust you have, ere this, received. Lest, however, it should not have reached you, let me request, that you will have the goodness to procure further time for the sermon. You have shown me the necessity of new modelling a part of my plan; and, indeed, indisposition has thrown me so far back, and continues to impede me so much, that I could not, with any justice, either to the committee that proposed me, or to the Association, pretend to address them on the 2nd of November;

especially on a subject, that requires some thought and energy; neither of which I can command at present. If Christmas did not interfere, and absolutely require my presence here, a day in December might answer. But, circumstanced as I am, I could much wish for a day in January; against which time, I hope, with God's assistance, to be in some degree prepared.

This morning, in looking over Cicero's moral works, I was forcibly struck, with his beautiful apostrophe to philosophy. Tusc. Quæst. lib. 5. cap. 2. As, perhaps, you may not just now have the book by you, and to save you the trouble of going to your shelf for it, I shall transcribe the passage.

'Oh, vitæ Philosophia dux! oh virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum! quid, non modo nos, sed omnino hominum vita scire te esse potuisset? Tu, urbes peperisti: tu, dissipatos homines in societatem vitæ convocasti: tu, eos inter se primò domiciliis, deinde conjugiis, tum literarum et vocum communione, junxisti: tu, inventrix legum, tu, magistra morum et disciplinæ fuisti. Ad te confugimus: ate opem petimus: tibi nos, ut, antea, magna ex parte, sic, nunc, penitus totosque tradimus. Est autem unus dies, bene, et ex preceptis tuis actus, peccanti immortalitati antiponendus. Cujus igitur potius opibus utamur quam tuis? quæ et vitæ tranquillitatem largita nobis es, et terrorem mortis sustulisti. At Philosophia, quidem, tantum abest, ut, proinde ac de hominum est vitâ merita, laudetur; ut a plerisque neglecta, a multis etiam vituperetur. Vituperare quisquam vitæ parentem, et hoc parricidio se inquinare audet? et tam impie ingratus esse, ut eam accuset quam vereri deberet, etiam si minus percipere potuisset?'

Is not this wonderfully apposite? If, for Philosophy, we substitute divine wisdom (as displayed in the Scriptures), is not every word, and sentence, true? What was wanting, but the certainty of revelation, and the 'matter of fact display,' which pervades holy Scripture, to render the view powerfully influential? Alas, in Cicero it was, at the best, but sublime speculation. It wanted reality; it wanted sanction. It was not connected with a sure and certain hope, of protection in danger, support under adversity, comfort in the hour of death, . . proceeding from an all-good, all-wise, all-powerful Being; the cause, creator, and preserver of all things. And, hence, it availed but little, in the hour of distress. This 'vitæ dux,' could not allay the bitterness of *more* than manly sorrow, at the death of a daughter; could not bestow either cheering hope, or patient resignation, in the hour of banishment. Let us view the feelings and conduct of David, under similar calamities; and, surely, we must at once acknowledge, the superiority of the views which influenced him.

I am obliged to conclude, as the post is waiting for this. My ideas, on the subject I have attempted writing on, are, at present, far from clear. So far as they are, they but follow up yours. However, I should be happy to have your opinion, whether this passage might be translated, and quoted with effect. As I mentioned, I met it only this morning; and have not yet had time to consider it. I shall employ, for some days, as much time as my head-aches will permit me, in thinking over the subject of Scripture, taken in a moral view. I see, from the limits I must necessarily put to the discourse, that the beauties of style can be treated of only incidentally; for, certainly, no very small portion of the sermon should be matter of business. Quere . . might not the 1st Psalm furnish a text sufficiently apposite? the 3rd verse, taking in the considerations, both of the happiness conferred on the individual, who loves and meditates on Scripture, and of the benefits, which he confers on others.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Your obliged and affectionate,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

October 6. 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT is now some time, since I removed to my friend Mr. Woodward's house, here, with hopes of working more uninterruptedly, than I could at Swanlinbar; by which means, I did not receive your third communication, till yesterday evening. The whole is truly valuable. I consider it, not merely as affording materials for the present occasion, but hope to derive much advantage from it, in my future study of the Bible. Notwithstanding I was much impeded by illness, when I received your first packet, I had then made some progress, on my own plan. And, after no little consideration, I found, that, on the whole, I could not act precisely on yours, without copying you more closely, than I think I conscientiously could: for, would not this be holding out false colors to the world? Besides, my ideas had got into a particular train: and I should have found it very difficult to bring them into another.

According to the scheme I had laid down in my mind, the sermon was to be a hortatory discourse, addressed to the Asso-

ciation: its main object, to excite them to perseverance, in the dissemination of the Scriptures. This divided itself into two parts. 1. Giving the higher orders a taste for those sacred writings. 2. Through their assistance, generally disseminating them among the poor. In this view, the direct praise of Scripture forms but a branch. And the full discussion of that topic, I rather wish to leave for the public lecturer, who will, I hope, be appointed by the Association; and to whose labors, I could wish this to be a preliminary step: as, in fact, a leading object of my scheme is, to urge the Association to make provision, for the future inculcation of right ideas concerning Scripture.

I cannot fail to derive considerable aid from your papers, in that part of my sermon, which relates to the moral efficacy of Scripture. The only thing I fear is, that I shall be at a loss which ideas to select; for it is really not easy to make a choice, where all is so good. I am conscious, that, by not more largely adopting your plan, I shall not produce near so good a sermon, as I otherwise might. But I know you will attribute my continuance in the plan I have chalked out, not to any confidence in my own judgment. The Text first proposed, I have retained: but as, please God, I shall be in town, six days before the 2nd of November, I shall have time to confer with you; and to make an alteration, if you deem it expedient.

I feel a particular inclination to profit by your ideas, of Scripture operating on the heart, through the interesting matter-of-fact view it gives of God, exemplified in the feelings and actions of David. Quere. Does not the 84th Psalm furnish a fine contrast, to the abject complaints of Cicero, in exile. The Psalmist is evidently deprived of all access to Jerusalem: in this situation, he utters the most pathetic expressions of sorrow. But, what gives rise to them? his banishment from the Sanctuary, from the altars of his King and his God: and, so consolatory are the feelings of religion, that the very mention of God, turns his sorrow into joy. And he concludes, with the most lively declarations of complacency and confidence, in the Lord of Hosts, his sun and his shield. Perhaps, the expressions and sentiments of this heavenly production, immediately contrasted with Cicero's poor, unmanly complaints, would afford a happy specimen of the superior dignity and happiness bestowed, by right, *i. e.* scriptural conceptions of the Deity.

The view of God's particular Providence, as drawn from the patriarchal history, I much admire. And the New-Testament part, I am desirous, in some measure, to adopt. In fact, the two circumstances that would prevent me from making free use

of all your ideas, are, want of room within a sermon, and a feeling, that it would be disingenuous, and unfair in me, to gain credit, as I undoubtedly should, for that which is not my own.

I propose returning home to-morrow; when I shall, I hope, proceed to the Scriptural part of the discourse; the rest, I have almost finished, but in a manner that does not satisfy me.

I have some idea of introducing a few words, from Josephus against Apion: that passage, in which he says, that the reward of obedience to the Mosaic code, was not a crown, or a garland, &c., but an internal feeling of confidence in God, and hope of a future state, &c. I have not the book by me: but it strikes me, that those five or six lines are extremely beautiful; and give a very exalted idea of the spiritual nature of the Old Testament.

I trust you will excuse the great incorrectness and confusion of this scrawl. I have been forced to write in a great hurry, as I feared my man might be too late for the post in Granard, four miles distant. I should be truly obliged to you for a few lines, if any thing occurs, *pro* or *con* any thing I have mentioned. Much, indeed, am I indebted to your goodness, for the great trouble you have taken in this affair. And whether, on the present occasion, I can avail myself of much or little of your valuable papers, they will be of most material service to me in future; particularly as giving me new ideas, on the mode of lecturing on Scripture.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Your most obliged and affectionate,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 6.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

YOUR letter relieved me from some little anxiety; as I feared, from not hearing from you, that my packets had miscarried. I enter most fully into all your feelings, respecting a literal use of what I sent you. I had not time to accompany my hints, with my ideas how you might best use them; but, most certainly, I felt that you could not do so, consistently with the delicacy of your own mind, at all in the way of transcript. I believe I said something to that amount. I am sure I thought it. But pardon me for thinking, that there is not a thought in it, which you might not make your own *in substance;* by reading it once or twice over, then laying it quite aside; and, after ten days' intermediate thought, put pen to paper, and compose your discourse,

from the digested materials of your own mind, following your own train, and not looking at me, until, at least, your rough draught were completed.

I have now yours, of the 26th July, before me. Could I have commanded thought, as I wished, I should have commented, somewhat at large, on your plan, to explain to you my objections; for to say the truth, I much more dislike your arrangement, than I like, particularly, the plan I suggested. Any subject and outline, that would leave room for giving due relief to main figures in the piece, would sufficiently answer. But I think, in every discourse, the first object is, to arrest attention. A sermon, therefore, should not commence, with a statement of any collateral, or subordinate, parts or circumstances; but should rather impress the great end, . . the supreme utility, the indispensable necessity, of the matter in question. There was something of this, in the view of the greatest epic poets; who made it a point to go, at once, into the midst of things. We are instantly engaged, by the wrath of Achilles; it makes us know, and feel for the hero; and we follow him, ever after, with interest. So, too, with the shipwreck of Eneas. For this reason, then, I objected to the far-fetched text, as requiring a round-about, and as it might seem to many, a forced allegorizing; . . by which the minds of some might be dissipated, of others, disgusted, . . and once off, might not return again.

On the same principle, I disliked the beginning the causes of neglect, by speaking about the style. This is a good subordinate topic, because it leaves room for beautiful and captivating remarks. But it seems to me misplaced here, because scarcely suitable to fact. They who neglect the Scripture, do so, because they love darkness rather than light. The fault is in the mind and heart; not in the taste, nor in philological fastidiousness. This seems somewhat taken up in the next point; but the idea is not direct nor forcible enough. Inadequate conceptions, implies but partial ignorance; and would rather account for misestimation, than absolute neglect. Nor would adequate conceptions be a remedy. For strange to tell, men may 'understand all mysteries, and all knowledge,' and yet not have *Αγαπη*. Therefore, Saint Paul rests all, on receiving the truth, 'in the love of it.' The subordinate members, here, are not inapposite; but they would grow stronger, by being connected with a more vitalizing kind; which, I think, should be, not as above, but the want of a due feeling of personal interest in the Scripture. This is really what you meant, but you wrapt it up too much; and nothing can be done in morals, but by running up every line to the centre, resolving every thing into the ultimate object, . . personal concern, . . a man's

own safety or danger, misery or happiness. Here, I conceive, you ought to use my thoughts. As to the next point, I doubt the expediency of introducing it at all. As I see no prospect of a lecture, nor, *inter nos*, knowing any one, fit for it . . Graves*, alone, excepted : and he, hitherto, I think, has hardly ever done full justice, either to his subjects, or himself; his constitutional fault being slovenliness. What a pity, with such a head and heart! But imperfection cleaves, inseparably, to mortality.

I now proceed to your second general ; in which, most of what you say is in point, but subordinately to the feeling of personal concern ; for, without that, men will never do warmly for others, what they disregard for themselves. He who loves the Bible for himself, for its [own sake, may], thereby, gain, or communicate feeling ; and, when you open a channel for that feeling to act in, it will flow forward of itself. But, if the sentiment be not there, your stating what *may* be done gradually, and politically what ought, will be like laying pipes, where there is no spring.

For all these reasons, I wish you, certainly, to make your discourse as personal as you possibly can ; and as I know no pressing reason, why it should be in November, rather than in January, if you thought you might gain any thing by time, we might easily have the day postponed. I wish your sermon to be solid, striking, worthy of dispersion, and worthy of preservation. But, to be so, it must not be hurried ; because it must not be superficial, nor common-place. Do not, therefore, be over-nice as to time ; but be more solicitous to do justice to the subject, and to your own character, . . not for your own, but for your work's sake.

Most truly yours,
Alex. Knox.

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LETTER XIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Oct. 12. 1802.

My dear Sir,

I am sincerely obliged to you for your objections, and for the truly candid and friendly manner in which you state them. In general, they are to me convincing ; and I cannot but regret, that I did not receive them sooner, as they would, probably, have saved me some fruitless thought and labor.

* Richard Graves, D. D., the late learned Dean of Ardagh.—Ed.

I cheerfully accede to your general position, that, in every discourse, the first object should be, to arrest attention; and, also, to the inference drawn, that 'a sermon should not commence, with the statement of any collateral, or subordinate, parts or circumstances.' But granting these points, I am not quite certain, that my unfortunate text would be altogether so exceptionable, as it appears to you. I trust you will credit me, when I say, that I defend it, not from tenaciousness of my own opinion: in truth, I am ready to give it up: I wish only to state a few of my ideas on the subject, merely in self-justification; and with a view to show, that, however erroneous may be my conception of the passage, it was far from being my intention to allegorize; a practice which, perhaps, few dislike more, in sermons, than myself.

Notwithstanding the narrow and confined interpretation, given to Isaiah LXII. 10., by most commentators, who apply it to the return from the Babylonish captivity, I have not a doubt on my mind, after no slight consideration of the context, and of parallel places, that, in its *direct* and *full* sense, it relates to the final restoration of the Jewish people; when they shall be converted to true spiritual religion, and the Messiah shall reign over them. Of this, I conceive, the 4th verse, when taken together with the general turn of prophecy, furnishes the most convincing proofs; absolutely precluding an application, either to the return from Babylon, or to the first coming of our Lord: since, to this hour, the Jews are, with peculiar propriety, termed 'forsaken,' and their land 'desolate.' No other event, then, remains to be applied to this prophecy, but the final redemption of Israel. Nor is this interpretation without the support of the best authorities, . . Vitringa and Lowth. See the notes of the latter (in his Quarto Edition) on Chap. XL., and, especially, on Chap. LII. 13., where there is this decisive opinion, . . 'Here, Babylon is, at once, dropped; and, I think, hardly ever comes in sight again, . . unless, perhaps, in Chap. LV. 12., LVII. 14. The Prophet's views are engrossed, by the higher part of his subject.' p. 237. Assuming, then, the spiritual meaning of the passage, it was my purpose, very briefly to describe the Prophet's view of Christ's future kingdom; and, as briefly, to state its expansion, by our Lord, and his Apostles, . . taking in Gentiles, as well as Jews; and to be completely established on earth, at that glorious time, when the kingdoms of this world, shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ: and, however remote may be the completion of this grand prophetic scheme, however insignificant all human exertions, compared with the stupendous means, by which the Almighty can, doubtless, mature his mysterious purposes, . . we are surely bound

to act, as laborers, and pioneers in the blessed work, of establishing righteousness upon earth; to be strenuous, in converting the sinner from the error of his way; and, by well-directed exertions, to increase the number of those, who worship the Father in Spirit and in truth. To us, then, the words of Isaiah's prophecy directly apply; for, so long as ignorance and superstition debase our land, . . so long as the pure precepts, and exalted hopes of Christianity, are unknown to our poor, . . so long as licentiousness and irreligion profane our streets, and pollute even the distant shades of rural retirement, a warning voice will not cease to exclaim unto our consciences, . . . Go through, go through the gates, . . prepare you the way of the people, . . cast up, cast up the high way, . . gather out the stones, . . lift up a standard for the people!'

It was something in this manner, that I purposed beginning: not allegorizing, but directly entering on the main subject: 'Bringing our people, to the knowledge, love, and practice of true religion, by a dissemination of the Scriptures.' And I am soberly and seriously of opinion, that the solemn proclamation of the prophet, contained in the proposed text, is truly and really addressed to all, who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are his faithful followers.

I perfectly acquiesce in your ideas, respecting the causes of neglect. Certainly, style is a subordinate consideration; and personal interest is the grand object, the pivot on which the whole should turn. And this, whatever be my plan, I shall keep in view.

The 2nd general [head] I never intended, but as *subordinate* to the feeling of personal concern; it being my plan, previously to dwell, on the moral influence of Scripture, . . and warmly to recommend making provision, for giving the higher orders right feelings of its value, and [of its] conduciveness to human happiness. And, from a few pages that I send you, which begin precisely at II. general, you will find, that I considered a 'practical influence of Scripture on the heart, a *sine quâ non*, in disseminating the Bible amongst others.' By the bye, much of those pages was written, before I received your papers; and the two quotations of the 'glass,' and the 'cisterns,' were my own: though I could not forbear adopting two expressions of yours, . . the word *assimilative*, and the *moral thirst*. I am truly sensible, that the sheets I send, have very little matter in them; and are, every way, much deficient.

I regret much, that you think the lecture impracticable. Could it be compassed, I have no doubt it would be highly useful: but you, who are on the spot, and are, in other respects, so well qualified to judge, can best determine how far it would

be feasible. The omission of this branch (and I clearly think it should be omitted, if there be no prospect of establishing a lecture) will inevitably oblige me to alter my mode of address. For the lecture served me as a medium, through which I might address the association themselves, as constituting the force, that would give motion to the whole machine; that would set the higher ranks at work, by communicating to them a power, derived from the practical influence of Scripture on their own hearts; and, through their instrumentality, convey to the people, not only the Scriptures, but a feeling of their sovereign utility.

You will pardon me for thinking, that your text, would not exactly suit the purpose in view. I hardly think it appropriate to the occasion of addressing a great public body, on the necessity and advantage of disseminating Scripture; and I conceive, that, to accord with your views, it requires an exposition of the term *salvation*, not altogether suitable to the context, or to the usual acceptation of the word. I say this, with great diffidence in myself, and great deference for your opinion; but I should not consider it, either candid, or respectful, to object to your text, without assigning some reason; and I know your good nature will not impute to me, any impertinence, or presumption, for appearing to put my opinion in competition with yours.

As it will now be necessary for me to reconsider the matter entirely, I should be much obliged to you to have the day postponed. Any time in January would answer. Indeed, indisposition, for the last month, completely unfitted me for almost any exertion. I have had a violent cold, accompanied with racking head-aches; and, I am sorry to say, am still under its influence. On these grounds, I trust the Association will consent to give me a little time. For, unfit as I am, at any time, to do justice to the situation they have placed me in, I am, at present, peculiarly unable to do any thing. I trust in God I shall soon get better; but, at this instant, my head aches so violently, that I do not feel able to say much more, than that I am, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 7.

Oct. 14. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

YOUR strong and interesting defence of your text, has had its due effect on my mind. I cannot help considering, that differ-

ent minds, have their different modes of moving. And, if any extrinsic force should obstruct the natural mode, the pleasantness of the progress is much diminished, if not destroyed. Your mind is really a very solid one. But it is, also, a poetical one; and, from this joint character, arises a species of composition, which demands materials fitted for its own peculiar fabric. A text furnishing only plain maxims, or facts, is, by no means, the thing for this; it must rather be one, pregnant in vivid imagery. Itself a picture, and exciting other picturesque ideas, by, as it were, lighting a train.

I cannot, therefore, be the instrument, of making such a text as you have chosen, in any respect unfortunate. And, on weighing what you have written, I cannot hesitate to recommend to you, still to keep it; and only alter the treatment of it, as the completest bringing forward of personal interest may require. Do not think, in this, I am giving up my opinion, by way of indulging yours. No truly. The few words you have said on the text, have convinced me, that it will not only do; but may be wrought into an elegant, and most interesting introduction, as well as serve to keep up the sequel.

Whether it allude to the return from Babylon, or not, is really of little moment. I rather, I think, would assume that it did. I looked only to making it fit. The Jewish history was typical, as well as their ceremonies. And, whatever is said of their captivity, may be applied to the moral bondage of mankind; as, whatever is said of the deliverances of the Jews, will certainly find correspondencies, in the christian system. 'Whatsoever was written aforetime, was written for our learning;' and, certainly, I own with pleasure, that, in this very text, there is, not only a grand eloquence, but a happy evangelic character; which, in a very great degree, if not wholly, answers what I objected, about allegory.

Every individual, who lives, in sin of temper, or conduct, is in captivity, and needs a deliverance; to which much of the prophetic language concerning Israel, will, perhaps, from direct divine intention (why do I say perhaps?) most appositely fit. Every portion of people, who are, collectively, in ignorance or barbarousness, are, still more literally and strikingly, in captivity. For both, the same means of deliverance are provided. And, to these means, all the prophetic indications point. The completeness of their meaning, probably, here, as well as elsewhere, embraces the last triumph of the Messiah, over the moral evil of the world; but every step towards that consummation, must, substantially, resemble the ultimate event; because, the whole design being moral, and the means uniform, the means,

between the moral liberation of an individual, of a people, of the whole of mankind, must be *in gradu* rather than *in re*.

The reiteration in the text, is exceeding fine ; and, if there be even an approach to allegory, I renounce all I said of its being uninteresting. In some hands, it might ; because it will require justice to be done to it. Be you only as spirited in your introduction, as you have been in your defence, and I venture to promise, you will lose no one's attention.

The first words seem to imply, that they to whom they are spoken, are yet in the house of bondage. But they need not continue there. The gates are opened for them to march forth ; but such is their perverseness, that they linger ; and, therefore, we may suppose, is the restoration. Or, perhaps they have another meaning, and certainly one more agreeable to the tenor of the chapter. It is that given by Pool, from one Forerius ; and, though he seems not to rely on it, I own it appears to me very plausible. 'Hortatur viros Israelitos, ut, exeuntes per portas, præparent itinera filiis Dei dispersis jam adventantibus Hierosolymam.' It is added, 'quæ certe nihil aliud significant, quam, ex Jerusalem ituros Discipulos Domini per totum orbem, ut alios ad Ecclesiam perducant.' The *nihil aliud*, at least, I protest against. The passage may refer, to the Apostles' going forth from Jerusalem, . . but not only, nor chiefly ; for the Jerusalem here, is, the church. As to any final restoration of the Jews, to their literal Jerusalem (which might here divide, or distract, the application of the words to christians), I own, I more than question it : all that is said about the latter times, being, in my humble opinion, moral only ; and, of course, predicting no other reinstatement of the Jews, but in the true and spiritual Jerusalem : the now invisible, but hereafter morally triumphant, church of Christ. For support of these views, I would refer to the 6th verse ; which has, I believe, been ever applied to the christian ministry. Perhaps, then, on the whole, it may be best to take the words in the latter [sense] ; and they will be an exhortation to all, who are already in the spiritual Jerusalem, to do all that in them lies, to bring others into it. The nations are represented in movement toward it ; but there are obstructions to their progress, which they, who are already within, are called upon, with reiterated earnestness, to remove. The repetition, calls forth zeal ; perhaps, indirectly, reproves a want of it. They who are citizens of the holy city, are required to do this work, because they possess the necessary qualifications. Strangers, coming amongst them, cannot make a way for themselves ; the duty, the necessary knowledge, the materials, all must pertain to the inhabitants. How are stran-

gers to complete their approach and entrance, without this? Prepare the way: that is, lay it out, plan it, find out its best direction, use your best skill and talents, in discovering how it may be best done. Cast up, cast up the high way: that is, having planned, execute; do it quietly, and do it effectually. What the way to the spiritual Jerusalem is, can admit of no doubt: it is reformation of heart and life. 'A way shall be there; and it shall be called the way of righteousness; and the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.' What, then, is the command? Do every thing possible, to reform the people, . . 'Make straight paths for their feet:' give them fit and full instruction; 'Train up a child in the way;' &c.: and lead them to right habits, . . Gather out the stones: make it pleasant and easy to them: let nothing remain to deter them; but every thing to induce them: add kindness, to skill and diligence. Lift up a standard: that is, after all, furnish them with some sure direction, toward which they may look, and by which they are to be guided toward their ultimate object.

If these hints give you any satisfaction, or serve to confirm you in your first design, it will give much pleasure to

Yours most truly,

Alex. Knox.

P. S. The postponement, I will attend to. The above hints, are for your amusement and consideration, rather than for any material use.

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LETTER 8.

Oct. 17. 1802.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I hope you have received my letter of Thursday. The purport was to tell you, that what you said, actually inclined me to your own first text; as that, which, after all, you could most conveniently manage. I hope you have got the letter. If you have, you will have had my comment on the text. Yet, after all, it is but fair to say, that, though I can well conceive how, out of that very energetic text, you would draw exhortations to disseminate the Scripture; I do not so clearly see, how the personal part could be deduced.

Therefore, once for all, I say, consider all that has come from me, as the merest materials, for your own mind to judge of, and determine upon, as you see proper. For, I assure you, if

I could think, that what I wrote would sway you an hair-breadth, against your own conviction, I should be very much pained and disappointed.

The quotation is transcendent. Why should you not use it? But, undoubtedly, it would fall in better, with the first Psalm, than with that from Isaiah. The first two verses of the Psalm, might, if you liked it, answer well: or rather, the first four verses; which would give your fancy tolerable scope, from the delightful imagery, . . lead you immediately to a personal application, and yet afford sufficient room, for exhortation to the spiritual charity. Indeed, I like your query, and I wish you would think of it: though, as I said in my last, that from Isaiah is a beautiful passage. Still, it is not personal, like the first Psalm.

As to the first Psalm, it opens with one of the neatest arrangements of thought, that I ever saw. 'Oh the happiness of him, that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and hath not stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful!' here, you will observe, is a gradation of wickedness. Ungodly: . . they who neglect religion. Sinners: . . they who commit iniquity. Scornful: . . they who not only neglect religion, and commit iniquity, but justify the ways of vice, and calumniate those of goodness. To these, again, the words betokening action, answer. Ungodly: . . he that walketh, . . the least fixed. Sinners: . . he that standeth, . . more fixed. Scornful: . . he that sitteth. 'Here will I dwell,' says he, 'for I have a delight therein.' 'Nemo fit repente turpissimus,' says Juvenal I think. So *that* verse tells the progress of vice. He that walks, will be apt, at length, to stand. From standing, sitting naturally follows. 'Evil men and seducers,' says the Apostle, 'will wax worse and worse.' 'But his delight is in the law of the Lord.' There, it must begin. Except love be excited, nothing is done to purpose. But, if love be there, it will lead to the exercise there spoken of. Night, ever recurs to David's mind; because it is then the mind turns in on itself, and feels its own true character, whatever it be. If a man delight in God's law, he will, of course, not fail to think of it then, when a subject of pleasant thought, is most pleasing. It is a noble attribute, which Job giveth to God: 'Who givest songs in the night.' How this was verified, (to digress for a moment,) in the case of Paul and Silas in the dungeon! 'He shall be as a tree, planted by the waters.' What a full figure this is, you well know; having no doubt read Bishop Lowth's last note, on the first chapter of Isaiah. 'Leaf not withering,' . . is the permanency of what is pleasing: as, 'Look, whatso-

ever he doeth, it shall prosper,' . . seems to come in the place of fruit.

'Neither the heat of the sun,' says St. Chrysostom, 'nor the unfavorableness of the seasons, can injure a tree, planted on the border of a river; because, from its situation, its root is ever kept moist. Just so, a soul, that receives perpetually the influences of grace, through the channels of the Holy Scripture, is proof against all accidents, and suffers with courage, all the inconveniences of life: diseases, injuries, calumnies, be the evils what they may, it finds its consolation in the Scripture.

'Fortune, glory, success, friends, must all yield to the Holy Scripture, in the successful banishing of sorrow of heart. The best things of life are perishable, and subject to change: of course, the comfort that they afford, can be transient only, like themselves. But one may always converse with God, by means of the Scripture, and obtain therefrom that peace, which the world can neither give, nor take away.'

I really think with some regret, on the trouble I shall have caused you; when, probably, had you gone on in your own way, people would have been well enough satisfied. You will, however, forgive me, for my motive's sake; which certainly was, that you should 'please all, for good to edification.'

Farewell, I will take care about the postponement.

Believe me, most truly yours,

Alex. Knox.

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LETTER XIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

S. Bar, Oct. 25. 1802.

My dear Sir,

I should have written to you early in the last week, but that I did not receive yours of the 14th, till Thursday last, when I was obliged to go, for two or three days, to Enniskillen. Notwithstanding your kind reception of my defence, I now feel strongly inclined to give up the text from Isaiah. In good hands, it certainly would afford room for a very animated introduction; and would, perhaps, in every respect, be well adapted to a sermon, whose *sole* object was exhortation: but I am so completely a convert to your opinion, that personal interest, is a necessary foundation on which to build, that I think it essential, that the text should *naturally* lead to personal application. That

from Isaiah, does not: the first Psalm does: and then, 'bringeth forth fruit in due season,' . . 'And look whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper,' . . afford room for exhortation to disseminate the Scriptures; and for an estimate of the advantages, almost inevitably derivable from doing so. The admirable arrangement of thought in the 1st verse, you had the goodness to point out to me one day, in Dawson Street, before I entered into orders; and I availed myself of your hints, in a sermon I preached here. On the present occasion, perhaps, on your own principle of going at once 'in medias res,' it might be well to leave out verse 1., as not immediately bearing upon the grand point; and to make the second and third verses, (as they stand in the Bible translation) the text.

According to my present view of the subject, after opening the text, should follow, a proof of the power of Scripture to confer happiness; including a contrasted view of the insufficiency of philosophy; all this as personal as possible: then, appeal to the audience, whether they have made the proper use, of the rich treasure given to them: not sufficient that they should *read* Scripture, . . their 'delight must be in the law of the Lord:' if they have experienced this delight, they must be anxious to communicate it to others: let them look around, not merely at the poor, but at the rich, and they will see the want of happiness which prevails . . they must labor to bring their friends, &c. to a sense of the supreme efficacy of Scripture . . and hence, if higher orders in general are made fond of the sacred volume, they will give it to the poor. This is a very rough, and very curt view, of what I now think on the subject:* but, I believe, that an arrangement somewhat of this nature, is what you would recommend. On the subject both of the Old Testament and the New, I have made some little collections, tending to show the happy effects, on the sentiments and conduct, of a matter-of-fact view of God's attributes; and, also, some instances of the use made by Scripture characters, in different situations, of the word of God. One remarkable instance, I think, is, that Jonah's prayer, is, in a great measure, a Cento from the Psalms.

To the efficacy of a *matter-of-fact* view of God, Lord Shaftesbury seems to bear testimony.

'If there be a belief, or conception, of a Deity, who is considered as worthy and good, and admired and reverenced as such; being understood to have, besides mere power and knowledge,

* Upon maturer consideration, Bishop Jebb's views, respecting the indiscriminate dissemination of the Bible, became materially modified; as may be seen in his 'Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical,' at the opening of Sermon viii.; and in the Appendix to that volume, *passim*. . . Ed.

the highest excellence of nature, such as renders him justly amiable to all: and if, in the manner this sovereign and mighty being is *represented*, or *as he is historically described*, there appears in him, a high and eminent regard to what is good and excellent; a concern for the good of all; and an affection of benevolence and love to the whole; . . such an example must, undoubtedly, serve, to raise and increase the affection towards virtue, and to help to subdue all other affections, to that alone.

'Nor is this good effected, by example merely. For, when the theistical belief is entire and perfect, there must be *a steady opinion of the superintendency of a* SUPREME BEING; a witness and spectator of human life; and conscious of whatsoever is felt, or acted, in the universe. So that, in the perfectest recess, or deepest solitude, there must be ONE still presumed remaining with us; whose presence, singly, must be of more moment, than that of the most august assembly on earth.' CHARACT. vol. ii. p. 56, 57.

I much regret, my dear Sir, that you should experience a moment's uneasiness, at having induced me to reconsider my plan. I can assure you, that your papers have led me into a train of thought, which I trust will be essentially serviceable to the sermon. And, if it should please God to spare me, I can possibly, at some future occasion, use the now rejected text from Isaiah; which I think too good to be lost. If it should ever fall to my lot to preach a visitation sermon, it might answer: particularly, taking the 6th verse, as applying to the christian ministry.

I am much indebted to you for the trouble you have taken, in having the day postponed; and, also, to Mr. Maturin, for his exertions: and as, through your means, I have gained so much time, I do not see how it is possible to resist your joint application. *Your* hinting a wish on the subject, I will confess, would be (for, ought it not?) sufficient to make me do much more than this. But you may be assured, that, in the present instance, there will be no inconvenience attached to my preaching St. Peter's sermon, besides what arises from the difficulty of saying any thing new on the subject: but I trust due allowances will be made. I suppose Mr. Maturin will have the goodness to provide, that I shall be furnished with the necessary materials, in point of information, &c. in proper time.

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Believe me, dear Sir, most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 9.

Oct. 28. 1802.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I certainly am not sorry, that you have settled on so excellent a text. It is every way to your purpose; and I entirely agree with you, that the analysis of the first verse, would rather perplex, than aid, your entrance into the main subject. But I must submit to you, whether, if you were not to commence your discourse, with adverting to the first word of the first verse, you would not lose a valuable, indeed, rather, an invaluable topic; and peculiarly happy for an exordium, 'O the happiness of that man,' &c.

Says Horace, . .

navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere, quod petis, hic est.

What all the world has been looking for in vain, is here brought into narrow bounds. He, who delights, 'in that law of the Lord, which is perfect, converting the soul, . . in that testimony of the Lord, which is sure, making wise the simple, . . in those statutes of the Lord, which are right, rejoicing the heart, . . in that commandment of the Lord, which is pure, enlightening the eyes,' . . cannot but be happy, because, his relish is in unison with eternal order; his mind is recreated, with all the highest harmonies of nature; his gratification is not only inexhaustible, but ever increasing. His happiness is infallible, because it is liable to no vicissitude, and to no end. It cannot be questioned, that there are great pleasures, in the higher congruities, even of the senses. He, for instance, who has a taste for music, is often so enraptured with it, as to devote his life to it. He that delights in the picturesque, would hardly relinquish the pleasure he feels. What, then, must be the enjoyment of that mind, whose taste is turned to that, which is the transcript of eternal rectitude, wisdom, and goodness; and who, in thus relishing, is himself assimilated, more and more, to that which he loves; growing, thereby, more and more like eternal excellence; and, consequently, approaching, as it were, still nearer and nearer that infinite perfection, which it is the happiness of the highest intelligences even to advance toward, without it being possible ever to reach it. The fine eulogium of law, given by Hooker, in the latter end of his first book of Ecclesiastical Polity, would be applicable; but, perhaps, is too well known.

The passage from Shaftesbury, is certainly very good. But

his style is always unpleasant to me ; for it has no fluency. At least, it seems so to me. I do not know but Voltaire has treated the same subject, with more striking simplicity.

'Newton,' says he, 'was intimately persuaded of the existence of a God ; meaning by that word, not only an infinite being, almighty, eternal, the creator, . . but a master, who has established a relation between himself and his creatures ; for, without this relation, the knowledge of a God is but sterile. Thus, this great philosopher, makes a singular remark, at the end of his Principia. 'One does not,' he observes, 'say, my eternal, or my infinite ; because these attributes have nothing of relation to us in them : but we say 'my God ;' understanding, thereby, the master and preserver of our life, and the object of our minds and thoughts.' . . 'I remember,' adds Voltaire, 'that, in several conferences which I had, in the year 1726, with Dr. Clarke, that philosopher never pronounced the name of God, but with an air of recollection and reverence. I remarked to him, the impression that it made on me ; and he told me, it was from Newton, he had insensibly caught that habit ; which, in fact, ought to be the habit of all men.'

I quote this from a French work of M. de la Flechière (Mr. Wesley's friend,) : he quotes it from Voltaire's elements of Newton's philosophy.

I am much obliged to you, about Saint Peter's sermon. But truly, my good friend, if I thought, that my making a request of you, could ever lead you to do any matter, that was not perfectly agreeable to yourself, you surely never could receive a wish from me ; and, therefore, my worthy Mr. Jebb, your parenthesis says quite too much ; and do not ever let such a word, again escape you. Indeed, my friend, you owe much to God Almighty ; but you owe nothing to me. It is my honor to have a little handed forward, to a man capable of appreciating ; and, as such only, will I acknowledge my incidental interference. So talk no more of such matters.

Remember, also, when I write you any thoughts, you never are to use one of them, but merely when you think you may turn them to some purpose. For, I assure you, I throw them out, never to ask about them again ; and I have done so with, perhaps, more valuable ones, . . at least in a curious point of view, but not in a practical one, . . than any I have given you. But I give you what strikes me, on the express condition, that you are to be as careless about them, as if they had never reached you ; except, merely, where it will be to your advantage.

Yours always,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER XV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Swanlinbar, Dec. 21. 1802.

My dear Sir,

I purposely deferred answering your last, till I should be able to report some progress in the sermon. I have now brought it very nearly to a conclusion; not, however, by any means, to my own satisfaction. I fear it will be too long; though, in many parts, I have, perhaps, condensed too much. When I go to town, I shall trespass on your goodness, to point out to me what parts I shall omit; and, even if some little addition should be expedient, I hope to have a few days to make it.

I thank you much, for your critical quotations. They were, to me, entirely satisfactory. In the 3d verse, I should rather think, Mr. Street uses too great license in his translation. Dr. Hammond has, indeed, clearly proved, that the verb in the sentence should be so translated, as to continue the metaphor. The same verb, עשה, is frequently applied to trees, when no metaphor is intended. Thus, Isaiah, v. 4., 'I looked, that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.' And, again, Isaiah, xxxvii. 31., 'And it shall bear fruit upward.' In the New Testament, a similar phrase frequently occurs: . . καρπον ποιειν. St. Matt. iii. 8. and 10, &c. The passage, therefore, I would translate, 'whatsoever it produceth, shall prosper.' Hammond, is, I think, judicious and elegant, on this thought: all the produce is intended: . . bud, blossom, and fruit; answerable to thoughts, resolutions, and actions.

I have seen and read, with much pleasure, your letter to Mr. Walker. Dr. Hales had the goodness to show it to me. He was extremely gratified with it. What I particularly admire in it, is, that, whilst you abundantly establish every thing you contend for, you do it with all meekness and gentleness. There is none of the gall of controversy in your book. What extremely odd opinions, poor Walker has imbibed. I did not think, that the highest calvinism went so far. My friend W. gave me an account of a sermon, he heard him preach lately, at the Bethesda; in which, he roundly asserted, that all arminians, and the larger proportion of calvinists, were worshipping the Devil! Is it certain that his brain is sound?

I have been, at times, much impeded in my business, by nervous headaches; otherwise, I should have finished the Association sermon long since. All the attention I could give, to any

thing serious, has been bestowed on it. But I hope, next week, to enter on that for St. Peter's. I have thoughts of making use of the rejected text from Isaiah; as I have some ideas connected with it, not inapplicable to the occasion. But, as I have abundant time to work upon another, I should be exceedingly obliged to you, to tell me, candidly, whether you think it will answer. If it would not, perhaps you could suggest one. The road of charity sermons is so beaten, that I could wish for a text, that would give room for a striking introduction.

I am frequently ashamed, when I consider the egotism of my letters to you. But, as they are generally applications for instruction and advice, egotism is not wholly avoidable. I rely on your goodness, so often tried, to excuse both this fault, and the trouble I occasion you.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Most truly and affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 10.

Dec. 28. 1802.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I RECEIVED your letter, on Christmas day, in my bed; not being able to rise, in consequence of bilious sickness, until after the post hour.

As to your charity sermon, I fear the text in Isaiah would be too far about. I happened to be looking into a pamphlet, sent me a day or two before from London; and I thought I saw some topics, which would furnish a good body, for such a discourse.

'No large community can long subsist, without a considerable part of its members being destined, to laborious situations, and dependent circumstances: it cannot long subsist, without food and clothing; and these cannot be attained without labor; and men, generally, will not labor, but upon the urgency of necessity. If every man was provided with a stock of the necessaries of life, and had wealth to purchase them, we should see few shuttles in motion, and few ploughs turning up the soil, till the time came, when, having wasted their resources, distress would compel, some to the loom, others to the field.'

'In a civilized state, besides food and clothing, much domestic service is necessary; of which a great part being neither elegant, nor unlaborious, will not commonly be performed, by those who can avoid it: which all may do, who are under no immediate pressure, or fear, of want. Therefore, without such

a degree of indigence in society, as may dispose some to undergo the daily drudgery of life; and such a degree of affluence, as may enable others to reward them for it; we could expect to find but little, either of domestic neatness or comfort. Want, in the political machine, is the weight necessary to keep it in motion; and all that can, or ought to be done, is duly to regulate it.'

'Hence, it will follow, that, to preserve society from sinking into its savage state, in which every man must be content to fish and hunt for himself, and to wear the skin of the beast he has slain, a large proportion of the people must depend for their subsistence, on the toils of husbandry or useful manufactures, and domestic service: which implies the relation of master and servant, ... of those, who have nothing but their labor to bring to market; and of those, who come, with a price in their hands, to purchase it.'

Now, I cannot help thinking, that the above paragraphs contain a very satisfactory view, of, at least, the political, final cause of poverty. And, I conceive, might be expanded into a much larger detail, of the benefits arising, to the higher classes, from this providential arrangement. In short, to this arrangement, the higher classes, as such, owe their civil existence.

The text, then, out of which such remarks might best grow, would, perhaps, be, Deut. xv. 11. 'The poor shall never cease out of the land. Therefore, I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hands wide unto thy brother: to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land.'

'The poor shall never cease,' &c. . . . Why? because the ceasing of poverty, would be taking the weight off the great machine; and because the ceasing of the poor, would be the annihilation of all the instrumental agency, subserving to civil comfort. Is not, then, such an appointment, worthy of eternal wisdom?

The luxuries of the great, as to personal comfort, might be dispensed with; but, in a civil and political light, they, too, have their use: yea, and in a moral light also. But even those conveniences, which we must all value, the accommodations of our houses and our persons, of our sedentary and our active hours, the food we eat, the cloaths we wear, every thing, in short, which forms our extrinsic comfort, flows to us from that providential adjustment of continued poverty.

But this is not all: from the same source arose our father's leisure, as our own; and, hence, how infinite our intellectual blessings! Who, of an enlarged mind, would willingly relinquish the happiness of an improved, and exercised understanding? What lover of science, what admirer of classic elegance

and simplicity, what inquirer into the moral relations between man and man, and between man and his God, would be willing to have all, at once swept from his mind, by a dark, vacant, and everlasting oblivion? Yet, if these are blessings, they, also, are chiefly owing to the same cause, which, by the permanent stimulation of want, has roused mankind from indolence, into that series of exertions, which has given rise to all the rest.

> Pater ipse colendi
> Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primúsque per artem
> Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda.

With what just and gracious fitness, then, is the subsequent command given! How becoming the source of goodness and happiness! Every humane mind hears with pleasure, that other injunction, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox, that treadeth out the corn:' but this, resting on the same ground of justice, rises far above it in importance. The very terms, are exquisitely suitable. 'Therefore, I command thee:' in no instance is the language more authoritative. As if he had said, . . The existence of poverty, is my direct, and special appointment, as being indispensable to your civil welfare. Therefore, on the fairest principle, I enjoin a just acknowledgment of that benefit. You are to be the daily objects of my bounty; and the chief of that bounty shall be conveyed to you, through the instrumentality of the poor. You owe me a return for this bounty; and they, who are my instruments, in giving, are my appointed agents, for receiving: 'Therefore, I command thee.'

But there is, in addition to this, a natural tie. It is not for one of another nature, or other feelings, I am solicitous; it is *thy brother* to whom I enjoin thee to open thy hand, . . to whom thou oughtest to be kind, if for this reason only, because you are, 'of one blood,' . . creatures of like passions. They own weaknesses and wants, therefore, are so many advocates within thee, for his. But he is 'thy poor, and thy needy, in thy land.' This returns to the main argument, the civil connexion between the rich and poor. He is an appendage to thy civil existence, . . a necessary part of the great body. 'The body is not one member, but many. If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? if the whole body were hearing, where were the smelling? and if they were all one member, where were the body? The eye, therefore, cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more, those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are more necessary.' The poor, then, being, as it were, the hands and feet of the body politic, it is most fitly said, 'thy poor, and thy needy.' They

are one with their superiors, as to unity of action. They should be one, therefore, in just sustenance; in sympathetic tenderness; and in every instance of requisite care. This is the voice of reason, of interest, of nature, and of God. 'Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother.'

Various are the duties, which this command embraces. But none, more peculiarly, or distinctly, than in meeting their opening wants and weaknesses; and fitting them, betimes, for sustaining their lot, with credit and comfort. It is the great end of all the divine dispensations, to diffuse, and heighten happiness. But, in this lower world, God has been pleased, as it were, to abridge his own power, as to direct exercise; and to commit, in a great degree, to man's agency, the executing of his beneficial purposes; as if every blessing here, were to be conveyed in the way of mediation. What, therefore, must be the divine complacency, when he beholds his adorable design in progress, in consequence of an harmonious co-operation, of all the different agencies. To supply physical wants, is, as has been stated, the function of the poor. To manufacture and distribute mental, intellectual, and moral comfort, is the high allotment of superior classes. God has so ordered matters, that the former function is steadily performed. But, what a reckoning will the rich and great have, if they do not perform theirs! What are God's final designs, as to human society, he has not fully revealed. But, universality of moral happiness is intimated. The progress, however, is awfully committed, in a great degree, as already hinted, to society itself. We have made some progress doubtless. Two thousand years ago, what were these islands? who, then, can say, how far civilization might be carried? But we do not *yet* know and feel, in this less happy island particularly, what the evils of barbarism are; and how can we so remove them, as by the very duty of this day? To multiply moral and religious mechanists, servants, and laborers, is the only way we can, at present, leaven the lump. And, so sure are as we faithfully endeavor, God will bless.

Such, my good friend, are the crude hints, of a less common kind, which have occurred to me. Use, or not, just as suits. Whatever I send you, is always yours to throw by, just as much as to take up. What you say of my little work, is gratifying to me. I did not forget you; but there has been an omission, either at the post office, or the castle.

Most truly yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER XVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 24. 1804.

My dear Sir,

I this morning wrote a longer letter, which I intended for you; but which through inadvertence, I suffered to take fire, while I was in the act of sealing it. And, therefore, I have now my labor to begin again. If there be any thing like local influence, I fear my epistle will not be mended: this morning I wrote, in the old and precious library*; now, I am in my bed-chamber, not entirely undisturbed by the noise of carpenters, putting up bookshelves, in my sitting room. However, I feel sincere pleasure in the conviction, that, when I wrote in the morning, it was not under the influence of a mere transient April gleam of mental sunshine. I then said, 'I will candidly own to you, that, at my first coming down here, my spirits were low. But, God be thanked, I have not found myself in a more cheerful frame of mind, for many months, than I am, at this moment. And it is pleasant that this change is produced, not in society, nor in consequence of any thing worldly, but in the midst of good old books; partly, I believe, through their influence, and primarily, I humbly hope, through the influence of a far higher agency.' What I then wrote, I am happy to give you, as my present feeling: join, with me, my good friend, in humble prayers, that it may be permanent. I find myself called to the care of a small, but uninstructed flock; and, therefore, I hope, that, when I am settled, I shall find a sufficiency of active employment. The number of my parishioners is so limited, that I hope to see, almost every family, every week; and their present ignorance, I have every reason to imagine, so great, that there will be a field for exertion among them. I rejoice that my situation is such, as to exclude all temptations to public display; and, consequently, I trust, most of the danger of seeking popular commendation. I conceive it peculiarly fortunate, that, by a decent management of time, in my present limited sphere, I shall have much leisure to prepare for a more extensive one; should Providence ever be pleased to call me to it. I feel, and I apply, the sage observation of Bishop Hall, now before me. 'It is commonly seen, that boldness puts men forth before their time, before their ability. Wherein we have seen many, that,

* The diocesan library, at Cashel: the munificent bequest of Archbishop Bolton. . . . Ed.

(like lapwings and partridges,) have run away, with some part of their shell, upon their heads. Whence, it follows, that, as they began boldly, so they proceed unprofitably, and conclude, not without shame. I would rather be haled, by force of others, to great duties, than rush upon them unbidden. It were better a man should want work; than that great works should want a man, answerable to their weight.' When I look back to the last eighteen months of my life, and, at the same time, seriously consider these wise and pious sentiments of Hall, I am not without a self-jealousy of forwardness, precipitancy, and boldness. God grant, that the tendency to such defects, may be daily lessened in me; and that, at the same time, I may grow in zeal, and modestly and profitably discharge the duties, of the station I am placed in. By the way, speaking of Hall, I am charmed with the style and sentiments of some of his practical works, into which I have looked, since I saw you. His six decades of epistles, are most truly interesting; and some that I have read, entirely free from that quaintness, and seeming affectation, which diminishes the pleasing effect of his Contemplations. I transcribed, this morning, for my private use, the 8th Epis. of the 3d Decade, 'On the continual exercise of a christian; how he may keep his heart from hardness, and his way from error.' I do not know, that I ever met so satisfactory, and animating a compend, of the objects of thanksgiving, self-examination, and prayer.*

I have been looking into Gale's Court of the Gentiles; and hope to study the greater part of it with attention. It is a treasure of erudition: and, though he is perhaps, in some parts, fanciful, and may carry his system of deriving all knowledge, from inspiration, too far; good sense, piety, and learning, are conspicuous throughout the work. He is a thorough-paced platonist; and yet, (which does not always happen to platonists,) he appears to have hit the happy medium, between unqualified applause, and unjust depreciation, of heathen wisdom. The fourth and last part, I think you would particularly like. Its title is 'Of reformed Philosophy,' wherein Plato's moral or metaphysic, or prime philosophy, is reduced to an useful form and method. I shall just transcribe a specimen; which, I think, is

* Bishop Jebb's relish for Hall, continued unabated through life. It is an interesting fact, that, just previously to my honored friend's seizure, in April, 1827, he had been much engaged in reading Bishop Hall; whose Contemplations, the last book he had been using, lay upon his table. And so it was to 'the very last.' For, on the eve of his last illness, a few weeks, only, before his death, Bishop Hall became, once more, his favorite study; and one of the latest exercises of his pen, was to enrich a new edition of Burnet's Lives, with an extract from this eminent christian; in contemplation, evidently, of his own approaching change. See Burnet's Lives, 2d edit. 12mo., 1834. p. 291... Ed.

after your own heart. 'Sin, is, in itself, the greatest punishment; because, the greatest evil. Sin was the first evil that came into the world; that which opened the door to all other evils. Therefore, there cannot be a more severe punishment of sin, than to be left to a course of sin. This, Plato, once and again, takes notice of. Thus, in his Gorgias, (p. 447. ed. Stephan.) *Ἡ ψυχῆς πονηρία, μέγιστον τῶν ὄντων κακόν ἐστι, . . The moral evil of the soul, is of all evils the greatest.* This is an universal evil: nothing but evil is in sin; it is the spirit and elixir of all evil. All evil is in sin; and sin is in all evil. So p. 479. *Thou accountest unjust men happy, if they escape punishment;* but, I account them more miserable. And he gives the reason of it. *Τὸ γὰρ μὴ δίκην διδόναι, ἐμμονὴ τοῦ κακοῦ. For, not to be punished for sin, is the establishment of sin.* So p. 472. According to my opinion, O Polus, *Ὁ ἀδικος ἁπάντων μὲν ἀθλιος· ἀθλιώτερος μὲν τοίνυν, ἐαν μὴ δίδῳ δίκην. An unjust man, is of all most miserable: yet he is more miserable, who, acting unjustly, avoids punishment.* For, what greater punishment, or misery, can there be, than to be given up, by God, to the swinge of a man's own lusts, without check or rebuke. Are not such punishments, which seem most silent, most severe and desperate? Albeit, men may enjoy security in their sin, for a while. Yet, is not this the worst part of their punishment? Doth not the righteous God, oft convey his worst curses and plagues, in the sweet wine of temporal prosperity? There is no blessing that such a sinner enjoys, but there is a curse stampt on it. Divine justice writes a piece of hell, on all his temporal comforts; as he writes a piece of heaven, on all the chastisements of the righteous. Thus, also, Plato, in his Meno, p. 78. *Τι γὰρ ἄλλο ἐστιν ἀθλιον εἶναι, ἢ ἐπιθυμεῖν τῶν κακῶν, καὶ κτᾶσθαι; for what else is it to be miserable, than to desire evils, and to possess them.* And this indeed is a general dogma with Plato; as in his Gorgias, *that, to be punished by a judge for sin, is not the greatest punishment, but even, then, when they are involved in their sins, they fall under the most severe punishment.* So much pleasure as men take in the commission of their sin, so much torment they find in the issue. The evil of punishment, is answerable to the evil doing. He that departs from God, executes on himself, his own doom. And, the further he departs from God, the more he is involved in chains and darkness. O! what an indissoluble connexion is there, between sin and punishment? Can any sin, be so delicious in the commission, as it is bitter in the issue? Is not sin, a pregnant mother, with child of misery? Yea, doth it not carry hell in its womb? He that loseth his God by sin, doth he not lose comforts, life, yea, self, and all?' If, after reading this extract,

you wish to possess the book, I believe it is to be had at Dugdale's; and, if you can find a second copy, on reasonable terms, I would thank you to keep it for me. If, however, it be not very cheap, I can well wait; as I have the use of Cashel Library; from which I now have many books in my lodging, and, among the rest, Gale. I would trouble you to procure for me, as soon as you can, at Colbert's, or if necessary, by post, the Christian Observer for the last four months, viz. for Sept. Oct. Nov. and Dec.; and to transmit them, through your castle, or post-office friends. Also, as soon as convenient, Bates' Baxter, Civil Government, and Rural Philosophy.

And now, my dear Sir, I have a still greater favor to ask; that you would write to me, as soon, and as often, as your leisure and your spirits will admit: that you would have the goodness to write, as you talk to me; throwing out any hints that may occur, whether curious, moral, or scriptural. I promise you, I will both prize them highly, and, with God's help, endeavor to use them profitably. In return, I will sometimes trouble you with my thoughts and studies. I have found in Gale, a parallel division, with St. Paul's power, love, and sound mind; and with Baxter's *scire*, *velle*, *posse*. It is quoted from Plato; but, unfortunately, without the Greek, and without reference. It is, as follows: . . 'To philosophize, is to know, to love, and to imitate God.' Does not this deserve to be written in letters of Gold, as the acme of heathen philosophy? And is it not one eminent proof, that the most cultivated reason, is most coincident with divine revelation. This is, in truth, divine philosophy. There is nothing harsh, or crabbed, about it. When I turn from it, to high Calvinism, can you blame me, if I exclaim, *Sit mea anima cum philosophis?*

Yours ever, J. J.

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LETTER 11.

Jan. 28. 1804.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I greatly thank you for your right pleasant letter. The amiable apostle St. John says, in his 3d epistle, 'I have no greater joy, than to hear that my children walk in truth.' And I conceive the substance of his sentiment is entailed upon all, that inherit any real portion of his christian feelings. I believe I felt a good deal in this way, when I read your account of yourself. You have heard me quote that beautiful sentence of Boethius,

Fœlix qui potuit boni
Fontem visere lucidum.

The quiet serenity you have tasted, and, I trust, are tasting, is a prelibation from this fountain. 'Great peace have they who love thy law,' is a natural, as well as a divine truth; a platonic, no less than a scriptural sentiment. And, certainly, these feelings are given, to make it be known, by experience, that 'wisdom's' ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

Bishop Hall was a thoroughly christian man; of great powers of mind, and genuine piety. It is remarkable, how his piety brightens, towards the close of his life. It might be supposed, that there was something to be overcome in him, and, therefore, such sharp sufferings were permitted to come upon him; but, his Free Prisoner, and his Soul's Farewell to Earth and Approach to Heaven, or some such name, shows a completely humble, spiritual, and heavenly mind. He was of a different school from my greatest favorites; but he had in him the root of the matter, and was an excellent man.

These early post hours, make it unavoidable to write short letters, if one writes at all in the evening. I could not write in the morning; and the time so presses, that I must only add now,

That I am always,
Most truly and affectionately yours,
Alex. Knox.

P. S. I have inquired for Gale; but it is not yet sent me, though I believe he has it.

——oo——

LETTER XVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

March 9. 1804.

My dear Sir,

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And now as to the first part of your letter. I shall be happy to hear from you on the subject, when your leisure or inclination leads you to take it up. But, at the present, I wish you would advert to a correspondence in the Christian Obs., on Rom. vii. 14. 25.; particularly a letter from J. P. in the last number, p. 67. I could wish you would commit to paper your view of the

passages, and send it for publication. It would be a very useful service; and you have so thoroughly digested the subject, that it would cost you no more trouble, than an ordinary letter. The business, as yet, is taken up, on very partial, unsatisfactory grounds.

I am much pleased with a review of Hall's Fast-day Sermon, in the same number. So far as I can judge from the extracts given, both the merits and defects of this excellent production, are fairly stated. Would you recommend the abridgment of Baxter's Christian Directory, by Adam Clarke? It is advertised on the back of the Christian Obs. (last number.) If so, I would gladly order it; . . Jones on the Canon, republished at the Clarendon Press, 3 vols. 15*s.*; the 2d vol. of Gisborne's Sermons; and Hall's Fast Sermon. These, your friend Mr. Cooke could import; and when imported, they, together with Bates's two books, and, if you can procure them, Gillies's first Collections, might be boxed by him, and sent me, by a Cashel carrier.

I have to thank you for four numbers of the Observer, and Bates's Rural Philosophy; which I received safely from the hands of Mr. ——— Have you ever read any of Prudentius? If the passage, which I write underneath, has not hitherto presented itself to you, I think you will not be displeased at the quotation. It is from his morning hymn.

Sic tota decurrat dies,
Ne lingua mendax, aut manus,
Oculive peccent lubrici;
Ne noxia corpus inquinet.
Speculator adstat desuper
Qui nos, diebus omnibus,
Actusque nostros prospicit
A luce primâ in vesperum.
Hic testis, hic est arbitor,
Hic intuetur quicquid est
Humana quod mens concipit:
Hunc nemo fallit judicem.

I must now break off, with the assurance that I am,

My dear sir,

Very faithfully and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 12.

Tuesday, March 13. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I SEE no objection to your occupying any time, that should seem

to require filling up, in the manner you mention in yours of the 16th ult. I should only wish, that it may be taken up, not as a chief, but rather as a supplementary object. The primary object, I conceive, ought to be the New Testament. I mean, in this very way; and, therefore, I think every divine should have an interleaved one. I have, for some time, purposed to desire Dugdale to prepare for me, in the manner I speak of, Mr. Wesley's quarto Testament, so as to make two volumes. I prefer it, not on account of his notes, but on account of his following the paragraphic division of Bengelius. Also, the interleaved pages will contain more comparative space. I mention this, to exemplify my idea, as, in these matters, circumstantials are of some moment; and, therefore, I deem it valuable to have sufficient room, on the page opposite to the text, without multiplying the blank leaves. Now, I will tell you plainly, why I thus recommend your plan, only in a secondary way. It is, that no theory, or systematic pursuit, however innocent or proper, or even collaterally beneficial, in itself, may divert you from tracing, as a devoted student, all the deep, but not inextricable windings, of the New Testament philosophy. 'Why, is not this substantially involved, in the plan I propose?' I answer, The first view of this divine philosophy is, its operation on the individual heart: this is fundamental to all the rest. In applying the mind to this, all and every idea, that could, even by possibility, extrovert the thought, or detach any portion of attention, ought, I conceive, to be kept out of view. I would wish you, therefore, to have no other object here, (except the unavoidable one, growing out of ministerial duties,) than to possess yourself of the very meaning, and absolute scope, of what our Lord and his apostles taught; to see it clearly, with your mind's eye; and to feel it vitally, in your own heart.

Now, do not suppose, that I suspect you of meaning any thing, which could imply neglect of this. By no means. But, I thus distinctly press it upon your thoughts, because I think you are peculiarly well fitted for it. I cannot but fancy to myself, that if, with your studious habits, &c. &c. which I must not spread out before yourself, you had just that view of scripture, which, some how or other, God's good Spirit has led me to, but which countless infirmities prevent me from improving in myself, or rendering even competently useful in others, what a solid, substantial work on the New Testament, you might one day produce!

But to return to the common place. I have thus postponed it, because, though containing much practical matter, it would, in the way of research, lead you rather to trace the dispensations of God in the world, and to consider the external light of truth,

as variously and progressively afforded, than the internal operation and illumination of the heart. Now, my thought is, that this last is, in order of right understanding, so strictly prior, and is so necessary as the preoccupant of the mind, that I should deem your success, in the course of study you mention, to depend, on *it* coming in as the satellite of the other. On this, I think I have said enough, to make myself intelligible to a duller man than yourself; and yet I am loth to quit the subject.

The truth is, that, in what I am now saying, I feel myself within the precincts of the 'sapientum templa serena;' and to be hopefully attempting to lead you in also. Well might Lucretius say of this sublime height, 'Nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere,' &c.; and the advantage, which he dwells upon, of being above worldly attractions and perturbations, was, surely, never more impressive, than in these times. Truly, when I read these first thirteen lines, of the 2d book, of that atheistic poem, I cannot but think, there must have been some sort of temporary afflatus in the case. It is all so literally just of christianity; and of nothing else. It is one of the many wonderful aspirations, after the 'peace which passeth all understanding,' by which the congruity of the gospel, with the deepest feelings of hope and pleasure, as well as of want and pain, in the human bosom, was demonstrated, almost by anticipation. And such feelings after God (*ει αρα γε ψηλαφησειαν αυτον, και ευροιεν*) are surely the complete comment, on that title of the Messiah, in Haggai, . . 'The desire of all nations.'

Yesterday, as I was walking in the streets, I asked myself, 'What is Christianity?' It is, answered my mind, a divine system of spiritual attractions, by which, whosoever gives himself honestly to them, is effectually drawn out of, the otherwise invincible entanglements, and inextricable intricacies, of this dark, miserable, polluting, heart-lacerating world, (the *αιων του κοσμου τουτου* . . the *εξουσια των κοσμοκρατερων, του σκοτους, του αιωνος τουτου*); and led forth into what David has described, as '*green pastures, beside the still waters*'; or what St. Paul has emphatically called *ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ*, Life and peace. The truth is, to a person of any sensibility, this world is a wretched place. There is not a step in life, where we can be sure of not meeting some latent, lurking thorn; and when we fall in with those various adventurers, described by Lucretius above, . . if they are in pursuit, they rudely shove us by; if they are in possession of their prize, they despise us in their hearts, and tell us by their looks and manner that they do so. A hard, selfish, thorough-paced mind, goes on, and cares not; but the sensible, delicate, feeling spirit, is ever pushed to the wall. To such a spirit, then, what a gentle, blessed relief is

afforded, by a heart-knowledge of christianity! There is no abatement of feeling: the vivid perception is as great as ever. But the heart and mind are so occupied, so filled, so richly compensated, and so deeply tranquillized, by the pursuit, the contemplation, the confident, affectionate, filial apprehension, of God; the scripturally revealed God, Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; the incarnate God, touched with the feeling of our infirmities; and all this infinitely harmonizing, or rather identifying, with the philosophic view of the *first good*, *first perfect*, *and first fair*, while it is practically and experimentally evinced, by undeniable, invaluable, never-failing influences and effects within; all this together, forms such a set-off against, and such a refuge from, the common pains and penalties of mortality, as often makes the naturally vulnerable mind rejoice in its quickness of feeling, because this serves to enhance the preciousness of the blessing.

Perhaps this view may appear to you too highly colored. It would be so, were it to be taken as the hourly state of a christian's mind: but all this, to its extent, is the cloudless meridian state. Many partial obscurations occur, to diminish this clearness. But they only diminish it; the substance still remains. A kind of mental rain and storm may, also, be often experienced; and the weather-beaten pilgrim may tremble, to find himself driven, as he thinks, to the very edge of some dangerous precipice. But he does not fall over. He recovers his footing, and his confidence; and, in a little time, the sky is cleared; and the air becomes calm and genial. Amid all this, however, there is sensible progress. And this variety has its great use. In order that the mind may maintain its victory over sin, it must be kept on the alert by temptation. In order that it may continually look to heaven for strength, it must be made to feel its own entire imbecility. And, it is, on the whole, necessary, that nothing here should be perfect, in order to the eternal sabbatism being rightly pursued, and habitually anticipated.

These being my views, I should certainly feel pleasure, in rescuing that perverted passage, Rom. vii. 14. . . 25., out of those rash hands, that are so busied in variously disfiguring Saint Paul's exquisite workmanship; but some other matters, at present, press upon me, and must be first disposed of. But I hope not to lose sight of your suggestion.

I have twice written for the two smaller Bates's; and look out for them daily. I will order the other things for you. I sent you my own Bates's R. P.*; and it is well I did, for it has already got out of print. Is not this a pleasant fact? Here

* 'Rural Philosophy.'—Ed.

was no name to recommend to notice, as in the case of Hannah More, and Mr. Wilberforce. Of course nothing but its own attractiveness, could make it popular. Certainly, I have not seen, in this day, a work so wisely adapted, to insinuate deepest truths into readers, with the least possible alarm. Like the surgeon in John Hales, he most effectually conceals his lancet in a sponge.

I must get Prudentius; except you damp the idea your quotation has given me. I, probably, have several of his hymns, in the Romish breviary.

You, perhaps, do not know, that the junto of Walkerites, have attacked your sermon. I must, therefore, enable you to read what is said against you, as far as it goes; and, therefore, send you, with this, the number of their publication, wherever it is. There are very few things indeed, which will not be seen differently, from different points of view. If any one, therefore, resolves to oppose, all he has to do is, to discover the point of view, from which a different appearance will present itself; and, then, obstinately set the one appearance against the other, with steady disregard of all explanatory considerations. In this way, controversies may be carried on for ever: as in this way, they have, already, been multiplied ad infinitum. But this, after all, is the method of Babel, or of Bedlam (which you will); and as such, to be borne with patiently: for they who take this mode, are as much beyond rational conviction, as any madmen whatever. Exactly of this kind, in my opinion, was the greatest part of Mr. Walker's letter to me. It is painful, however, that such a phenomenon as this 'Advocate,' should present itself to our little public. But Providence brings good out of evil.

Farewell, my good friend,
And believe me ever,
Yours faithfully,
Alex. Knox.

P. S. There is ability among those persons. The remark on the expression '*Lord's day*,' in [the] 128th and 129th pages, is very just and ingenious; but, I suppose, not new.

LETTER XVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Friday, March 23. 1804.

My dear Sir,

This day seven-night, I received your kind communication; and, since, I have been too much occupied to answer it. The packet that now accompanies this, will show you how I have been employed. Whether well, or ill, I cannot judge: but I shall expect your opinion, if possible, by return of post. It should be nothing more than the laconic . . 'Print,' or 'Not print.' I think we ought not altogether to let those people write and review us down. On this principle, I would wish to publish my essay. What I now send, would make, I believe, one third of the whole, or thereabouts. I have in my mind, or my common-place book, matter, that I consider more important and interesting, than what you now see; and I feel within me, that I could work it up with tolerable ease. If, however, you, or any other equally judicious friend, would recommend silence, I will obey; though, I must own, in opposition to my present sentiment. Should you recommend publication, I think speed is an object. I wish to get the matter off my mind, and have done with it.

Do not imagine, by all this, that I have been inattentive to, or unimpressed by, the excellent advice you have been good enough to give me. It is my present intention, with God's help, to make New-Testament truth, the great object of my pursuit. It is, incomparably, the most important. And, individually and practically applied, is, I am sure, the only solid foundation, of moral security, and internal comfort. My conviction of this, at present, principally rests, on the unquestionable testimony of good and pious men; who were themselves elevated, purified, and almost beatified, through the influence of scriptural christianity. And permit me to say, that, in addition to this cloud of experimental evidence, the rich and delightful view afforded in your letter, has been to my mind, a source of calm, tranquil, and most comfortable assurance, that there is a divine reality, in the gospel promises of happiness and peace. I am disposed to wish, that my persuasion were more the vivid result of personal experience. But, I trust, the wish is unaccompanied by any over-solicitous impatience. This great work is, most commonly, progressive. And I really think, that, though in a very low stage of improvement, if at all improving,

I have reason to be thankful, that I have been already brought to see and feel, the utter insufficiency of any means merely human; and that, through the gloom of the surrounding atmosphere, a few rays sometimes pierce, affording a glimpse of attainable tranquillity. It is the character of the good-ground hearers, that they 'bring forth fruit *with patience*.' Is it not, therefore, my duty, in the diligent use of appointed means, to await God's good time of ripening the fruit; of bringing to maturity the *scire*, the *velle*, and the *posse?*

Such, in some measure, are my present feelings. I consider the 'sapientum templa serena', . . the regions mild, of calm and serene air,' as distant, indeed, but not unapproachable; and I gladly lay hold of the friendly hand, that would lead me there; relying on Him, whom I would address in the words of Boetius, with humble hope, . .

> Da, pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem,
> Da fontem lustrare boni, da luce reperta
> In te conspicuos animi defigere visus!

Two days before the receipt of your letter, I had entered on the regular study of the Acts, in the original. It, however, has led me to considerations, which, I see, will terminate, in beginning Saint Matthew; and this, precisely with a view to the operation of divine philosophy, in the individual heart. The plan of operation, however, is necessarily postponed, by the pressure of the present exigency. And one principal reason why I wish to apply, almost exclusively, to my essay, for a little time, is, that my mind may be disburthened, of the subject which now presses upon it; and, thus, be unclouded, for the calm consideration of far more important matters. I may now say, 'Mens agitat molem.' Ideas are now opposing each other, and now coalescing, with a quick succession. I cannot resist them; and, therefore, I feel the necessity of giving them vent on paper. So entirely passive have I been in the business, that I had actually, on Saturday last, written a good part of a letter to you, containing reasons for passing by the 'Advocate's' review in silence. Out of that letter, however, arose the essay. It grew on me quite imperceptibly; and, as it grew, I saw reasons for changing my first design. Whether the reasons are sound, or whether they are the illusions of a mind bent on the subject, I cannot say. You will judge coolly of the matter, and advise accordingly; taking into account, however, the difficulty of getting the mind clear of a train of ideas, that has occupied it perforce.

I think, on the whole, Prudentius may be worth getting;

though there is much in it I do not like. The morning hymn, whose conclusion I quoted, is excellent throughout. I will give you another tolerably favorable specimen. It is taken from his 'Hymnus in laudem Vincentii Martyris.'

Erras, cruente, si meam
Te rêre pœnam sumere,
Quum membra morti obnoxia
Dilancinata interficis.

Est alter, homo intrinsecus,
Violare quem nullus potest,
Liber, quietus, integer,
Exsors dolorum tristium,

Hoc, quod laboras perdere
Tantis furoris viribus
Vas est solutum ac fictile
Quocunque frangendum modo.

Quin immo nunc enitere
Illum secare, ac plectere,
Qui perstat intus, qui tuam
Calcat, tyranne, insaniam.

Hunc, hunc lacesse; hunc discute,
Invictum, insuperabilem,
Nullis procellis subditum,
Solique subjectum Deo.

There is another point of view, in which I know not whether Prudentius has been considered. And that is, as affording instances of incipient superstition. He flourished about A. D. 400. And the following passage shows, that, at that period, the cross was held in a kind of superstitious reverence, as effecting what could be produced only by God's spirit, assisting our own earnest efforts. It is in his 'Hymnus ante Somnum.'

Fac cum, vocante somno,
Castum petis cubile,
Frontem, locumque cordis
Crucis figura signet.
Crux pellit omne crimen:
Fugiunt crucem tenebræ
Tali dicata signo,
Meus fluctuare nescit.

I send you back 'Hall,' with many thanks, and would be obliged to you to order for me a copy of the 2d edit.; also, the 8vo. edit. of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon. These can come down with the other books. I think I should like to have Milner's Church History. It is calvinistic, I believe: but, then, it contains biographical remark, much concerning the interior of

religion, which one would look for to no purpose, in Mosheim. I need not say, I would be obliged by your sending the next number of the 'Advocate' by post, the day it comes out.

I must now conclude myself, my dear Sir,

Yours forever, most faithfully and affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 13.

March 26. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I HAVE sufficiently looked at your manuscript to satisfy me, that it is far too good, and too able, and too learned, (I speak soberly and simply,) to be thrown away on so forlorn a hope. Indeed, you must hear, patiently and quietly, without answering a word. You could not, I assure you, give higher satisfaction to those pert and petulant boys, than to enter the lists with them. But you must do with them, as I did with their master; and I am more and more convinced, that I did wisely. There is a dignity in silence, which, though we must not proudly assume, for our own sakes, we may prudently preserve, for our cause's sake. I consulted with —— this day; and he quite agrees with me. And, let me add, that there is scarcely any more salutary kind of self-denial, than to suppress that very thing, which, on ground of feeling, we would be eager to send abroad. I know *your* feeling is, zeal for truth. But I soberly think, that truth will gain more advantage, from those puerile opposers of it being left completely to themselves. Were I to fill this sheet, I could not express this conviction more strongly than I feel it.

Always yours, most faithfully,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER XIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 6. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THINK you will not be displeased to hear, that, before I received yours of the 26th ult., my mind was made up, for a prohibition of any further proceeding *versus* the Walkerites; and

that accordingly, I most cheerfully acquiesced in your sentence; though I believe there was too much of the insensible partiality of friendship, in the approbation expressed of the M. S. Such as it is, if you please, you may keep it; or if not, put it into the fire.

This morning, looking into the Exercitationes Evangelicæ of Abraham Scultetus (affixed to the 6th vol. of the Critici Sacri) I was so struck with one, that I immediately proceeded to translate it; and, as it treats of a subject on which we have often talked, I will transcribe the translation for your perusal and opinion; not as to the execution on my part, which is very hasty, but as to the theology of Scultetus. Doddridge, you know, holds the same opinion with him, on this point.

Exercit. Evang. cap. 5.

'Saint Luke pronounces a great eulogium, on the parents of John the Baptist. They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless.' From which words, however, it is not to be inferred, that they were free from all sin: for, as Justin Martyr writes, 'to be blameless is one thing; to be sinless, another; for he that is free from sin, is, in all respects, blameless, also; but he that is blameless, is by no means necessarily exempt from sin, (Quest. 140.) Accordingly, in this very chapter, the Evangelist notices the sin (ἁμαρτημα) of incredulity, in Zacharias. And these great luminaries of the church, Moses, David, Hezekiah, Jeremiah, Zachariah, occasionally suffered obscurations and failures, of faith, of holiness, or of patience; and were eclipsed, some a greater, and others a smaller, number of digits; in order that all men intent upon Christ, the Sun of righteousness, who perpetually shines, should, from him, daily seek the constant light of faith.

From hence alone, then, we may collect, that our christian perfection does not consist (ἀναμαρτησια) in sinlessness, (for 'there is no man that sinneth not,' was the confession of the wise Solomon, which St. John, the first of the apostles, thus corroborates, 'If we say that we have no sin,' &c.) but in a stedfast purpose of serving God, according to his will; and in an execution of that purpose, though often interrupted by our lapses, and, therefore, by no means absolutely perfect, yet still, devout, sincere, and without hypocrisy.

'But it is the will of God, that we should address him in fervent prayer; that we should give thanks to him, in and for all things; that we should bear all afflictions, with joyful patience; that we should strenuously war against the foes of piety, the Devil, the world, our own flesh and blood; and, finally, that we should devote ourselves, to the serious pursuit of piety itself.

'Therefore, the perfect christian, disburthens all his cares into the bosom of God: gives thanks to him in all things, through his Son Jesus Christ: bears all the sorrows and afflictions of this life, with joyful patience; knowing, that they are all from the Father, that they are all for his good, that they are all sent, in conformity to the sufferings of Jesus Christ; and assured, that they will all terminate, in the happy issue of immortal glory: accordingly, he glories even in tribulation, filled with the joy of present peace, and future exaltation. The perfect christian, maintains a good combat, by fighting against all the enemies of piety; and, if not always utterly subduing them, (for, even in the saints, the wicked flesh sometimes rebels against the spirit) nevertheless, bridling them, and taming them; and that, by faith, which implicitly believes, not only the promises made to the obedient, but the threats denounced against the wicked; by prayer, which daily invokes the assistance of God; by diligence, which thinks on his ways, which restrains his feet from every evil path, which associates him with all those that fear God, and keep his commandments. Finally, the perfect christian, devotes himself, with all possible zeal, to piety; and consequently (among which I would include daily penitence), to the exercise of all good works. For those words of Christ, are never absent from his ears, 'the violent take the kingdom of heaven by force.' . . 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, he presses toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.'

This was the perfection, of pious patriarchs, kings, and prophets; this was the perfection, of Zacharias and Elizabeth. This was the perfection, of the apostles, as Saint Paul himself testifies: 'Let us, therefore, as many as are perfect, be thus minded.' This perfection, rendered difficult to the flesh, is rendered easy to the spirit, by the love of Christ, by the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and by the vivid seed of the word of God, in the hearts of the regenerate. For, as seven years hard labor was sweet to Jacob, for the sake of Rachel, whom he loved, so the love of Christ, constraineth us to dedicate our entire lives to him. Nor does the Spirit of God, by which we are led, guide us any where else, than to prayer, to a joyful suffering of evils, to a struggle against sin, to the serious pursuit of piety. To this, the faithful, moreover, are excited, by that seed of the divine word, which is hid within them. They meditate on those passages of Scripture, which exhort to holiness, and dissuade from sin. Wherefore, St. John says, 'Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, nor can he [presumptuously, and habitually] sin, because he is born of God.'

'These exercises of a christian man, though they be far short of perfection, are yet dignified with the name of perfection, by God; who weighs it, not according to the rigorous mosaic letter, but by the standard of evangelical clemency. The voice of the law is terrible: People of Israel do not sin; for, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things, which are written in the book of the law, to do them. But the voice of the gospel is lovely: My little children, sin not; but, if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but, also for the sins of the whole world.

I am very much gratified by the rapid sale of Bates; but I fear you are put to an inconvenience, by the loss of yours. If the Walkerites have fired another shot at me, will you have the goodness to cause the report to reach me through the castle? And, still more, will you give me some hints, for a regular plan of Scripture study?

Farewell, my dear Sir,
Your obliged and affectionate
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 14.

April 10. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I THANK you for your translation of Scultetus: I think his description would be a very good one, if applied to the confirmed christian; . . but, as referred to the perfect christian, I think it too low. It is, in my mind, an error, to take Old Testament attainments, as indicating the evangelic ne plus ultra. 'He that is least in the kingdom, is greater than he,' speaks a different language. St. John, in his 1st Epistle, divides christians into three gradations. Little children, young men, and fathers. The first class 'know the Father,' and 'their sins are forgiven.' But the second class are 'strong,' 'the word of God abideth in them, and they *have* overcome the wicked one.' This, I conceive, is the gradation, to which Scultetus's view would best apply. I say best, because I see no ground for admitting, that, even in this class, the stedfast purpose of serving God, is often interrupted by lapses; or, that (of necessity,) the flesh sometimes rebels against the spirit. 'Lapses,' and

'rebels,' are both expressions; and seem to me, rather to belong to the lowest class of spiritual christians, than to that which Saint John denominates, young men, i. e. as I said (and as I think the description implies), confirmed christians. There are abundance of mental irregularities, and, also, scintillations of actual pravity, . . vanity, impatience, self will, self complacency, foolish device, . . and even of grosser evils, (perhaps supposed to have been expelled for ever, but sometimes, at an unlooked for moment, starting up, and so pressing upon the mind, as to show, that they can still give annoyance). There are, I say, such remains of sin, certainly, in Saint John's second class; and perhaps, some remains of these remains, in his third: and, therefore, even the highest cannot dare to lay claim, to absolute sinlessness. But, even in the confirmed christian, these disagreeable feelings do not occasion lapses, (if they do, they put the person down a class, i. e. to the worst); nor are their movements strong enough, to be denominated rebellious. When terms are transferred, for illustration's sake, from the external, to the moral world, the end is not answered, if strict analogy be not preserved. I object, therefore, to the word, rebels; because, we never call that a rebellion, which can be put down by police-men, without its producing an overt-act.

The views of Scultetus, are very tolerable, for the school to which he belonged: but it was an uniform principle with all calvinists, and, indeed, I believe, with all strict followers of St. Austin, to keep down the christian moral character; as if its rising too high, was inconsistent with the honor of divine grace. The misinterpreted passage in Rom. vii., has stood them in stead: and I doubt not but Scultetus had this distinctly in view, when he spoke of lapses, and rebelling, of the wicked flesh, against the spirit. But, you are sensible as I am, that it is most unfairly pressed into this service. I own, too, I cannot like the adding to Saint John's 'sinneth not,' the qualifying term, *habitually*. *Presumptuously*, properly understood, is less exceptionable. But, even that, does not, I conceive, come up to the sense of the apostle. He certainly could, had he seen fit, have limited his own expression. He could have put in, habitually, or presumptuously, as well as any of his commentators. But that, I think, would not have at all answered his purpose. When he says, 'We know, that whosoever is born of God, sinneth not:' he seems to me, to make this assertion . . He that is, really and truly, renewed, in the spirit of his mind, by the regenerating grace of Christ, possesses the power, of so effectually repressing all wrong motions within, and of resisting or guarding against all temptations from without, that, however sensible he may be of painful perturbations, and

humbling deficiencies, it is his privilege to live, without bringing actual guilt on his conscience, and without yielding, even by volition, to the sins by which before, he was led captive; of consequence, without grieving the Holy Spirit, or creating an absolute estrangement; however he may perceive and lament transcient obscurations, between him and his God. It is, therefore, in my judgment, Saint John's idea, to assert a privilege, which may be lived up to; and, doubtless, has, and is, and will be, though in too few instances, yet, I firmly believe, in many more, than, from merely looking at the outside of things, one could have an idea of. If any qualification, then, were to be added, I think it should be, *sinneth not of necessity;* that is, need not sin, and will not, if he does full justice to himself. And this, I conceive, corresponds most strictly, with what immediately follows: 'But he that is begotten of God, keepeth himself; and that wicked one toucheth him not.' The interposed condition of his 'keeping himself,' evidently points the sense to what he *may do;* not to what he certainly will do; for, though he be begotten, or born of God, he may, or may not, keep himself; and the consequence will be accordingly. And, therefore, the gospel being a scheme of mercy; of medicine for the sick, as well as of fit nourishment for the convalescent; while the privilege is asserted, and the practicable happy result described, there is, also, a kind and tender supposition of that infidelity to received grace, which, through the frailty of man's nature, and the dangerous circumstances in which he is placed, is, ever and anon, occurring (yet, not necessarily, nor of course, in all): and for this, adequate provision is made by this apostle; for instance, 'If any man sin, &c.'; and by Saint Paul, Gal. vi. 1, where, by the way, the *Πνευματικοι* (compare 1 Cor. ii. 14, &c. and iii. 1, 2, 3, 4,) appear to me, evidently, to be such, as retain and use their privilege (as described above); such, as have kept themselves, and whose safety, it is there strongly intimated, depends upon their still keeping themselves. 'Considering thyself, &c.' So that, on the whole, Saint John's character is that of the true, faithful, uniform child of God; of what every child of God has power to be, but not what every child of God actually is. This view, in my opinion, neither dims the brightness of evangelic morality, on the one hand, nor diminishes the cheering warmth of evangelic mercy, on the other. It holds out the noblest incitement, to such christian grace, till we obtain it; and, when we obtain it, to exercise it with alacrity. Since, by doing so, we shall (as St. Peter has it), 'be kept through the power of God, as in a garrison': and enjoy habitually, without intermission, though not without remission, that, 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,'

Yet it also guards against depressing, the weak, or stumbling christian; since it not only provides for the strengthening of such as do stand, but, also, comforting and helping the weak-hearted; and even for raising such as do fall. If, however, all this were my view only, I could less confidently maintain it; but it is peculiarly that of our friends the platonists, . . Lucas having explained and supported it at large, and even of Richard Baxter, as the enclosed extract will, I think, evince. Farewell for the present. I will not burn your MS.

Truly yours,
Alex. Knox.

——oo——

FROM BAXTER.

'There are five descriptions, or ranks, of true christians, observable. 1. The weakest christians, who have only the essentials of christianity, or very little more; as infants, that are alive, but of very little strength or use to others. 2. Those that are lapsed into some wounding sin, though not into a state of damnation; like men at age, who have lost the use of some one member, for the present, though they are strong in other parts. 3. Those that, having the integral parts of christianity in a considerable measure, are in a sound and healthful state; though neither perfect, nor of the highest form or rank of christians, in this life; nor without such infirmities, as are the matter of their daily watchfulness and humiliation. 4. Those that are so strong, as to attain extraordinary degrees of grace, who are, therefore, comparatively called perfect; as St. Matt. v. 45. 5. Those that have an absolute perfection, without sin, i. e. the heavenly inhabitants.'

I extract this from Baxter's introduction to a tract, called, 'The Character of a sound, confirmed Christian,' &c. After the above, he proceeds, . . 'Among all these, it is the third sort or degree, which I have here characterized. I meddle not, now, with the lapsed christian, as such; nor with those giants in holiness, of extraordinary strength; nor with the perfect, blessed souls in heaven. But it is the christian, who hath attained that confirmation in grace, . . a composed, quiet, fruitful state, which we might ordinarily expect, if we were industrious, . . whose image, or character, I shall now present you with. I call him, oft-times, a christian indeed; in allusion to Christ's description of Nathaniel: and as we commonly use that word, for one that answereth his own profession, without any notable dishonor or defect; as we say, such a man is a scholar indeed; and not as

signifying his mere sincerity. I mean one, whose heart and life is so conformed to his principles, . . the rule, and the hopes of christianity, that, to the honor of Christ, the true nature of our religion is discernible in his conversation, St. Matt. v. 16. In whom an impartial infidel might perceive, the true nature of the christian faith and godliness. If the world were fuller of such living images of Christ, who, like true regenerate children, represent their heavenly Father, christianity would not have met with so much prejudice ; nor had so many enemies in the world ; nor would so many millions have been kept, in the darkness of heathenism and infidelity, by flying from christians, as a sort of people, who are common and unclean.'

Baxter's Works, vol. ii. p. 965.

P. S. I think you will see, from the above, that Baxter (whose 1st, 3d, and 4th classes, corresponded to Saint John's threefold distinction), agrees with me, in ascribing such characters, as Scultetus enumerates, to the confirmed, rather than to the perfect, christian : to Saint John's young men, not to his fathers.

——oo——

LETTER XX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 7. 1804.

My dear Sir,

I thank you much, for your very just and judicious observations on Scultetus. Your view is, I am sure, right, in the main ; and, after what your letter advances, I do not think your opinion needs, though it is certainly corroborated by, the authority of the platonists and Richard Baxter. The more I think on the subject, and the more I look around me in the world, the more thoroughly I am convinced, that infinite mischief arises, from fixing the standard of christian perfection too low. I see many worthy people, that would be really much better than they are, if their views permitted them to aim at higher attainments, than they mark out for themselves. As, I believe, I one day observed to you, ' Possunt quia posse videntur', and its converse, apply, accurately, in the case of practical theology.

The archbishop has enlisted me to preach the Fast sermon this month, in his cathedral. I think of taking for my text, Isaiah xxii. 12 . . 14. ; which, with its context, is not inapposite to our present situation. If any brief skeleton hints should occur

to you, they would be truly acceptable; at the same time, I do not wish you to move one inch out of your way in this matter.

I wrote lately to Mr. Granville Sharp*; and consulted him on the propriety and feasibility of a corresponding board in London. This communication on the business, is merely private: of course, it does not at all commit the association; while it may be instrumental in feeling the way, before any steps are taken by the body itself. I should think Mr. Sharp an exceedingly likely person, both to engage warmly in the establishment, and to weigh, with judgment, the probabilities in its favor. The idea of applying to him was suggested, by seeing his name as president to the new Bible society, to which, in a very few days, 1000*l.* was subscribed.

Farewell my dear Sir,
and believe me most truly and
affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 15.

May 15. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I AM ashamed of having been so long without noticing yours of the 7th. But I have been more than usually occupied, in my thoughts, and in time. My silence, however, is not to be taken as a mark of negligence or inattention; for I really am always glad, when I receive a letter from you. The first paragraph, for example, in the letter now acknowledged, was most gratifying to me. You say just what I think; and I received it, as your sentiment, with peculiar pleasure.

I do not feel as if I could say any thing, about your intended text. It contains nothing recondite. It is, merely, a terrible description of profligate times; and it too well accords with the present. The resemblance may too easily be traced; and he that looks at society cannot miss it. But it is too much of a locus communis, to find any thing new in; nor do I well know what to do with it. It is, as it appears to me, not only a common; but I see no path marked in it. Still, however, I am

* Bishop Jebb's accquaintance with this eminent and excellent person, arose from his being executor to the will of his cousin, Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., physician to George III. The bishop was fond of mentioning a characteristic little circumstance, connected with Mr. Sharp's discharge of this trust. Having handed over to the residuary legatee the personal property, he closed the transaction by presenting him with a last remnant, . . *three pence half-penny*, which he had found in an old drawer. ED.

very sure, you can draw out of it, or rather, ground upon it, much serious and useful observation. The last verse contains a tremendous denunciation; which will be best, perhaps, applied, by showing, from it, that there *is* a state of guilt, which does provoke God to pronounce an irreversible sentence; and that, though it may be hoped, strong as our similarity is to those profane Jews, that such a sentence is not yet pronounced against us; yet one undeniable resemblance, unquestionably implies our desperate hazard, if we do not 'break off our sins by repentance;' and turn to him, from whom we have so deeply revolted.

If St. Bernard's works be in the Cashel library, look out for, and read, a short tract, near the middle of the book (if it be the Antwerp edition, 1616, you will find it p. 1127.) I never saw a more complete piece of methodism; and, though it rises higher in that way, than my taste goes, or, rather, describes a methodistic conversion, to which nothing I have felt, closely approaches, yet I think it is curious and interesting; and I am glad to find such feelings, so distinctly narrated, by so eminent a writer of the twelfth century.

It is remarkable, that St. Bernard's piety, derived much of its pabulum from the Cantica Canticorum. I also remember, that Dr. Watts apologizes, for having imitated that sacred poem, so much as he had done, in his earlier days; but declares his more matured judgment to be, for more rational language, in matters of devotion. But, may not the wonderful turn of that poem, have peculiarly fitted it for aiding piety, in darker, and coarser times: for, in short, forcing some subtle schoolmen, to think of what was inward and experimental? For, be it observed, that, if that book be divine at all, it can be interpreted only in an experimental way; I mean, in suddenness. Every thing else, I know something about, I hope. It must describe the spiritual varieties of the inner man, . . or nothing at all. To hold this book, therefore, to be divine, was the admission of inward religion, in that sense, which methodists hold, at this day. And to sit down to study their book, was, of course, to investigate, to dwell upon, and to particularize, spiritual feelings. From this, I fully grant, much fancifulness could not but arise: yet, was not such fancifulness, better than formal superstition? in which all outward religion then consisted. In short, if inward piety had not laid hold of their imagination, it had little else to work upon. And to provide, beforehand, a medium, through which, as through a prism, it might be colored, in a way fitted to that ignorant age, was a design worthy of divine condescension.

Farewell, believe me always your faithful friend,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER 16.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 5. 1804.

My worthy Friend,

I have been strangely omissive, in not even acknowledging, your most acceptable, and valuable communication; but it found me answering a Chancery bill; and, then, I was bound to hasten hither. Yesterday was occupied, in the most delightful fête I ever witnessed, the yearly meeting of the Delganny friendly societies; so that, I may say, this morning is the first time, that I could, with any comfort, sit down to thank you, which I do most cordially. Sometime or other, I shall probably trouble you, with a few particular observations on your sermon; one or two things in which (had I seen it before delivery) I should have advised the retrenching, or modifying of. But what are these? Truly, your view of things delights me. Never did I receive more real gratification, than from your sermon*, and your letter. May you only grow, as you appear to me to have begun, in affection to what is good; and in regulating that affection, by sound wisdom and discretion; and I trust, not only you, but many others for you, will bless and praise God that ever you were born.

I must not add more at present, than that I am, most cordially,

Yours always,
Alex. Knox,

——oo——

LETTER 17.

June 21. 1804.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I have wished to write to you more fully, ever since I wrote the few lines from Bellevue. I then told you there were one or two things in your sermon, on which I meant to remark. I now sit down to do so, if I be permitted; an event which I am by no means sure of.

Your own objections, are not unfounded in fact; but, all circumstances considered, they amount but to a slight charge. I

* For the discourse here referred to, see Bishop Jebb's 'Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical,' sermon iii. Ed.

wonder, rather, that what you were obliged to write so expeditiously, should, in many parts, be written so wonderfully well. Your animated paragraphs, in the second and third sheets, respecting living in the world, and not carrying religion into the whole of life, or regarding it as an inward paramount principle, are perhaps as well written as they easily could be. Matter, and manner, are both excellent. Upon this, I ground my highest approbation; not, however, depreciating several other parts.

I begin to object, where, in the first words of the sentence, or paragraph, you bespeak my peculiar praise. I cordially agree with you, that there is no worse evil, than lowering the standard of christian rectitude; but I do not trace this to St. Austin's school, on the one hand, nor do I echo your censure of certain enthusiastic zealots, on the other. I disapprove, with you, of the lowering views of the calvinists; and I object seriously, to many things said by wesleians, on the opposite side; but it is my strong persuasion, that, at this time, neither ought to be personally pointed at in the pulpit. Between them, I fear they contain the far greater part of the operative religion of these countries; nor can I imagine, where religion would, at this day, be, had not their activities been called forth. I would wish for something much better, than the gross of either; but, until that comes, I will be cautious in censuring, lest I should go counter to our Savior's intimation: 'Forbid him not, for he that is not with us is against us.'

It is my belief, that no good is ever done, by direct attack of any body of people. If any of that body hear it, it revolts them, and increases their prejudices. Others, who hear it, misunderstand it, and apply it as their fancies lead them. Rumors are spread, that the minister preached against the methodists, or evangelics, or whomsoever it be: and, by this, a wrong spirit, unfavorable to the usefulness of the preacher, perhaps to the church to which he belongs, is propagated. My opinion is, that the safest way of combating error, is, to lay down the opposite truth, with due cautionary observations, in the most dispassionate manner. Then, no offence can be taken; no passion justly excited; but, the apostle's rule being adhered to, αληθευοντες εν αγαπη, the best effects may be hoped for.

Besides, to say nothing of my friends, the wesleians, I own, with all their error and perplexity, I have a deep respect for calvinists, or rather augustinians. Their system, faulty as it is, has, in my judgment, served noble purposes in the world. Nor can I well conceive, how experimental religion could have been maintained, in those dark ages, without [it.] I cannot but think, that, as (in my mind), the Roman catholic ceremonies

were permitted, in order to keep up professional, or visible christianity, in the dark ages of society, so, Augustine's subtleties, were no less wisely ordered, for the purpose of sustaining practical and invisible christianity. As the ceremonies contained within them, a substance of christian worship, . . so those subtleties, still more necessarily, contain within them, the reality of experimental religion. No man can be a romanist, who does not hold, in theory at least, all the essentials of the christian religion. And no man can be an augustinian, who does not hold the essentials of experimental religion. I do, humbly I hope, admire then, the fathomless wisdom of heaven; which permitted christianity to embody itself in sensible rites, when, without such rites, the savage multitude might, probably, not have been impressed at all. And I equally view with wonder and pleasure, the metaphysical mind of St. Austin, unconsciously enclosing vital christianity, in a system of his own fabrication; which system, by its appositeness to the first workings of intellect, in its progress from barbarism to high improvement, should, by attracting and engaging a strong mental appetite, ensure the perpetuation, and extended reception, of the blessed nucleus within. This, I soberly take to be the final cause of augustinian, and calvinistic subtlety. And I do believe, when its function is completed, it will fall off of itself. It certainly has, on experimental religion, much of the same effect, which popish worship has had on christianity: but, while it has lessened its amiableness, it has, under God's blessing, ensured its being attentively examined and cultivated. In fact, it has given a body to it, which, I must say, strikes me, as having been highly indispensable, and infinitely beneficial.

Even at this day, I fear the corporeal integuments of calvinism, could scarcely be spared. As the romish worship bribes the imagination of the vulgar; so calvinism bribes the reasoning faculty of sciolists. The former, gives attractiveness, and palpability to outward; and the latter, (as I conceive) to inward religion. The one, furnishes objects to be gazed at; the other, affords subjects to be talked of. And, by every thing I can discover, this last is just as necessary for half thinkers, as pomp and show are, for those who do not reason at all. On the whole, as the ceremonial of romish worship, was the means of keeping up, through the dark ages, a visible church, within which, real christianity deeply and extensively diffused itself; so, augustinian orthodoxy has formed, as it were, the interior membrane, and temporary vascular apparatus, of the invisible church; and perhaps must, in part, so remain, until that mystic second birth of christianity shall take place, when the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in, and all Israel shall be saved.

Before you reject all this as fanciful theory, examine well, what augustinian orthodoxy necessarily contains in it. In maintaining the irresistible efficacy of divine grace, Augustine, and his followers, raised, both this heavenly principle, and its fruits, to a height, beyond the reach of mere human nature. Pelagius, whom he opposed, represented it as within human reach; and, in fact, I presume, as a human business throughout: implying no radical change of nature, but mere melioration and improvement. Austin, in opposing him, went, doubtless, to an extreme: but, then, it was the safe side, for spiritual religion; since, in exalting the efficient principle, he necessarily exalted its natural and necessary results. Where God himself works, it will be expected, or rather relied upon, that the work will be like himself. Augustine, therefore, in making so very much of grace, could never make little of the work of grace. And, accordingly, we see, that, in no instance, is the transit, from a state of moral bondage, to that of spiritual liberty, more strikingly described, than in St. Austin's own account of himself. For illustration of all this, see his Confessions, lib. ix. cap. 1.

I am aware, that, in his zeal against pelagianism, he was led to misconstrue the 7th to the Romans; and thus, lest he should allow too much, to him who was not regenerate, he, by consequence, allows too little, to him that is. But, I believe it would be well, if all, who, at this day, agree with, and so zealously contend for his interpretation of that passage, held that sense of it, as harmlessly as he. For, I am sure, he never dreamed of affording the shadow of a plea, for practical relaxedness. On the contrary, both he and St. Jerome, seem to have held something very like the perfection of John Wesley, and Dr. Lucas. 'Etenim, absque vitio,' says the latter, 'quod græce dicitur *Καχια*, hominem posse esse aio: *Ανμαρτητον*, id est, sine peccato esse, nego.' And St. Austin similarly says, that a man may be 'sine crimine,' but not 'sine peccato.' I do acknowledge, that John Wesley seems to go farther; and to insist on living without sin: but his sin is not St. Austin's, nor Jerome's peccatum; but, on the contrary, quite identifies with the *καχια*, or vitium of the one, and the crimen of the other; his express definition of sin being, the wilful transgression of a known law. I own, however, that Austin's department seems rather, on the whole, to have been the laying a deep foundation of practical religion, than the raising a high superstructure. 'All members,' says St. Paul, 'have not the same office.' This latter, therefore, I humbly conceive to have been the especial department of the platonists; and of such writers of that day, as Chrysostom. Nothing can be more exalted, than Chrysostom's views of devotion: yet, certainly, he was obscure, as to many important first principles.

To discover these, required, in the nature of things, a subtle and penetrating mind; and such, doubtless, was Augustine's. He over-went the boundary of right reason, I grant (at least *I* think so with you, and so many others), but he did not the less reclaim, the important ground that lay within; and on which, he first, after the apostles, appears to me to have bestowed successful labor. In fact, I do think the school he formed, was, from his time onward, the chief nursery of piety in the Roman catholic church. Out of it, as I conceive, came Bernard and Anselm; though seven centuries after. And, from these, came the school divines; who, I suspect, have done more service to christianity (by showing its connection with philosophic truth, and evincing that it would bear the closest reasoning), than most moderns are aware of. I have been surprised, by quotations from Aquinas: they contained so much strictness, and consecutiveness. Mr. Kirwan* (not the dean) accounts him one of the most powerful-minded writers, perhaps, in the world. But one remarkable growth from Augustine's plantation, even in later times, was jansenism. To him, the pious originator of that sect turned, as to an authority which the Romish church particularly venerated; and a standard which he knew would support that scheme of inward and divine religion, which he wished to revive. The book he first published, you know, he called 'Augustinus;' as actually containing a summary of that father's doctrine. Probably, even then, a doctrine more consonant with what you and I conceive truth, might have had little effect; as not, perhaps, having a current strong enough, to work its way through the stagnant lake of popery. As it was, I am sure, much good was done, and good will ever be doing while the world stands, by those Port Royal writers.

I must, however, recur to a distinction made above, of laying the foundation, and of raising the superstructure. I made the observation extempore; but, on looking more at it, I doubt if it may not be illustrated by many striking facts. St. Paul hints at such a distinction of gifts, in both his figures, of planting, and building. 'I have planted; Apollos watered.' 'I, as a wise master builder, have laid the foundation; and another buildeth thereon; but let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon: if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, &c.' And the difference of the work, is still more clearly indicated in Heb. vi. 1. Therefore leaving, &c. *Διο αφεντες τον της αρχης του Χριστου λογον, επι την τελειοτητα φερωμεθα· μη παλιν θεμελιον καταβαλλομενοι, μετανοιας απο νεκρων εργων, και πιστεως επι Θεον.* Which ex-

* Late President of the Royal Irish Academy. . . Ed.

hortation would imply, that this progress was, by no means, a thing of course: and, even more clearly, that the means of advancement were somewhat of a different nature, and to be differently managed, from those of laying the foundation. Now, compare these Scriptures with what I said above of Austin and his followers, on the one hand, and of Chrysostom, and the platonic divines, on the other; and judge, whether the striking dissimilitude between them, may not providentially correspond, to this important difference of purpose; yea, and farther, whether the theology of Austin, may not have been, and still be, the providential *caisson*, within which, it became necessary for the foundation-builders to lay their work; in consequence of a deep swampiness in the human soil, which we have reason to hope is under a gradual corrective process, but is by no means yet done away?

But, when men are accustomed to a particular work, they magnify its importance: and are naturally loth to allow the necessity of any other. Therefore is it, that the above exhortation was so strongly given, and has been so rarely taken. They are urged to leave the first principles, and not lay again, &c. But, how seldom have they done this? On the contrary, they love the dark hollow, in which they work; and would insist, that the fabric should never rise above their favorite caisson. 'To go on to perfection,' is the scripture rule; but they have become impatient of the very name. They protest against it, as dishonorable to the foundation. Hence, then, the necessity of generally appointing a distinct set of workmen; who, so far from having that undue attachment to first principles, might, in that respect, be deemed even deficient, if their peculiar distinction was not kept in view.

Thus, as I said, Chrysostom was a superstructure-man; while Austin was sinking the foundation: and, therefore, you see the former as jealous for holiness, as the other for efficacious grace. You no doubt remember the indignant passage, quoted in the Christ. Obs., from Chrysostom, respecting the applying to St. Paul, what he says, in the 7th of Romans. Augustine, however, as you know, made this application: not certainly, because he wished to cherish depravity in the regenerate; but because he was puzzled how, consistently with the exclusive influence of effectual grace, to ascribe 'consenting to the law,' and 'delighting in the law,' to every one, not savingly wrought upon. This misinterpretation, however, though not arising from antinomian views, has, doubtless, led to them. Yet, almost all Austin's followers have persevered in it; and, as you see, fight for it to this day. Whereas, on the other hand, all those, whom I deem superstructure-men, agree in rejecting St. Austin's opin-

ion; and either explain those passages [in] St. Paul, of the wholly unregenerate, as do Jeremy Taylor and Dr. Hammond; or (as I take it, much more soundly) of the man *inter regenerandum*, in whom the work is commenced, but yet imperfect, as does Dr. Jackson. Now these, I conceive, are they, whose principles lead them εις την τελειοτητα, just as naturally, as the others are held back, by theirs. And, therefcre, I infer, that superstructure work, is the providential destiny of the one; and foundation work, that of the other.

While writing these observations, I remember, that, four months ago, in a letter to a friend, I was led to view some part of the present subject; though with a different view, from what I have had at present. I will transcribe part of what I then wrote, that you may see how far it quadrates with the above remarks.

'That class to which Bishop Burnet belonged, though, as I intimated above, somewhat less evangelical than might be wished, have, nevertheless, done noble justice to inward religion. They do not sufficiently magnify the office of our Savior (though they by no means lower his nature); yet they have caught the vital spirit of his divine doctrine; and excellently describe the radical change, which the influences of God's grace produce, where they are perseveringly implored, and cordially embraced. Lucas's Inquiry after Happiness, is admirable in this respect; and so is that beautiful epitome of revealed religion, Scougal's Life of God in the Soul of Man.

It is remarkable, that the religion of the Gospel should have been so sublimely apprehended by those, who appear to have been, comparatively, less impressed with evangelic (i. e. mediatorial) views. They were, however, substantially impressed by them; though disgust at the puritanic dialect, and, indeed, also, at the puritanic excesses, led them to ideas and expressions of a more philos[ophic kind.]

(*Unfinished.*)

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LETTER 18.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

About Oct. 1804.

My dear Friend,

I ought to be ashamed of my apparent negligence of you. Yet, I may truly say, there is no negligence of you in my heart;

but, somehow or other, my time passes away so, that, if I do not write letters before breakfast, I am led, almost of necessity, to put them off, from day to day.

I have long been meditating a volumnious letter to you; but, though I have twice attempted it, biliousness has constrained me to break off: I hope, however, not finally; and yet, when I shall be able to complete my design, I cannot say: as indisposition still hangs about me; on account of which, I am going to take a tour, on the other side of the Irish channel. About the beginning of next week, I expect to be on my way to Waterford: where, with the permission of Providence, I intend to embark, in order to go through S. Wales to Bristol.

The great object of my long letter was, to convince you that there are the strongest and soundest reasons, why nothing should be said from the pulpit, in these times, that either calvinists, or wesleians, could consider personal or pointed. I wished to show, that truth may be better served, by the judicious, and dispassionate exhibition of itself, than by any other kind of attack on the abettors of error; and that this latter method implies much risk to the interests of the established church; which, in Ireland, I conceive, would be much injured, by a secession of the wesleian methodists.

In fact, I do think, that to err on the side of good nature, will always be safest; and besides, I am persuaded, that the methodists, as a body, the wesleians I mean, deserve far more credit, for what they believe rightly, than censure, for what they think erroneously. And, particularly, their doctrine of perfection, in my mind, merits peculiar delicacy of treatment: the truth and excellence of it being most substantial; and the fault of it being, rather infelicity of expression, and misconception about some circumstances, than any radically false view.

You may perceive, I am alluding to a few words in your most interesting sermon, which, I own, I could have wished not to have been there. Much that you said before, was fitted to attract and engage the methodists. Why, then, add any thing, that they could be hurt by? I am sure you meant no such thing; and yet I do think, your mention of extravagant assertors of perfection, as opposed to augustinians, had that tendency.

My dear friend, I know your deep, and unqualified integrity; and I am sure it was this feeling led you to think as you did; and you thought it necessary, and therefore resolved, to speak plainly. But wherein does the wisdom of the serpent consist, if not in keeping *within*, a great deal of what we think; and of course, in modifying blunt honesty of manner, though ever without losing any thing of the substance?

Confident I am, no good can be done to persons, of what-

ever description, by directly pointing to them. It hardens them in their error; and it unduly gratifies those, who are enemies to them, not on account of their errors, but of their real virtues. I have talked a good deal, with persons of different opinions from my own; and I ever found, that what was pleasantest, was also best as to effect. Without once seeming to combat their notions, I have endeavored to bring before them those truths, which they could not dispute; but which were directly corrective of any extravagance, their opinions might lead to. I did not hesitate to allude to their opinions; but it was not in way of attack, but to show how far they would bear a mild interpretation, and might be reconciled with those I wished to inculcate. And, in this way, I have generally been able, as I hoped, to talk usefully, and I am sure pleasantly, with those of very different views from my own.

Last night, for example, I was talking to an old methodist preacher, an acquaintance of eight and twenty years, who is a steady maintainer of perfection. 'Pray,' said I, 'would you esteem him as materially differing from you, who would say, that, though he was not conscious of any wrong desires or volitions, yet the tendencies or temptations which he found in himself, though so resisted, as not to wound his conscience, appeared, nevertheless, to imply a remaining root of corruption, and of course to preclude the notion of entire deliverance from sin?' 'I would not,' says he, 'consider him that spoke so, as differing from me; for I believe, that we must feel those things, while in the body.' I felt, at once, it was, between real good people, a dispute of words. The fact is, in substance, the methodists hold only what Lucas contended for.

Always, yours most truly,
Alex. Knox.

—oo—

LETTER 19.

July 19. 1804.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I told you, in a short letter lately, that I was then engaged in writing a long one to you, in which I was advanced one or two sheets. I then expected, shortly, to have had it completed; but an attack of the gouty kind, about ten days ago, so disturbed my whole frame, that this, I may say, is the first day, that I feel myself disposed to take a pen into my hand. That letter, therefore, being thus interrupted, and having taken rather too volumi-

nous a turn, I prefer leaving it as it is; and giving you those parts which I consider as useful, in a more digested form.

The part of your discourse which I chiefly object to, is, where you allude to the calvinists, on one hand, and the wesleians, on the other. Now, it is my strong conviction, that such allusions are more likely, by far, to do hurt, than good. Let the motive which suggests them be ever so good and honest, they are far more apt to excite wrong passions, than promote the cause of right reason. If any of those alluded to hear what is spoken, it revolts them; and increases every kind of pernicious prejudice. If they do not, it is, probably, still more hurtfully reported. Ill informed persons apply it, as their fancies lead them; rumors are spread, that the clergyman preached against the methodists, or evangelics, or whomsoever else; and, by this, a wrong spirit, unfavorable to the usefulness of the minister, perhaps to the church to which he belongs, and possibly to religion itself, is diffused through the public.

I grant, such caution might be carried too far: but, I cannot but think, even this would be erring on the safe side. One, however, need not err on any side. Let truth, as opposite to existing wrong doctrine, be clearly, and scripturally, exhibited and elucidated; and, if good is to be done at all, it will, I think, in that way. Nay, even those who are most tenacious of the erroneous view, may be led, in that way, so to take in the right view along with it, that, without any professed, or even conscious renunciation of their opinions, such a modification of them may, imperceptibly, take place, as to do away all their danger.

I conceive (allowing for exempt cases) this may hold good at all times; but I own, to me it appears, that, at this time, such caution, towards the two parties in view, is peculiarly expedient; inasmuch as they, so very strikingly, divide between them, a large share of the operative religion of the present day. I would ask any person of seriousness and candor, who knows well the ecclesiastical history of Britain, during the by-past century, where would, or what would, our religion, at this day, be, if the methodists had not made their appearance? With all their foibles, I own I think they have been grand instruments of good, far beyond the limits of their own societies. I feel this, I hope, not without gratitude to the Author and Giver of all good things; and, therefore, am most cordially disposed myself, and cannot avoid persuading others, to deal gently and indulgently with them. Not, surely, to overlook their errors; but to touch them with all possible mildness, so as to compel, both themselves, and all others, to feel, that it was love of truth, alone, and not any unkind temper, which dictated the censure.

But I have another motive for such caution, respecting the wesleian methodists; and that is, that I really do think them so wonderfully right, in most of their views, as to render them, on the whole, much more the object of my estimation, than my blame. Nay, the very point you look at in them, I mean, their view of christian perfection, is, in my mind, so essentially right and important, that it is on this account, particularly, I value them, above other denominations of that sort. I am aware that ignorant and rash individuals expose what is in itself true, by their unfounded pretensions, and irrational descriptions; but, with the sincerest disapproval of every such excess, I do esteem John Wesley's stand for holiness, to be that which does immortal honor to his name. And I am assured, too, that, while numbers, in the methodist society, abuse his doctrine (to which his stress on sudden revolutions in the mind has, I think, contributed), perhaps a still greater number (but a great number I am sure) are excited, by what he has taught, to such inward and outward strictness, such deep self-denial, and such substantial piety and spirituality, as are scarcely to be found in any other society. In John Wesley's views of christian perfection, are combined, in substance, all the sublime morality of the Greek fathers, the spirituality of the mystics, and the divine philosophy of our favorite platonists. Macarius, Fénelon, Lucas, and all of their respective classes, have been consulted and digested by him; and his ideas are, essentially, theirs. But his merit is (after all just allowances for mixtures of the fanatical kind), that he has popularized these sublime lessons, in such a manner, in his and his brother's hymns, that he

(*Unfinished.*)

——oo——

LETTER 20.

Barleywood, Bristol, Oct. 23. 1802.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

How strangely negligent must I appear to you: and yet, were you near me, I could show you several sheets, written with a view to sending them to you. One letter, I had actually completed; but became puzzled, afterward, about the subject chiefly alluded to; and, therefore, deferred sending it, till I should talk to ——; and then found, it would not suit the case. In truth, there are few whom I could be less disposed to neglect than you. I think of you with sincere interest; and thought of you with more feeling than usual, on account of the sudden

death of your friend. Poor fellow, perhaps, like the son of Jeroboam, good was seen in him, which the wretched plan of preferment-hunting, to which his family would have impelled him, might have soon blighted; and therefore, while a capacity for future happiness remained, he was graciously carried beyond danger. This thought has occurred to me, from the manner in which he came up to me, in the Castle, a few days before I left Dublin. He had no motive for speaking to me, with whom he had no personal acquaintance, but his love of goodness (which he had heard ascribed to me), and his love of you (from whom he had heard of me): yet was there something so kind, and so genuine, in his address, that my heart cleaved to him; and of course, when I heard of his sudden death, the view I have mentioned arose in my mind.

I have got for you Gillies' Collections. Vallance, from having taken up the idea of an auction, being not to be dealt with for single books, I got it at Bath, where I have left it with the archbishop; both that he may look at it, and because it is as ready a conveyance to you, as I could just now command. I wished, also, to get for you, Jones on the Canon of the New Testament; but it had been sold.

I left Dublin about the 15th of August; staid some days at B.——; then, proceeded southward, and spent two days with ————, the curate of New Ross; in whom I found much to be esteemed and loved, and some things which one might wish otherways regulated. He is, however, a most sincere christian. He accompanied me down the river in a boat, to the place of embarkation for Milford; where I arrived on a Saturday, after a voyage of sixteen hours. I spent my Sunday at Haverford-west; and employed the ensuing week, in slowly moving through South Wales, much, indeed, to my gratification. I visited Grongar Hill, and the old castle described in the poem; and also walked through the grounds of that seat, where Jeremy Taylor lived, and preached, during the usurpation (Golden Grove). On Saturday, I reached Bristol: on Monday, came hither: spent three weeks: then, paid another pleasant visit, to a lately formed acquaintance in Bristol, where my friend Butterworth met me, from London; and, with both, my stay of a fortnight was very pleasant, and, I hope, not useless. Then, I spent ten days at Bath: and now, I am concluding my plan, with a second visit here. I brought your sermon from Bath; and I shall be able to tell you how it impresses. I know it will not be to your disadvantage.

My good friend, how I have blamed myself for not writing to you! And yet, when I take a fit of not writing to a person, be that person ever so dear to me, I find breaking through it,

something like resisting the night-mare. I may truly say, I think of you, perhaps, daily; and I might add, think of you in the way you would wish me to think of you: yet I have not had resolution to write. Indeed, I must say for myself, that I have been unusually occupied.

Write to me: no one, perhaps in the world, likes better to hear from you. These are not words of flattery: I flatter no one. I value, where I see worth: but it is my wish to judge strictly; and my resolution to express but what I feel.

The Abp. thinks he gets advantage from the water. I hope he and Dr. Woodward, will come here to breakfast on Saturday morning. It is worth their while; for the place is interesting, but the mistress of it matchless. To be sure, it is a great indulgence of Providence to poor me, to be thus received and cultivated, in a place above all others to my wish. I wonder at it: for I sought it not.

Believe me always, your faithful
and affectionate friend,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER XXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 31. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

EVEN if I could have brought myself to suspect you of unkind negligence, (which is impossible), your most acceptable letter would have fully obliterated every uneasy feeling of that nature. I often and often thought of you, indeed; and longed to learn how, and where, you were; how occupied, and how amused; and, frequently, feelings would arise, I hope not selfish, though connected with self, of the serious benefit I was losing, by the discontinuance of your correspondence. I will not say how highly I value your letters; nor can I express how gratified I am, by the affectionate warmth of your last. Indeed, my dear sir, you may most essentially serve me, by writing more frequently; by advising me, both as to my studies, and my feelings; and by candidly pointing out every particular, that appears amiss to you in either.

I am now, perhaps, going to put your good nature to the test; and, perhaps, to occasion you some little uneasiness, which, unnecessarily or without mature deliberation, I would not do. Certain thoughts, have, for some time past, repeatedly occurred to

my mind; which, in spite of all my exertions to suppress them, again and again return. They are of the nature of doubts, whether I am fit for a country clergyman, or whether the situation is fit for me. I have ever found a great awkwardness, and want of facility, in addressing myself to people of the lower classes; in my intercourse with such, I myself seldom feel at ease, and fear they are not at ease with me. I cannot hit on topics, suited to their capacities, or situation; in a word, I want the talent of bringing things home to their apprehensions. Again, I find society necessary, by way of relaxation. But the society generally to be met with in the country, is not to my taste. It is too much the society of the world. We have not views, nor feelings, nor pursuits in common. At the time that I possibly most need to be confirmed in attachment to seriousness, I hear seriousness depreciated, and identified with enthusiasm. And, in an hour of depression, I am, too often, more depressed, by witnessing frivolity around me, unrelieved by a single topic, worthy of an educated and thinking being. I know it is my duty to be content and happy, in that situation which God has been pleased to allot me; yet, sometimes, I have been almost inclined to a voluntary relinquishment, of my prospects in this diocese. My present narrow sphere of duty, affords very little active occupation; and I find myself nearly incapable of composing discourses, fit to be read in a little room, to a rustic audience, frequently short of two dozen people. I endeavor to pursue my studies; I trust with some effect, so far as respects myself, but with none, as to present professional usefulness; and, indeed, with little prospect of extending my stock in future. Thus situated, something often tells me, that, if I could be placed within the reach of some serious and literary society, and had a congregation to address, I could be happier than I am. I hope and trust, that this is not ambition in disguise. If I rightly know myself, I have a deep sense of my deficiency in sound information; and a full conviction, that the place I now fill, is highly creditable in itself, and opens a prospect of advancement, far beyond my merits. I think I am not eager to display myself; and, if I were, the display would be very middling: but I feel, that a moderate establishment for life, with such advantages as I have above alluded to, would conduce more to my comfort, than even a large preferment in the country. And this feeling is increased by the conviction, that, if I have any powers of usefulness, they are in the way of addressing people, whose minds are somewhat cultivated; and, that, possibly, at some future day, when matured by reading and experience, I might be of a little service, in the way of publication.

Now, my dear sir, I lay these thoughts freely before you, in the hope that you will as freely examine, and, if necessary, reprove them. If they are reprehensible, I sincerely wish for a supply of arguments to dissipate them. If they are allowable, it may be asked, how are they to be acted upon? My present impression is, that it would, just now, be highly impolitic, and indeed blameable, to withdraw from the protection of our excellent friend the Archbishop; but that possibly, in the course of a little time, some situation might be procured, affording a moderate, though creditable maintenance, under more eligible circumstances. Nothing can possibly be kinder than the Archbishop's conduct towards me; and I believe, without being sanguine, I may say to you, that I imagine his views for me, are by no means unfavorable: but I much doubt, whether there is a single benefice in this diocese, that would afford me a sphere of duty, in which I could feel comfortable, and, to any extent, useful; though conscious, that talents very superior to mine might be fully and adequately occupied, in many parishes of Cashel. On this troublesome and tedious topic, I will only add, that I am far more anxious to have my views altered, than confirmed; especially as I know that your opinion, will be the result of genuine affection, and conscientious judgment, and not of mere worldly prudence.

(Nov. 1.) On looking over what I wrote yesterday, I felt a doubt whether I should send it. My impressions on the subject are now somewhat weaker. However, as I repeatedly and involuntarily feel *the whole* of what is above stated, I think it best to send it on; expecting to derive real advantage, from your opinion and advice.

I was delighted at your succinct, but very pleasant account of your tour. Such scenery, and such society, as you have been enjoying, must, altogether, produce a degree of gratification, superior to any thing else, merely of this world. I take it for granted, that Barleywood, from whence you write, is the residence of Mrs. H. More. If her conversation is equal to her writings, and I imagine it is fully so, it must be superlative indeed. There is no modern author, whom I hold in such estimation, . . indeed, veneration, is a word, which would much more adequately express my feeling. Her writings are calculated to do most extended good; and, of all her talents, I know none rarer, and more estimable, than that happy facility, with which she adapts herself to the capacities of all ranks; of the peasant, no less than of the philosopher. Your letter brought back poor C— to my mind's eye, in a very striking and affecting point of view. He had in truth, a soul of courtesy and kindness, that continually beamed forth in his countenance. He was made for much better things,

than the turmoil of preferment-hunting; and I trust is now enjoying an unalloyed happiness, which the things of this world never can confer. It gives me a melancholy pleasure to reflect, that he thought of me with complacency; and I am glad you knew him, even for a few moments.

I got, a few days since, the abridgment of Baxter's Christian Directory: with which I am highly pleased. I am truly thankful for your recollection of me in Gillies' Hist. Coll. As to Jones on the Canon, it is lately republished; and, I can get it, I dare say, through Cooke, whom Dr. Hales writes me word, he finds more punctual, than any bookseller he ever met with. I was reading, very lately, some extracts from Hayley's third volume of Cowper. They pleased me even more, than any letters, in the two former volumes. I wish the work may be published in octavo; for, then, it would be reduced to the level of my pocket. If you see the Archbishop, I would thank you to inform his Grace, that I received his letter, though not so soon as I should, for it was mis-sent to Calne. I delay answering it, only till Mr. Jacob ascertains some things, necessary to be stated in reply.

I send this by Waterford, in preference to enclosing it to Mr. Taylor, that it may reach you the sooner. I hope, in your reply, to know when you return to Ireland. Please God, if you are in Dublin this winter or spring, we shall meet then.

Believe me ever, your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 26. 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE principal motive that I have for writing to you, just at present, is to state my apprehension, that I may have lost your answer to my last letter, by a late robbery of the post, between Clonmel and this place. Do not, however, imagine, that I have the slightest intention of reproaching you, should no letter have been hitherto despatched; for, however anxious to hear from you, I am too well acquainted with the cacoethes postponendi, not to have a fellow-feeling for those who suffer under it.

I thoroughly recollect, that, when last I wrote, my spirits were more than usually depressed. Yet, on a sober review of

the sentiments contained in that letter, I cannot now greatly dissent from them. I do not feel myself calculated for the station of a country clergyman; and, least of all, for a country clergyman in the south of Ireland. Not that I quarrel with my present situation; because, on the whole, it is perhaps, well, that a few years should be spent in retirement, and with little parochial duty. But I speak with respect to my ultimate destination in the church. A parish minister should possess an active, bustling disposition,with some turn for agricultural pursuits, and much fondness for introducing habits of sobriety, industry, cleanliness, and comfort, among the lower orders. Now, in all these particulars, I am miserably deficient; either from total ignorance, or from an utter incapacity for entering into their detail. Different spheres, require different talents. Mine, such as they are, seem best suited to a sphere, where things are somewhat prepared; where civilized habits have made some advance; where information has been a little diffused; and where the *interiora* of religion, might be inculcated, with a good prospect of being understood and relished. This I fear, however, is very little the case, in any part of the county of Tipperary. The preparative stages have not been yet surmounted; the foundations are not laid; nay, the very stones and rubbish have not been cleared away. And, I very believe, that, to do any extended good in this district, but, certainly, to feel pleasure in the progress, a clergyman should have talents, and disposition, much akin to those of the Czar Peter. Now, to such talents and dispositions, I feel that I have no claim.

It has been much rumored, both here and in Dublin, that, whenever a vacancy occurs at York, the Archbishop of Cashel is to be translated to Armagh. Should it please God to throw me into that country, I feel that I might be settled there more to my mind. And, I will now tell you an ultimatum, which I would far prefer, to any church living in his Grace of Cashel's gift: the librarianship of Armagh, and preacher's place in the cathedral. This I say, without having any notion of the pecuniary income; but merely, because, in that situation, I should, at once, have peculiar advantages in study; some prospect of professional usefulness, without cure of souls; and the pleasure of residing near my sister and brother-in-law. This, however, is castle-building. We are not to choose our own situations; and I am well convinced, that Providence will order those things for the best. At the same time, that, if the Archbishop were to remain for life at Cashel, I could wish for your sentiments, as to the feasibility, and propriety of looking, hereafter, for a settlement in some more eligible district.

I am pleased with Baxter's Christian Directory: though I

think the abridgment might have been more judiciously formed. Mr. A. Clark has abridged, rather by omission, than by condensation; and some of Baxter's careless phraseology is retained, to the detriment of the work. I compared about 150 pages, with the original folio; and generally found it faithful; though sometimes passages were omitted, that I could have wished retained, and vice versâ. At page 139. vol. 1., I met a little interpolation, (at least it does not occur in the fol. edit. of 1673), which, I think you will agree with me, is not in the style of Richard Baxter; and which, without being properly explained, seems calculated to favor an enthusiastic peculiarity of methodism; for which purpose, it was possibly introduced. The passage is, 'and rest not without a clear sense of the love of God, shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost. It is the privilege of every genuine christian, to know his sins forgiven, that he may rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh. He that hath the witness in his own soul, that he is born of God, cannot but be happy.' This language is undoubtedly scriptural; but the expressions thus thrown together, unguarded and unqualified, appear suited to raise, in untutored minds, an expectation of some sensible impression.

I have lately engaged in a careful perusal of the controversy on Rom. vii. 14. 25.; and purpose, with God's help, to go through with it. My chief motive is, that this passage is, unquestionably, the sheet anchor of those, who would lower the standard of christianity; and that, independently of its own great importance, it involves the deep moral meaning of a great part of the New Testament. I have got near me, the long and elaborate dissertations on the subject, of Bishop Bull, Arminius, and Faustus Socinus. You need not fear that the last-mentioned writer, will affect the orthodoxy of my creed. He is a candid and judicious advocate, for the doctrine of christian perfection; very much in the same sense with Lucas; and it will perhaps, surprise you, that he maintains, not only the possibility, but the certainty, of instantaneous conversions, at least of sudden ones, in the following strong terms. 'Respondeo, nihil impedire, quominus Deus nonnunquam, levi admodum antecedente pugna, cuipiam, ut carni suæ plane dominetur, concedat. Quinetiam, et sacra historia, et perpetuo usu, teste, affirmare non dubito, sæpius fieri in christiana religione, ut quis, brevissimo tempore, et quasi horæ momento, ex malo bonus fiat, eoque perveniat, quo, in morali disciplina, viæ annorum multorum spatio pervenire potest.'—Apud. Bibl. Frat. Pol. Op. tom. i. p. 99.

One result of my late studies, is a very strong disposition to believe, that 1 John i. 8. refers, not to present, but to past sins. On these grounds. That ἁμαρτιαν εχειν, does not signify pec-

care, but peccati reum esse: that this verse is to be explained by v. 10. ὁτι ουκ ἡμαρτηκαμεν, in the past tense; and that this mode of interpretation, harmonizes with the remarkable expressions of the 3d chapter, as well as with many passages of Saint Paul's writings.

It appears to me, that your explanation of Rom. vii., with a reference to δυναμις, αγαπη, and σωφρονισμος, is a more satisfactory one, than I have yet met with. There are two extremes, among the controversionalists: some, applying the passage to persons altogether sensual; others, to persons entirely regenerate. Arminius, and Socinus, steer a middle course. On the whole, though much vague and extraneous matter is to be waded through, and many logical subtleties are to be untwisted, I find satisfaction in the pursuit. I trust, through God's help, it will tend, both to enlarge my mind, and to increase my knowledge of the sense of scripture. I have it in contemplation, merely for my own satisfaction, and future reference, to draw up a treatise on the subject; which, should we meet this winter, I hope to show you.

Lest you should think I am quite forgetful of parochial matters, I must tell you, that I yesterday preached to my little flock, which is improving, the first of four sermons on the Lord's prayer. I found so much matter in Leighton, Hale, and Henry, that selection became necessary; and I endeavored to be as popular and personal as possible.

I send this to Miss Ferguson, that it may be fowarded to you: as I know not where you are. Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me ever,

Your's most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I hope you may find it convenient to write soon.

——oo——

LETTER 21.

Dublin, Dec. 6. 1804.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

FINDING your letter, of the 26th, on my arrival here, I hasten to say, that I most deeply enter into all your feelings; no one, perhaps, being more constitutionally competent to feel along with you. But I do believe *you need not take thought for to-morrow.* Your destiny is in the best hands; 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness (as I do trust you are doing), and all these things shall be added unto you.' Sure

I am, we may trust Providence with any thing, but *to-day;* we doing our rational duty. And in fact, my persuasion is, that, in some way or other, you will be brought, at length, into a situation suited to your taste and temper.

The latter part of your last, I read with great interest; and I think it not wrong, to see what all have said. Probably, Faustus Socinus never would have gone the lengths he did, if he had not been shocked, and driven into an extreme, by the incongruities of calvinism. Yet, calvinism has had, in my mind, a providential function to discharge; and so, I think, had the popish ceremonies. Still, however, if these swaddling bands of infant times, are still pertinaciously kept on, growth must be checked, and advancement to maturity postponed, if not prevented. The grand error of calvinism is, the disjoining of God's favor and preference, from moral qualifications; and thus distorting the whole beauty and grandeur of the scripture. This error, therefore, must be confuted, before christianity can be purely appreciated, by either deep, or half-thinkers. I trust your endeavors, in this worthy cause, will be aided by the best of all influences.

I like what you say of 1 John i. 8.; and I dare say the criticism is just. As I have not the abridgment of Baxter, and my original, I think, must be paged differently from your's, I wish to have from you the book, section, &c.; as I certainly have the latest edition of the Directory, which makes one of the four volumes of his works.

I will not now pretend to enlarge, as I expect Dr. Black, who staid in town to see me, to come in every minute; but I trust to make up for my present brevity, on another early occasion, being, my good friend, with real cordiality,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER XXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 24. 1804.

My dear Sir,

It was said of John Hales, as doubtless you well know, that 'his chamber was a church, and his chair a pulpit.' But it was, also, his recorded foible, 'not to pen any thing, till he needs must.' The former of these little sentences, I should be at no loss to apply, if it were delicate to do so. The latter, is

by no means equally applicable; at least, not from me, who have so often profited, by the ready assistance of your pen: still, however, I cannot help recalling it to your memory. The truth is, in this particular, I am too much interested, not to feel warmly. I could now show you a little MS. volume, filled with extracts from, or copies of, your communications. And the real advantage I derive from this volume, makes me anxious for another and another: the more so, as I find your sentiments, prudently, and in proper season, dealt out, among some of my clerical brethren here, productive of the happiest effects. Yet, I hope the feeling is not improperly selfish, which leads me to dwell most, on the advantages I most unequivocally feel, the improvement of my own mind, the enlargement of my views, and the excitement of my affections. And feeling thus, I cannot but be sincerely desirous, that your avocations may permit you to write more frequently and fully. I have embarked in theology, chiefly as your pupil; and I truly wish to be your pupil, also, in self-government, and self-direction. The hints of the latter kind, in reference to my last two letters, have been received, I trust, with a due sense of their unquestionable justice; and not without a consequent tendency, to correct and calm my feelings. Thank God, I have, of late, felt myself enabled, with composure and thankfulness, to await the appointments of the great and wise Disposer. This calm, it is my wish and prayer, that the Almighty may graciously continue. Lest, however, he should see fit to try me, by any temporary recurrence of low spirits and dejection, I could wish to have by me some further thoughts of yours, on the topics of uneasiness stated in my two letters.

I trust the unpleasant effects of your sea-sickness, are now altogether removed; and, on this supposition, am gratified that it occurred, as being highly serviceable to persons of your bilious habit. By the way, I am sorry to find the good Archbishop is detained, by the illness of part of his family. I hope it may please God, soon to remove this cause of anxiety; which must press with particular severity, on so tender a parent.

The passage in Clarke's Baxter, which I suspect to be an interpolation, follows in immediate connection with this sentence, which closes a section of my copy of the original. 'Know, and use, religion as it is, without mistaking or corrupting it, and it will not appear to you as a grievous, tedious, or confounding thing.' Book i. chap. ii. direct. 13. ap. fin. p. 57. of the edition I use. This is immediately succeeded, in the abridgment, by the words, 'And rest not without a clear sense,' &c. &c. as in my last letter. I believe you will coincide with me, that Mr. Clarke is not altogether judicious, in the total omission of the

5th of Baxter's 20 directions, in his 1st chapter. It begins 'If thou wouldest not be destitute of saving grace,' &c.; and relates to the use of reason, in matters of religion. So much, indeed, was I struck with it, that I abridged and interleaved it, for my own use.

My study of what has been said on Rom. Chap. vii., has suffered some interruption: partly, from visits to neighboring clergymen; and partly, from a bilious attack, that made me incapable of exertion. I do not, however, lose sight of it: and hope (with God's assistance), however slowly, at length entirely, to master it. I have lately been led to look into Farindon's sermons; and think them, in many respects, admirable. He combats the leading errors of calvinism, in a masterly manner; though, perhaps, sometimes, too pointedly, and with too frequent reference to the unhappy circumstances of the times. I have seldom read an author, with so much strength and life. If I may so speak, his style is altogether personified. On comparing a page of Barrow, with a page of Farindon, I cannot but give a decided preference to the latter. Barrow speaks, as to beings of pure intellect. Farindon, as to human creatures, with passions and affections; at the same time, convincing the judgment, as he goes along. He excels, particularly, in appropriate, and most forcible illustration; and paraphrases his quotations in such a manner, as to give them the happiest air of allusion. Perhaps a mixture of Baxter, Farindon, and Doddridge, would furnish a style and manner, best suited to pulpit instruction in these times. This, after all, is possibly false criticism: or, if it be true, has certainly occurred to yourself. Why, then, should I write it to you? In truth, I have set up a top, to use John Hale's expression, . . in hopes that you may be induced to whip it.

I heard of some little irregularities in your friend ——, of New Ross: for instance, . . interrupting the lessons of the church, for the purpose of lecturing, paragraph by paragraph, as he went along. This practice, I understand, was pursued for some time: in fact till —— interfered, and publicly stopped Mr. ——, who came one day to officiate for ——. I hope ——'s manner was not harsh; and I feel truly desirous that he may be very moderate, in his way of meeting those things which he disapproves; as well from an assurance that Mr. —— is a truly good man, as from a full conviction, that, without a spirit of meekness, and even without a disposition to yield a little in non-essentials, no good can be done in such cases. I have it in contemplation to pay a visit to ——, early in February; and to be present at a meeting of the Ossorian Society. I may, perhaps, learn something useful for myself; and, at all

events, am desirous to see for myself how things are: possibly I may be able to throw out some hints for ——'s consideration. And, as the zeal of these young men has occasioned much talk; and their practices have been freely censured, even by our good Archbishop, I am disposed to examine whether, as I suspect, there are not many qualifying, if not favorable circumstances, industriously kept in the back ground by their opponents. The worst is, that I fear they are generally calvinistic; and calvinists are usually impracticable. By-the-bye, as to ——'s mode of lecturing, it is curious, that he adopted it, from the suggestion in my sermon; which he so far misunderstood, as to conceive, that it referred, particularly, to the lessons of the day, and even implied an interruption of the service.

I lately received, from what quarter I am ignorant, unless it be through my friend Mr. Sharp, a printed circular letter, from the society in London, for missions to Africa, and the east; stating their plans, their progress, and the situation of their finances; and requesting my aid, in procuring donations and subscriptions: suggesting, also, a collection, from my congregation. Some few and small subscriptions, I believe, I could procure; but congregation I have next to none. The society, however, seems highly deserving of encouragement and assistance. It occupies the ground, hitherto, untouched, by any other society of the established church; and its plans seem to be under the guidance of wisdom, and sound discretion. Might not something handsome be done in Dublin? Its inhabitants have been unused to appeals of this nature, from the established pulpit: and the novelty of the subject might, perhaps, make a strong impression. If, indeed, the society is chiefly conducted, by what are called evangelical ministers, &c. in England, a prejudice might hence arise against it: but no such prejudice would arise against it, if a few leading people were interested in its favor. I conceive a charity sermon would raise a handsome sum. Should you approve of the society, and of this hint, and should any leading people coincide with you, there would probably be no want, in Dublin, of fit persons to preach the sermon: or, in the event of any difficulty in that respect, rather than let the scheme fall to the ground, I would endeavor to prepare myself, and so to time my visit to Dublin, as would best suit the purpose. It might, perhaps, not be unserviceable, to give a Dublin congregation a view of missions, which probably has never been presented to them. Preachers on this topic, generally look, to the *immediate* introduction of christianity among the heathen. This object, after centuries of experiment, has been but very partially attained; and hence arises a prejudice against missions in general, as unproductive of good. The

prejudice, however, may be met, and perhaps overcome, by placing the matter in a more philosophical light; and representing missions, as a preparative process, . . laying the necessary foundation of civilized habits, &c. &c.

I fear I have exhausted your patience, which I would not wish to do, for I am,

Dear Sir, your truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 22.

Bellvûe, Delganny, Jan. 7. 1805.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

IT has not been from want of inclination, that I have delayed answering your last letter. It has been on my thoughts, and in my wishes; but various avocations occur, even in my quiet and still life, which occasion inevitable postponements. But this I tell you, . . I value all your letters, and all your communications, much more, I imagine, than you do yourself.

I must say something, first, about matters not adverted to in that of the 26th of November. I tell you then, in the simplicity of my heart, that I did not thoroughly cotton to your intended course of reading. I have no small opinion of your stability of mind; but still, 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a lesson, as much as a petition; and you have a mind, which, if once impregnated with any sentiment, introducing itself as a truth, would, I apprehend, take to it strongly. I should, however, have no idea of your shrinking from any investigation, provided you had adequate possession of all necessary preliminary truths. It is about this I am solicitous. Were I sure here, I should not be uneasy.

I own, I have as much aversion, as is consistent with good nature and christian charity, to the whole socinian tribe. The system has grown out of certain concurrent characters of mind: led, by contingency, into theological disquisition. When a calm, cold, steady, subtle, self-confident temper, . . benevolent without passion, moral without coercion, happens to be revolted by the excesses of calvinism, it, almost by a necessity of nature, runs back into socinianism. To such a disposition, there is no intermediate barrier, and there are some strong attractive influences: . . socinianism, flattering human reason so peculiarly, by bringing all christianity, as is pretended, within its comprehension. Of this system, . . man's power to keep God's commandments, either by his own proper strength, or with some de-

rived aids, which are so described, as, in my mind, to make little difference, . . is a fundamental principle ; and, therefore, they who hold it, naturally take the opposite side to St. Augustine, in explaining Rom. vii. Doing this, however, under the propulsion of their general scheme, and not from unbiassed, discriminative study of revealed truth ; and for human truth, I certainly gave them no great credit. I seem, to be sure, to see them on the same piece of ground with myself ; but I cannot help asking, how they came there, as I perceive no key in their hands. I suspect them, therefore, of having got to the spot which they occupy, by breaking hedge. And, besides, when I look more narrowly, I doubt if they are, after all, on the same ground with me. If I mistake not, a deep river, not apparent at first view, runs between us ; which can neither be forded, nor stepped over.

To drop allegory, I freely own my suspicion, that their doctrine of moral perfection rests, not only on high views of human power, but on low views of moral sentiment. I never read any of the Fratres Poloni ; but I have looked at the view of this subject, given by the great arminian theologist, Limborch ; and it struck me, that *his* perfection, was rather of a moral, than of a spiritual kind ; such as might be attained by a good temperament, without much *felt* obligation to Divine Influence. I allow that the description appears to rise much higher ; but I could not help suspecting, that it was only appearance, from the slight view that seemed to be taken of human depravity. A deep sense of this, appears to me as necessary to true christian perfection, as a sufficiently deep foundation, is necessary for a lofty building. But I hardly think *he* can have this who denies, that that 'infection of nature' which 'doth remain in them that are regenerated' (Art. ix. Church of England) hath in it the nature of sin. That, when duly resisted, so as not to grow into volition, it brings no condemnation to the conscience, is agreed on all hands. But I am ready to think, that a feeling of its being sin, *in esse*, though not *in actu*, is essential to that very resistence. We are curious machines, whose weights and springs depend, on laws that we cannot alter. If the weight be deficient, the wheels will not move as they ought ; nor can the error be removed, but by removing the cause, i. e. by correcting the deficiency. We will not, therefore, I conceive, flee from every appearance of evil, except we cordially hate and dread it, root as well as branch. Accordingly, if we deem the first movements of concupiscence to have nothing *sinful* in them, nothing *offensive* to the nature of the all perfect God, we shall not so *abhor* them, as to escape wholly their contaminating influence.

In fact, I think, at least I hold it as a strong probability, that

the peculiar graces of christianity have all a reference, to the previous vices of our nature; so that each particular grace, contains in it the conquest of an opposite evil; the keeping of which latter tight in its chain, is the first, and most indispensable exercise of the former. The evangelical christian feels, that he did not even put on the chain. These monsters were once his favorites, the domesticated menials of his house. But, at length, he began to see a design in them, which he was not till then aware of; and as he ceased to caress them, they appeared to change their nature, and to be ready to devour him. He called to heaven for help; and, after much fear, and perhaps horror, he began to perceive that they were chained, as if by some invisible power; and that the chains were given into his hands, with an assurance of fresh aid, if any of the monsters should seem to be becoming unmanageable. None of them, therefore, is wholly dead; it only sleeps, and may be awaked; therefore, the vigilance must never be relinquished, the chain never dropped. It is a horrible monster, be it ever so quiet; and in knowing and feeling that, consists the best security. This knowledge, and this feeling, the literal arminians appear to me deficient in; and, therefore, I fear a fallacy in their perfection; for, as I conceive the state of regeneration depends on the effectual restraint of the aforesaid monsters, in general, . . so, I believe perfection consists in an equally effectual restraint of the *parent monster*, in particular. I think, to make out my metaphor (I am strangely metaphorical by the bye this morning) I must suppose these monsters to be of the polypus kind; so that the due restraint of the parent, shall be the summary restraint of the whole. But this will not be done, if the malignity of the parent be not felt as strongly, as that of her multifarious offspring.

I will not ask, whether I have made myself intelligible; because I trust to your power of finding me out. But I wish you to consider how essential an ingredient, such a thorough, radical sense of depravity, as I have mentioned, is to every stage of true christianity. Indeed, if I were to state what I take to be the truest mark of difference, between a genuine christian, and a mere moralist, pharisaical or philosophical, I would say, that the latter found his ease in being insensible to his 'secret faults,' while the former is then easiest, when he is most tenderly sensible of them. The moralist, naturally wishes to discover no more, than he has the means of conquering. The christian, on the contrary, is solicitous to detect every, the minutest, as well as the deepest evils; because he knows, that the omnipotent Savior is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God, by him; and that what he said to St. Paul, he said

to all his faithful followers, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' The christian, therefore, says unfeignedly, with the same apostle, 'When I am weak, then I am strong :'. . knowing well, that nothing can prevent the success of the process, but his own insensibility to the need of it.

I even sometimes fear, that my own favorite latitudinarians were not as much alive to this depth of depravity, as might be wished. But, perhaps, they could not in the nature of things; yet they are nobly spiritual, and that implied the substance of the other. We, however, at this day, may be able, if we use the means afforded, to combine apparently opposite truths, more completely than they.

I must now add only one more observation; the messenger who takes this, being at this moment detained by me. It is relative to the missions. I own I doubt the business altogether. Perhaps it is prejudice, but I have no clear hope of these plans. I suspect even something, which I should dislike. It seems to me possible at least, that the evangelic clergymen took up their missionary plan, because the dissenters and Dr. Haweis had engaged in a similar undertaking; and they thought they ought to be doing something too. They would not (I dare say on just grounds enough) join with them; but neither, on the other hand, did they think it right to be outdone in zeal. If this was their feeling, I think it not a wise one. Imitatores servum pecus, is true in all matters but the *essence* of religion. There, and there only, it is well to be 'followers of those, who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' There would be something of worldly policy in such a conduct, unworthy of the true christian principle. Besides, I really think that, in such matters particularly, 'it is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth;' . . on the contrary, . .

> God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform.

I have another objection to such plans; . . because they tend to make religion appear to the world a business of *bustle*, and to have something of a revolutionary character. The quiet moravian missions, if not effectual, are at least unobjectionable; for they are heard of at a distance, but make no show at home. In fact, I think over-activity, is the grand malady of the times; and I think religion will not be benefited, by its votaries catching the contagion. I think the whole missionary plan, supposes an efficiency, in what are deemed the doctrines of the Gospel, which you and I do not admit. They annex more than we do, to annunciation of truth on the one hand, and a reception

of it (which they call faith) on the other. But we do not agree with the most of them, perhaps, even in what they call truth; so that, on the whole, I am much more solicitous to see divine truth thoroughly understood, and received in the love of it at home; . . and, then, I think we shall be made instruments in God's own way, probably without much scheming, to carry it to other lands.

If I do not now say any thing about your own private concerns, it is not that I am not interested, for you may always believe me,

Your truly faithful and
affectionate friend,
ALEXANDER KNOX.

P. S. I must end this without reading it over.

——oo——

LETTER XXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Feb. 11. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

ALONG with this, I take the liberty of sending you a MS. the property of ——, which I have had in my possession, to my shame, more than seven years; and which I should be very much obliged by your conveying to him. It is a treatise on the attributes, &c., which obtained the second premium in the year 1797, when mine obtained the first.

I had a letter, yesterday, from ——, in which he tells me, that methodist preachers have found their way into his parish; and that he understands they intend establishing regular stated meetings, there. He wished (thinking that I still was in town) that I should ask your opinion as to the most prudent line of conduct, if the preacher should make an advance towards acquaintance and friendship with him, as he is told by some, he means to do; that is, the preacher intends to call on ——, as a friend and well-wisher.

—— appears anxious for your opinion and advice; and I could, indeed, be very glad, that you would write him a few lines on the subject. I know, from various conversations with him, that he is far from prejudiced against methodism; that he thinks it has, on the whole, promoted the cause of piety; and that were he, in a strange part of the country, to meet a person of the lower class, more than ordinarily decent, serious, and

devout, he would think that person, most probably, a methodist. At the same time, I can well conceive the delicacy and difficulty of the case he now puts; so much so, that I should not myself know how to act in it. I really wish you would write him, by this post, if it were but a single page; as the emergency may soon occur, and as I know he is particularly solicitous for your opinion. His address is, Carrig, Virginia.

I should be much obliged by your enclosing me, as soon as possible, your letter to the Christian Observer, on practical preaching. Also, your long, unfinished letter to me. I want them for a particular purpose; and will send them back to you, whenever transcribed. You will, also, have the goodness to engage my worthy and respected friend Michael*, in the troublesome service of having my works sent to Cashel.

When settled at home, I hope to write more at length. I beg my best compliments and regards to Miss Fergusson, and am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and
affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 23.

Feb. 15. 1805.

MY DEAR MR. JEBB,

I DULY received yours, and that night wrote to H. W., giving him the best advice I was capable of.

I send you the unfinished letters; but I cannot yet let you have the thing intended for the C. O., as I daily expect to make some use of it.

* * * * * *

I am creeping on in Epictetus, and I wonder at what I find in it: such magnificent morality, on the one hand; and such instances of ignorance and error blended with it on the other. He strongly saw the substance of that frame of mind, which was necessary to passing comfortably through this world. But he did not distinctly perceive its limit. He knew no way of healing the maladies of the passions, but by extirpation of the passions themselves. Thus,

Ει προκοψαι θελεις, αφες τους τοιουτους διαλογισμους. εαν αμελησω των εμων, ουκ εξω διατροφας. εαν μη κολασω τον παιδα, πονηρος εσται. πρεπον γαρ λιμου αποθανειν, αλυπον και αφοβον

* Mr. Knox's servant... ED.

γινομενον, η ζην εν αφθονοις ταραττομενον· κρειττον δε τον παιδα κακον ειναι, η σε κακοδαιμονα. . .Cap. 1.

Here, the confounding, solicitude for a child's virtue, with those things which 'the Gentiles seek,' is a strange instance of confusion. It is almost as strange for him, in the end of the twenty-first chapter, to introduce Diogenes as αξιως θειος, on account of his moderation. Yet, how true are the greater number of his sentiments; and how astonishingly cutting in stone a likeness, of what the Gospel presents alive!

In his thirteenth chapter he says, Νοσος, σωματος εστιν εμποδιον, προαιρεσεως δε, ου. Upon this, his christian commentator, Casaubon, pronounces this censure, . . morbos corporis ad animum mentemve, nihil pertinere; nec per illos obstare, quin sapiens sua felicitate, id est plenâ solidâque mentis sanitate fruatur; id ab omni ratione et communi usu tam remotum mihi videtur, ut non tam in eorum genera quæ paradoxa vocantur ponendum, quam fatuum et ridiculum videatur: . . and, in proof of his opinion, he adduces raging fevers, and the bite of a mad dog. But is not this to push Epictetus to an unfair extreme? The nature of the case shows, that he spoke only of cases, in which reason could be exercised; and to bring other cases to confute him, is to misunderstand his meaning. Doubtless, he, and they who thought like him, talked extravagantly, of what human virtue could achieve, in victoriousness over calamity. But what was all this, but blind nature *feeling after* its supreme good? And after all, is not St. Paul's challenge, at the conclusion of the eighth [of] Romans, nearly as much open to such a censure as that of Casaubon, as what he applies it to? The marrow of true stoicism, is contained in that of St. Paul, παντα ισχυω, εν τω ενδυναμουντι με Χριστω.

Yours always,
My good friend, most truly,
ALEXANDER KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER XXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Feb. 23. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM truly obliged both to you and Michael, for the interest and trouble you have taken about my books; and much gratified by your pleasant intelligence, respecting our valuable and excellent friend; for whose highest welfare, I think we may safely say, we are both deeply interested.

It strikes me that, on closer inspection, you will find that you have misunderstood the passage from Epictetus, cap. 16. *Παις* does not there, to my apprehension, signify filius, but servus; and you will observe, that the Latin word puer, has an ambiguity, precisely similar to that of the original term. An unskilful division in some editions (and most probably in yours) tends to confuse the passage, and mislead the reader. Thus, one copy, now before me, concludes the 16th cap. with the same words, which close your quotation, *η σε κακοδαιμονα*. But two others, also before me, have, in immediate unbroken continuation, the words *αρξαι τοιγαρουν απο των μικρων*, &c. to *ταραχθηναι*, a mode of division which leaves no opening for mistake. For the context, thus taken, clearly shows, that, throughout, reference is made, not to a man's children, but to his slaves; and that the object is, to prevent anxious solicitude, about the minute detail of domestic economy.

But it may be said, and in truth it has been said by commentators, 'Would it not be the extreme of selfish and cruel policy, to refrain from duly improving and correcting, and thus, eventually, reforming our servants, merely in order to preserve our own tranquillity?' To this objection, different answers may be offered. 1. It may be said, that the precept goes on the supposition, that every proper means of reformation had been previously resorted to, and without effect. But to this salvo, I do not attribute much, though it be sanctioned by the learned Wolfius. 2. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the precept by no means necessarily excludes, the milder modes of persuasion; which, after all, are the best modes of leading people to a sense of duty, and a correspondent practice. But to this, you will possibly do well to pay no attention, as it is merely my own extempore idea. 3. Even supposing the passage were exclusive of persuasive effort, the charge of cruelty may be met, by considering, to whom the advice is addressed; not to proficients in moral wisdom, but to him who only *προκοψαι θελει*, proficeri studet; to him who is in the lowest form of the stoical school, and who is, accordingly classed by Seneca 'in numero stultorum.' (See his 75th Epistle, the whole of which I would be very glad you would read as soon as possible. It contains a most interesting view of the progress, from moral malady of the worst kind, not only to sanity, but to supreme enjoyment, the climax terminating, in the wonderful passage I showed you at B ——.) On the whole, then, may not the view of Epictetus, be something to this effect; that the incipient moralist, should labor, in the first instance, to correct himself; to subdue his wrong tempers, and, as an exercise of self-discipline, to refrain from abusing and chastising his servants, for every failure

and offence? Till the work of self-government is somewhat advanced, he cannot, either with safety to himself, or with probable advantage to his servant's virtue, proceed in the work of correcting that servant. Therefore, the stoic would have him 'pluck the beam out of his own eye, that he may see clearly to pull out the mote that is in his brother's eye.' The style of advice is finely adapted, in the case of a beginner in the school of wisdom: *αρξαι απο των μικρων*. New wine is not put into old bottles, here. The smallest privations are most easily submitted to: the sacrifice of little things, will be the least difficult; and they will, gradually, pave the way, for greater privations, and more important sacrifices. I have been sadly prolix, and I fear impertinently and uselessly so. Yet, I have somewhat more to say. I cannot justify the eulogium of Diogenes, and will therefore pass on to the *νοσος σωματος*, &c. &c. cap. 13.

I perfectly coincide with you in opinion, that Casaubon's censure on this passage, is extremely unfair. It is clear, that Epictetus speaks only of cases where reason can be used. He first makes a general statement, '*Νοσος σωματος*,' &c.; and we have no right to extend the position to diseases, which necessarily affect any thing but the body; yet such are 'raging fevers, and the bite of a mad dog,' for they, necessarily, affect the mind. But further, he then gives a special instance, *χωλανσις*. Which, I humbly conceive, so far limits the subject, as to require that each of the *εμπιπτοντων*, afterwards referred to, should be ejusdem generis with lameness; i. e. should not necessarily interfere with the mental functions. The reasoning of Epictetus, in fact, is this, 'Disease is not an impediment to the will, but to the body.' 'Lameness, for instance, impedes not my will, but simply my motion.' If I am in my senses, I will never propose to perform on foot a journey, to which I am unequal. Nor is this restriction of further progress, an impediment; for to be free from foolish and impracticable desires, is, in truth, a high privilege. Simplicius, the disciple of Epictetus, in his commentary on this passage, remarks the peculiar propriety, with which his master, (who was himself *το σωμα ασθενης, και χωλος εκ νεας ηλικιας*,) uses the instance of lameness. 'Adducing his arguments from real life; and not, as is too commonly the case, laboring to say something which may excite admiration.' That Epictetus deeply and really felt, what he said here, may, I think, be fairly argued, from the following charming passage, which I extract from his larger discourse, given by Arrian. 'What can I, a lame old man, do, but celebrate the Deity in hymns? If I were a nightingale, I would perform the part of a nightingale, If I were a swan, that of a swan: but as I am a rational being, it is my duty to sing hymns to God: this is my office: I fulfil

it; nor will I cease to do so, while the power is continued to me.' Arrian. Epit. lib. i. cap. 16.

Now I am on Epictetus, pray compare the 62d chap. of his Enchiridion, with 1 Tim. ii. 9. The coincidence is wonderfully striking, the very words the same. Is it not highly probable, that the philosopher had read, at least this production of the Apostle? Yet no commentator that I have met, notices the coincidence. I hope that Ely Bates is undergoing a *judicial* reading; or rather, indeed, that your review of him, is in great forwardness. If you can soon spare a little time to write to me, it will be a high gratification. Do not, however, think of thus gratifying me, till you are completely in possession of a leisure hour.

I am, my dear Sir, your truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. If you could merely throw out for me on half a sheet of paper, the heads of your scheme for a sermon on the commandments, I would endeavor to fill up your outline. A mere mention of the disposition of heart, which would imply the keeping of each law, with a numerical reference to any striking Scriptures, would be enough: and this could be comprised in a quarter of a sheet. Do you wish for the fragments of letters you sent me? If so, I will transcribe them, and return you the originals. They are very satisfactory to me.

——oo——

LETTER XXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, March 19. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I do not wish that any thing of yours, should fall into the hands of persons who cannot, in some measure, appreciate its value, (by the way, doubtful whether the same word appreciate were to be spelt as above, or after the latin, appretiate, I took down Johnson's Dictionary, and was surprised to find that he omits it altogether,) for this reason, . . which I wish my parenthesis may not have removed absolutely out of sight, . . I hope that you have not written, or rather have not sent, (for you often write without sending) any answer to my last letter; or, to express myself more plainly, as our post, between Clonmel and Cashel, has been five times robbed, since my return from town, I hope that none of the plunders, which took place within

the last three or four weeks, have swept away any communication of yours. The supineness of our gentry, in these parts, may be tolerably well guessed at, from the fact, that three repeated robberies have not produced a single effort. No reward has been offered; no remonstrances made to the post-masters-general; no application to government, for a military escort. The post still is conveyed by a very young boy, on a very sorry hack; and the gentlemen robbers, whenever it suits their convenience to stroll along the Clonmel road, need only ask for the bag, which they instantly receive. I do not think these things could be so in the north. There, the yeomanry would scour the country, and detect the offenders; or, at least, the gentry would adopt such spirited resolutions, as would deter them from so very daring a repetition of this outrage. But too much of this.

I passed some days, at the beginning of this month, with ——; and accompanied him to the meeting of Ossorian clergy, at Kilkenny. Much of what I saw gave me sincere pleasure. There was a decency, a regularity, a rationality, and, withal, a true piety, in the proceedings, which could not but impress any candid observer highly in favor of the association. Mr. —— preached an excellent sermon, on 1 Cor. iii. 21. . . 23.; which, with very few exceptions, truly gratified me. After the sermon, a chapter (Jerem. xxiii.) was read in the vestry room, with some observations from Mr. ——: next followed rather a desultory conversation, on a doctrinal point; but, what pleased me most, in the conversations of the vestry room, were several practical hints, wisely and kindly thrown out by ——, and properly received by the rest, on the necessity of strict and guarded attention to regularity, confining exertions within the natural sphere of duty, &c. This association, I am told, has not only been the means, under God, of bringing several young men to seriousness; but, also, of keeping within bounds, the zeal of some, whose first serious impressions were imbibed through communication with sectaries; and who probably never could have been restrained, by the mere injunctions of ecclesiastical superiors. It was even hinted, that the effervescence of those persons might, possibly, have ultimately settled, into decided separation from our establishment: whereas they are now thoroughly confirmed in attachment to it. All this, from what I have seen, I am well disposed to believe is strictly true.

So much, is a just tribute to truth; and I am happy to pay it. I must now, entre nous, mention what I cannot so much approve. —— appeared, that day, the leading man; and his dicta, seemed to me almost implicitly received. Now, ——'s opinions, from a little in his sermon, more in the vestry room, and

still more in private conversation at ——'s, I judge to be highly calvinistic. He is practical, indeed, decidedly pious, and, as far as I can judge, of a temper considerably softened by religion. He, also, has a large share of prudence in his manner of stating things, which is, I believe, the result of much religious experience; but all these circumstances naturally tend to heighten his influence; and, therefore, I judge, that, if his thoughts are not already embraced by the whole body, they soon will be so. —— has them to a great degree: he thinks, I know, that he has received them from the Scriptures; but I fancy there is more of man's teaching in it, than he is aware of. His head is filled with notions, that he cannot rationally support; for, when he attempts to do so, his reasonings uniformly terminate in a petitio principii. And to change his views would be a hopeless endeavor, as he has this rooted impression, that God has promised to teach all, who come to him through Christ; that God's promises must be true; that, consequently, all real believers must have, in all material points, infallibly right views of scripture; and as he trusts he is a real believer, the influence which he must draw, as to the entire rectitude of his views, is plain.

The opinions which I could collect as predominant ones with either, were that real christians cannot entertain doctrinal views of an opposite nature, as God cannot teach contradictories; that we are to rest upon no other righteousness than that of Christ. Here —— seems not so decided as ——, limiting himself to this assertion, that Christ's righteousness is the sole ground of justification; and that repentance cannot precede faith (Walker's idea). At the same time, it is but just to say, that both seem zealous to inculcate christian morality; and desirous to have realized within themselves, the gracious fruits of the Spirit. On the whole, I see their association is aware, that prudence must regulate their zeal; and in this respect, I think the opposition they met with has been serviceable. But I can see no prospect of altering, any doctrinal views which they have imbibed; therefore, wishing them every success in the sound and rational part of their scheme, I do not feel very desirous to meet them often, as a body, or, when I meet any of them as friends, to enter much into doctrinal discussion.

I beg my kindest compliments to Miss Fergusson. Many thanks to Michael. I got my books safe.

I am, my dear Sir, very truly
And affectionately your's,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 24.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., March 28. 1805.

My good Friend,

Let me write ever so briefly, I will write something, lest you should think I was forgetting you.

I was obliged for your letter about the passage in Epictetus; in your remarks on which, I am sure you are generally right, especially respecting *Παις*; as is, indeed, proved, by the words occurring, in the next chapter, in a connection which makes it mean as you say.

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I am ready, sometimes, to say of myself, that I am neither arminian, nor calvinist, yet, I believe, calvinists would call me an arminian. But I imagine the name does not belong to me; nor did it, I think, belong to John Wesley. He assumed it; but, I conceive, too inconsiderately. I suspect Arminius had something of the pelagian in him; and his followers were wholly so, if not worse.

But, I think, of few things I can be more sure, than that calvinistic predestination is not in the Bible: *providential* predestination runs all through it; and a warm imagination, when once the idea was taken up, made it easy to transmute the one into the other. The predestination which St. Paul dwells upon, I think is that, which brought those whom he addressed, providentially within the influences of the Gospel. And, to them who stood critically within the line, it was a decree of Providence deserving to be cordially felt; and, indeed, necessarily interesting, as having been born thirty years sooner, might have left them in ignorance and darkness.

That this, and this only, is the predestination St. Paul speaks of (I mean including all which this includes), appears from this obvious fact, that, after St. Paul has described the whole nation as cut off, he still expostulates, in order that, by any means, he might save some. This, consequently, was not calvinian cutting off; for, after that, there is no place for repentance. Yet this is in the midst of the part of the Epistle to the Romans, which is supposed most strongly to teach and explain, as far as it can be explained, that doctrine.

Yet, how can we fathom the mystery of providential predestination? What preferences may it not imply? but surely not,

in any instance, hopeless, inevitable rejection. St. Paul's words just quoted, Rom. xi. 14., prove he had not such a thought, even in the case where he has put forth the supposed system most elaborately. And yet, if St. Paul had clearly no such thought here, how can the doctrine be supported at all? This alone would satisfy. But, does not the whole Bible speak entirely the same language?

There is one thing which these theologists do not, I think, enough consider. If absolute, unconditional, indefeasible election, be that, which makes a man holy here, and happy hereafter; and, if this election, and its results, be, as calvinists say, a mere matter of will, . . where is the room for divine wisdom? And why so extended and concatenated an intervention of second causes, if their operation was thus infallibly anticipated? Wisdom acts by instruments: will fiats the thing. I will not dispute an infallibility of wisdom, and, of course, a certainty of event, where God sees right it should be certain. But an infallibility of wisdom, is not an overwhelming efficiency of power; which mere will implies: nor can we tell, how many events in the detail, or what events, or of what kind, God wills to be certain. May he not will suspense, and possible failure, as necessary to the illustration of the operative wisdom? I must stop, or be too late.

Always yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER XXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, 23d April, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THANK you much, for your timely and satisfactory observations on St. Paul's doctrine of providential predestination. My studies have, of late, been much interrupted, by complaints of the nervous kind: which have altogether precluded any thing like fixedness of attention. Therefore, what little I have read, has been of various kinds, 'here a little, and there a little,' though I cannot presume to say, 'apis matinæ more modoque.' Thank God, however, I have been much better for these few days back; I hope, by regimen and exercise, soon to be in working order.

I should be very glad to know how you are proceeding, in the matters which were on the anvil, when I left town. Whe-

ther the preface to Hale's religious works is transmitted, and the work itself in forwardness? Whether the communications to H. More are completed, and her treatise will soon be out? Whether you are about making use of the letter to the Archbishop? And whether you have yet furnished a critique on Bates' Rural Philosophy? To all these queries, I do not expect answers. It will, however, gratify me, if you will select such of them, as may suit your inclination to notice. I just took up a little publication, by your friend Nicole, which I purchased from Mr. Walker. It is a selection of epigrams, with a very beautiful and classical preliminary dissertation; on which you may find a high encomium in Bayle's Dictionary, artic. Nicole, note E. From the preface, I will extract a short passage, which, I know, accurately coincides with your modes of thinking; and which, if you think of defending classical study, against Mr. Bates' attack, may perhaps be a little to your purpose. 'Non quæ [quia?] apud ethnicos veritas reperitur, ideo ethnica est, aut ideo veritas non est: semper illa ex æterno et incorrupto defluit sole, qui, licèt christianos abundantiori lumine perfuderit, tamen ethnicis non ita se subtraxit, ut illos penitus a luce suâ secluderet. Quod etiam, gravibus et eruditis theologis, quandocunque ipsorum libros attingunt, pias et utiles commentationes suppeditat, dum secum considerant quid ethnici cognoverint, quo progressi sint, ubi substiterint, et quam longe, obscuris illis veritatis scintillis quæ apud ethnicos fulserint, revelatum fidei lumen excellat.' These thoughts, I am well aware, are by no means new to your mind. But are they not most happily expressed? and do they not derive a peculiar force, from being the sentiments of your favorite Nicole? Messieurs of Port Royal, indeed, in themselves, supply a host of arguments, in support of classical learning. Who more assiduous in the cultivation of ethnic literature? and yet who more conversant in the interiora of practical and spiritual religion?

A letter lately received from my friend Mr. G. Sharp, has the following P. S. 'A new monthly review of books is proposed to be published, by a society of gentlemen, under the title of the 'Eclectic Review.' I am not at all acquainted with Mr. Greathead, the chairman of the committee; nor, indeed, even with the names of the other gentlemen, who form that committee; but I am desired by a worthy friend, who is well acquainted with them, to request, that you will favor them with such occasional remarks as you may think proper, from time to time. And, if you desire a more particular account of the intentions, and views, of that society, I am desired to refer you to Alexander Knox, Esq., of Dublin, with whom I understand you are acquainted, as he can give you information on that head.'

The original cause of this application, you well know; and you are, certainly, the best judge how far it can be complied with. It appears to me very indefinite; and I need not tell you, that the range is very limited, in which I could supply any thing worth notice. Now, probably, the line in which I would have, either ability, or inclination, to give my mite of assistance, is already filled up. At your discretion, however, I leave the matter. If you think there are any works newly afloat, which would afford me an opportunity of throwing out hints of a useful tendency; and if, also, you deem the Eclectic Review, a fit medium of doing so; I would gladly endeavor to do my best. I certainly do not think very highly of the work; but it may mend.

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LETTER 25.

April 26. 1805.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

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I have been proceeding slowly with my review, which is now not far off a close; at least, I have got through three fourths. I wrought, rather because I would do it; except where I was giving vent to my own feelings, as in vindicating classical education, &c. In fact, Ely Bates has not risen with me, on closer acquaintance. I still think it a very useful, and sincerely pious book. But it is superficial every where, a very few instances excepted, unless where piety gives it solidity. He has adopted, also, some opinions of a very uncomfortable kind, drawn, as I think, from Locke's principles; which make him turn out less congenial to me, than I thought him at first. But I manage him respectfully; and as gently as I can, without sacrificing truth.

The letter to the Archbishop remains finished, but untranscribed. The communications you ask about were long since done; and as it happened, in the nick of time. I had a letter, marked with some solicitude, just a day or two after I had dispatched the last. The work, I believe, is published this week in London. —— vexed me no little, by speaking of it, though I had mentioned it to him in the profoundest secrecy. The author heard of its divulgment; and wrote to me on the subject: you will judge how mortifying this was. But I neither told the Archbishop, nor his brother ——, who has been in town, and went off this morning. I wrote strongly to himself,

and he was vexed sufficiently; so be you locked up. Hall's preface I could not go on with. The other business, and extra-matters which occurred, made it impossible.

One of these extras, was a letter to Mr. Butterworth, on the usefulness of devout people attending divine worship, when a form was used; in order to try how mere piety could engage them, without aid from exciting circumstances. Mr. B. was some weeks before he answered me: but I heard of my letter from ——, to whom a dissenter in the Isle of Wight, just returned from London, gave such an account of a letter he had heard read, while in town, that ——, who knew nothing of my having written such a letter, knew it to be mine. The pleasant circumstance is, that a dissenter should like it so.

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I could wish you to write a review of the book which is just coming out.* It would be, I expect, just fit for you. And I think I will mention it to Mr. Greathead, when I write to him; which will be shortly. Have you read the remarks on Cowper, in the March Christian Observer? I think they are very judicious. I am endeavoring, at intervals, to new modify my paper on experimental preaching; and hope soon to have it complete.

On the subject of predestination, I humbly think it is demonstrable, that the calvinistic view of it has no support, either from Scripture, or the course of things. The terms 'elegit in Christo ad æternam gloriam, idque ex amore suo et gratiâ mere gratuitâ, nec fide nec bonis operibus, nec in his illâve perseverantiâ, aut ullâ aliâ re in creaturâ prævisis, ipsum tanquam causis aut conditionibus ad id moventibus, quo totum nempe in laudem cederet gloriosæ suæ gratiæ,' . . are, in my judgment, little short of their own confutation. For, if this were so, why was it necessary to wait for the fulness of time? What was that fulness, but suitableness to God's design, which his divine purpose, not to force effects, but to wait for events, made necessarily a business of procrastination. But does not suitableness of time, resolve itself into suitableness of individuals? and did not this suitableness, operate in that analogical sense, in which, alone, we can speak here, as a motive to the great Disposer? In fact, in their zeal to exalt God's will, they, in a manner, as far as in them lies, deprive him of his wisdom: for wisdom must have something to reason upon, and be guided by; but, what is there

* Mrs. Hannah More's 'Hints for the Education of a Young Princess,' in which Mr. Knox took peculiar interest; having been on a visit with the excellent author, when engaged in the composition of this work, which was materially benefited by his strictures, and enriched by his suggestions. . . Ed.

here, where not only foreseen faith, and good works, and perseverance, are thrown out, but *ulla alia res* must be denied too? Does not this involve as great contradiction as human language can, to all that plain sense would dictate? Besides, St. Paul says, 'whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate.' But this foreknowledge must have had an object, and a purpose. What was its purpose, if nothing foreseen was to be acted upon? Is it not much more congruous with sacred writ, and right reason, to suppose, that God, having subjected this world to certain laws, and, amongst the rest, to that of free agency, or what we call by that name, . . in his plans of grace, he takes every thing which those laws lead to into the account; and adapts his divine plans to those various results, so that there is the greatest possible distance from that arbitrary system, with which calvinism disturbs the mind.

Yours always,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER XXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 6, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I cannot answer your very kind, and very full letter of April 26, as I could wish, I wish to answer it as I can, before I set out on a four days' excursion, to visit two brother clergymen. I am very glad that I happened to hear, both of your illness and recovery, at the same time. This saved me much uneasiness; and I trust that there is now no danger of relapse. The Archbishop assures me, that your health and spirits seemed wonderfully well, the night before he left town.

Your activity in getting through literary business, puts me to the blush. How little have I done since I left Dublin, and how feebly has that little been executed! We must hope that things will mend; and in order to bring this hope in its way towards completion, we must endeavor to have proper vicissitudes of exercise and study. Last week I was employed for two days, in writing a voluminous, but I fear prolix letter, to a brother clergyman, on the subject of preaching. It is not yet finished. But when it is, I will, with your permission, enclose it to you; in the hope that you will point out some of the numerous errors, which I can hardly question it must contain.

The publication which as just appeared in England, I am very anxious to see; and would be highly indebted to you, if

you could by any means procure me an early enjoyment of this pleasure. If you think I could review it, I would make the attempt with pleasure; it is, indeed, just the thing I could like to do for my private gratification; though with much diffidence of producing any remarks fit for the public eye. It is very well that you warned me on the subject of secresy; for certain it is, that I did not before understand there was any such injunction on your part, either express, or implied. I need not say, that I shall now be as close as the grave. I think, to the best of my recollection, I did once or twice casually mention such a thing, with the author's name; but certainly, it was not to any one in the literary world; or indeed to any one that will probably recollect the circumstance.

The Archbishop is well; nor do I recollect ever having had a more comfortable conversation with him, than the other evening. He has some hopes of a visit from you. Is such a thing possible? It would be good for your health; it would be highly serviceable to our worthy friend; and I really think it might be serviceable in no slight degree, to the cause of religion in this diocese. The Archbishop speaks most candidly, and most wisely, on the subject of the Kilkenny association: he, also, expresses a wish, that a well-regulated and modified clerical association, could be formed in this diocese. It would give me real pleasure, to talk over the matter with you and his Grace; or rather, indeed, to hear your joint sentiments upon it. Were you on the spot, I soberly think, much good might result. There is a substratum of seriousness, in some few of our clergy. There are, also, several of the old school, highly respectable; and without much dogmatical attachment to their long established modes. Now, do you not think, that good might be done by an association, under this state of things? I am glad to hear that you like my friend ——. The more thoroughly he is known, the more evidently it will appear, that he has a heart deeply impressed with religion of the best kind; and a judgment, naturally strong, rendered much more sound, by the infusion of wisdom from above. I think that man calculated for a much wider sphere of exertion, than that afforded on the rocks of Carrick-a-Crewe; which, however, he fills very contentedly; and, no doubt, with real usefulness to the poor people among whom he is placed.

Were there any difficulties in my mind, on the point of calvinistic, or augustinian predestination, what you say would, doubtless, have great weight in removing them: but the truth is, I am pretty easy on that point. That which most puzzled me, were the views of justification, which I had seen put forward; and in fact, divines seem, somehow or other, to have perplexed that doctrine, by such a multiplicity of perverse reason-

ing, and strained interpretation, that it is hard to see light through their darkness.

One point I am persuaded of, that the extreme mode of viewing this matter, implies a manifest contradiction, to many plain assertions of our blessed Lord himself. Some good people have had such a horror of human merit, that they cry out 'Heresy,' upon those, who simply use the phrase in the modified, and popular sense: which is fully authorized, by numerous passages of the four Gospels. I purpose, when more at leisure, reading over one or two works, by Baxter, on this subject; but, just at present, I have no wish to worry my mind with doctrinal controversy, being in a better frame for what is practical and moral. By the way, I hope you will be good enough to bespeak for me, from London, 'Nicole,' and John Smith's 'select discourses.' Also to get for me, through the post if possible, two copies of Herbert Marsh's little track on the Pentateuch. It is a very thin octavo pamphlet; and a friend of mine, who is a very hopeful convalescent from infidelity, wishes to see it. He was much struck with the account of it, in my note on the Pentateuch. This person brings the profoundest physical arguments, in defence of revelation; and appears most truly anxious to arrive at full conviction. I must candidly confess to you, that I told the Archbishop of your reviewing Ely Bates: is this a breach of confidence? If it be so, I am truly sorry; and I can promise inviolable secrecy for the future. But I did not, at the time, nor do I now, think, you gave me any warning on that head. The nature of the case, indeed, requires, that it should be very sparingly mentioned. But I was led to conceive the Archbishop, an authorized exception.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and
believe me ever your's,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 26.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 18. 1805.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I WILL put you to the expense of postage, for a short letter. You were so good as to say, you would send me a letter you were writing, when you had completed it. I hope you will not

omit it. I shall be truly desirous to see it: you can enclose to William Taylor.

I happen to have a duplicate of the new work: you shall, therefore, fall heir to the superfluous copy. I hope to send it early next week.

You will, probably, have looked over the Archbishop's copy, before your own reaches you. I hope it will do good: but it still needs revising; there being great inequality in its manner: yet it is certainly a curious kind of publication, all things considered. —— writes, that the Bishop of Exeter says he has got more information from it, on the subject most interesting at present to him, as preceptor, or governor,* or whatever it be, than he ever received in all his reading.

As to the review, it is no secret: neither need it be spoken of, except some particular motive should occur. In fact, I know not what that review will turn out; and though, in the mean time, I would not refuse it aid; yet I would aid it quietly, till I know better, what sort of company I have got into.

I am now advanced a little, in an answer to a terrible kind of pamphlet, written against the Bible Society in London; and particularly pointed at Lord Teignmouth, to whom it is addressed and the four Bishops who are members, Durham, London, Exeter, and St. David's. It is such an effusion of high church bigotry, that I do not dislike to have an opportunity, of saying a little of what I have to say, on that subject. With thanks for your last letter,

Always most cordially your's,
Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER 27.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 1. 1805.

My worthy Friend,

I have this morning forwarded your letter to Mr. Greathead; who, I am sure, will be very much gratified by it. There was not a word, which I could have wished to alter.

I am very much gratified, by what you say, and what you quote from the Archbishop, respecting the 'Hints.' I certainly agree with you, in all your drawbacks. And I lament some things, as affecting the sense: but, altogether, I trust it will do

* To the Princess Charlotte of Wales. . . Ed.

good. If the author would adopt the measure of a thorough revisal, previous to another edition, it would be a great advantage to the work; which certainly ought not to retain any remediable imperfection.

I thank you heartily for your sermon: its matter delighted me. I read it immediately, and handed it to Mrs. ——, who was affected with it in the very way my heart could have wished. For the time you had to write it in, nothing could be better; and I hope and trust, what it contains is sound doctrine.

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I could wish to write to the Archbishop; but I am very much occupied. I do not mean as to time; for that I could, some way or other, always command: but, when I am engaged in any thing, it occupies my thoughts so, that I must put some force on myself to turn to another subject. I told you, I believe, that I am shaping an answer, to a very perverse attack on Lord Teignmouth, and the Bishops who have taken part in the Bible Society. I take the author to be Daubeny.

Convey my kindest regards to the Archbishop; whose gratifying wish to see me at Cashel, has as great attractive force on me, as it well can have. And, if all be well after he returns from his metropolitical tour, I almost think I will pay him a visit: but 'quam multa inter labra et pocula cedunt.'

Always most truly your's,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER XXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 12. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR speedy, and kindly considerate letter, just received, is in unison with every thing I have experienced from you. And I cannot refrain from answering it immediately. Your partial friendship leads you, unwittingly, to overrate the service I might be of at the Asylum. At the same time, I do feel, that I could, probably, be more useful there,* than in any other situation. And, on this ground, nothing would more effectually meet my wishes, than such an establishment. Nothing, however, can, as I conceive, be delicately said about the non-cure, in the present stage of the business. As the Archbishop seems to have set

* As chaplain to the Magdalene Asylum Chapel, in Leeson Street, Dublin. .. ED.

his mind, on establishing two efficient men in the cathedral, in the room of the present curate; and as I do not think, that either my own private wishes, or the prospect of resulting good, in the wider sphere of, perhaps, the first Dublin congregation, should be permitted to clash with this excellent man's views, for the benefit of his own diocese. Still, however, might it not be proper, that something should be done forthwith, before matters are too far gone, in Dublin, or here, or in both places? Now, my idea is this. If you approve of the arrangement, and if the Asylum can be procured, I would accept it, without any other present provision. This would, doubtless, somewhat abridge my income, and mar my prospects of diocesan advancement: but are there not considerations very superior, to any thing of a pecuniary nature; and might not strict economy, in a college-room, make the Asylum chaplaincy alone, with my own little modicum, adequate to my support? Should you think this scheme admissible, you might then, perhaps, write to the Archbishop, stating the circumstances which, in your judgment, make it desirable, that I should remove to the vacant appointment in Dublin; without at all adverting to any thing in his disposal.

The non-cure would, undoubtedly, be a pleasant thing; enabling me, both with prudence, and with comfort, to remove into a situation, which, of all others, would make me most happy; because, I hope, more useful, than I could be elsewhere. But then, it should come from himself, of his own mere motion; and, in this manner, I could gratefully accept it, as my ne plus ultra; and without compunction, because, whilst many circumstances may enable his Grace to make the proposed arrangements in the cathedral, at no distant date, . . perhaps, it might never be in his power to secure me an independence; and, at the same time, to place me where I should be comfortable.

I rejoice at the popularity of the 'Hints.' I did not think it possible, that they should fail of making a very deep impression: neither did I think it probable, that the author would long remain concealed. The internal evidence was strong indeed; frequently, the same train of thought, and sometimes, the very turn of expression, which occur in the 'Strictures on female Education.' Of course, as the matter is now public, the Review must notice the author. Many thoughts have been passing through my mind; and I hope to proceed with some vigor and spirit, when an unpleasant cold and headache leave me at liberty.

Have you read an exceedingly good review in the Christian Observer, of Burder's sermon on amusements, and the answer to it? From some internal evidence, from the general view given of this important subject, and even from some modes of language familiar to my mind, I should suspect that it was not in

print, that you saw the review for the first time. The extracts from Lord Chesterfield, Baxter, and Leighton, were also, I guess, furnished by a person known to you and me.

Irwin Whitty has been imbibing just such views as we could wish. He is delighted with the review of Burder's sermon.

Your ever grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 28.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 15. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for your confidential communication, which has set some thoughts in motion in my mind.

If it were practicable, I could wish you to have the non-cure at once; and, having that, to take an actual cure in this city. The cure of D—— is, at this moment, vacant. —— has actually entertained thoughts of taking the cure. Then, the Asylum would be vacant; and, if the possession of the non-cure, were to give you the means of living where you pleased, that would be the place for you. Others, too often, speculate on private, and personal grounds. Subordinately, these must not be neglected: but I look farther; and you are the man to look with me. The Asylum would be the place, where, on the best grounds, I would rejoice to see you fixed: for there you would, with God's blessing, do much good.

If the Archbishop and I were talking on this subject, I would tell him all that is in my heart: but I think it would be wrong in me to write to him. Perhaps, however, there may be time for conversation on the subject; as I hope to be at Cashel, about the time of the Archbishop's return from his circuit through the province. And if —— should move, I will endeavor, at all events, to obtain, through Mrs. ——, that there shall be a temporary provision.

Dr. Browne's death, left room for the appointment of a third fellow to day. I heard the examination in morality, on Thursday; and it seemed agreed, that both questions, and answers, were above what had been heard there for a long time. The successful men are Saddler, Meredith, and Wall. Graves goes into morality con amore: and it is, of all sciences, the most important, . . 'The soul of all the rest.'

Your's always most faithfully,

ALEX. KNOX.

Extract of a Letter from H. M.

'Fulham Palace, June 3.

'I MUST tell you, that, to my great regret, the secret betrayed itself; and, from internal evidence, the author was discovered, as soon as the book was read. I declined the avowal, however, as long as it was possible; but the suspicion became so strong, and so general, that it would have led, not only to affectation, but deceit, to persevere in silence. A curious correspondence has passed, between me and the Bishop of Exeter. His candor and politeness to the anonymous author (whom he naturally addressed by the appellation of 'sir'), did him credit. He presented the work, at my request, to the King: also a copy to the Queen, and to the prince and Princess of Wales. He wrote me, that the Queen alone had then found time to read it; that she was very warm in her commendations, and as anxious as himself to know the writer. As he so highly approved the book, I thought it handsome, when the secret could be maintained no longer, to compliment him with the first avowal; and I am expecting a visit from him, in order to talk it over. I believe the book is in the hands of most persons of high rank in London; and it has had the good fortune to please.'

Extract of a Letter from Dr. W.

'June 4.

—— has just called in, and told me that he was yesterday in company with the Bishop of Exeter: who said, 'I have at last, come at the author of the Hints. H. M. has avowed it to me, and I have had a long conversation with her.'

——oo——

LETTER XXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Monday morning, 6 o'clock, June 20. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

LAST night I received your letter, and the very interesting communication it enclosed; which I cannot avoid acknowledging, though on the point of setting off for Limerick with H. W. We hope to meet the Archbishop to-morrow. Mr. Butterworth's letters I will very soon return.

As to what you say of myself, I most cordially acquiesce in by far the greater part of it. I should be most insensible indeed, if I did not feel, that a kind over-ruling Providence has been

with me, through the course of my past life; and so feeling, I thank God I can wait, not only quietly, but with perfect complacence, for the guidance of the same good Providence. The best way, then, is to let things take their course. There is only one point, the expediency of which I question; and that is, speaking to ——. Of his prudence I have some doubt: but, besides, I have a stronger ground of objection; namely, that such a step would, in some measure, be a departure from that entire simplicity of means, which is so desirable. When the apparatus is complex, may not failure, in some measure be apprehended? In truth, any alteration, in my situation or prospects, which took place through your immediate interference, I should consider to be in the natural course of things; and would, therefore, view complacently, as a strictly providential event. Now this would by no means be my feeling, were an alteration, even precisely similar, to arise, through the interference of a third person. I must stop, in order to write to my brother.

Your's most affectionately,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 22. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you Mr. Butterworth's letter, with many thanks. It is full of good sense, and right feeling; and contains very much, both of interesting information, and judicious remarks. It is truly gratifying to see an English Methodist, so completely raised above sectarian prejudice, by the spirit and power of religion. Essential service will, I trust, be done, through his quiet and wise exertions, to the interests of christianity at large, and of our establishment in particular. I hope I am not wrong in indulging the reflection, for I cannot help indulging it, that you are providentially employed, in sowing the seeds of union between contending parties, here, and in England. Mr. B. is evidently a pupil of your school; and a few such pupils, might, in a few years, do wonders. The high church spirit is becoming so entirely unamiable, that it is tolling its own knell. Is not this, therefore, the critical period, when good and pious men, of different opinions, may, with the most rational prospect of success, unite together in the promotion of heart-religion;

in healing the wounds which have been inflicted on our common christianity, through the dissensions of its professors? Much caution and delicacy, I own, are necessary: these Mr. Butterworth appears to possess, in a degree superior to what I almost ever met with; and I hope I shall be the better, in these points, for the perusal of his letter.

I saw the Archbishop, on Tuesday, at Limerick. He is now at Killarney. He, perhaps, never was in better health and spirits: business has gone on with spirit; and without lassitude or fatigue. Not a word about his plans for Cashel, &c.; nor did I wish the subject to be broached. The more I think of this matter, the more satisfied I feel, with letting things rest precisely as they are; and waiting quietly that result, which, I am sure, will be the best; because it is, doubtless, in the hands of the All-wise disposer.

I shall certainly mark what appears to me amiss.* In the review, I conceive, nothing of that kind need appear, except a general notice, that there are some slight occasional inaccuracies: but, in private communication to you, I could even wish to be hypercritical; from an earnest desire, that as few blemishes as possible might remain in a work, which, in very many important particulars, I deem by far the most valuable we have seen, within the last twenty years. Pray, do you think it of importance, that I should complete my review as nearly as possible within this month, or early in the next? I ask, because two severe wettings, have given me a most incapacitating cold; and also because I have just received a third very pressing invitation to visit ——, and attend a meeting of the Ossorian clergy; [to decline] which, after the refusal given to the last two, I fear might give offence. My feeling is this, that, on personal grounds, I would much rather stay at home, and at my work; but that to avoid offence, and to show a kindly disposition, towards a man who has been kindly attentive to me, I ought to go. I will be guided in this point by your advice; so that, if, by return of post, you can write but three lines, and tell me whether the review will be very speedily required, I shall act accordingly.

I have had no answer yet from my brother; but doubt not he will apply, with due interest, to Mr. Hans Blackwood.

I am, my dear Sir, with the truest esteem,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. The Bible Society have given 1000 Bibles, through

* In the 'Hints.'.. ED.

Mr. S., to the Ossorian clergy (who procured many subscriptions) for distribution. I long to see a sober answer, to the very bigotted attack of Dr. M.

——oo——

LETTER XXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 25. 1805.

My dear Sir,

Along with this, I send you some very meagre verbal criticism; which you may either burn, or make any use of that, to you, seems fit. I shall, if you choose, send you a few similar remarks, on the second volume*; which I hope to make in a short time. I hope that the search for slight inaccuracies, has not withdrawn my mind from the admiration of the very many excellencies, which the work presents. Yet I fear much, that I shall do very little justice to the latter in my review. Next week, I hope to begin writing to Mr. Greathead, the visit to —— being entirely out of the question, from the severe illness of the Cashel curate, whose extensive duties of course devolve on me. You mistook, or I perhaps, imperfectly expressed my meaning, as to visiting ——. I did not question the propriety of occasionally mixing with —— and his friends; but merely doubted, whether I could fairly suffer such an interruption in my present business. On this point, I am not yet altogether satisfied. You, therefore, would very much gratify and oblige me, by letting me know at what time I should have my review completed. If you write to Mr. Greathead, and think it fit, you might, perhaps, mention, that indisposition, and the accession of unforeseen business, have necessarily caused some delay; but that I shall make every effort in my power, to furnish my remarks speedily.

A great part of to-morrow, must be devoted to preparing a sermon for the cathedral on Sunday; as the little discourses addressed to my few rustics, would not suit a Cashel audience. I trust, you hold to your resolution of coming among us here.

Believe me,

Your grateful and affectionate friend,

John Jebb.

* Of the 'Hints.'

LETTER 29.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 8, 1805.

My worthy Friend,

I write just a line to apologize for my silence; and to say, that, my review having appeared in this last number, I wish you to be as expeditious as you can; it being my conclusion, from their speedy publication of mine, that yours will be made use of as rapidly; and, when they are thus disposed, it is a reason for the disposition being met as much as possible.

Last week was a week of unusual movement with me. I dined abroad twice: with Mr. Dugdale* on Thursday, and Dr. Graves on Friday. The former a methodist, the latter a clerical, dinner; and drank tea out twice, Monday with ——, and Saturday at ——. I had reasons propulsory, for every one of them; and reasons attractive, for three out of the four. ——'s party was matter of propriety; the rest, both propriety and inclination. Indeed, the last, was rather reluctantly acceded to; but I was a great gainer, meeting there a sister-in-law of H. H., A. H.'s wife; who won my heart wonderfully by her great good sense, and, I do think, piety of a very deep kind. It was to meet her I was asked; and I did not regret having yielded to their wish.

Dr. Hale's second anti-methodistic (or rather anti-——) pamphlet has just appeared; and a very strange thing it is. It has several sensible, and candid, and ingenious remarks: but his eagerness to refute that best of all methodistic tenets, christian perfection, leads him into strange modes of interpreting scripture. People ought never to engage in religious, or any controversy, except they resolve, and are able to keep the resolution, that they will quit their ground, as soon as it shall be proved untenable. If Dr. H. were of this disposition, he would not labor to misconstrue scripture as he is doing: and the more is the pity, for he is a good-minded man, and a sincerely religious man, in his way.

I am, just now, waiting for a letter from Dr. W. after he has talked to the Archbishop, to fix my time of movement towards you: for I do not choose to fix a time, until I know what time will be best answer the Archbishop.

Your's always,

My dear Mr. Jebb,

Alex. Knox.

* An eminent Dublin bookseller; and an attached friend and follower of the venerable John Wesley. . . Ed.

P. S. I had nearly forgot to acknowledge the receipt of the criticisms; which I dare say are very just: but, from various causes, I have not been able to go through them. I will transmit them, when a proper opportunity occurs, with their history.

———oo———

LETTER XXXIII.

Cashel, July 10. 1805.

A TRAIN of ideas has been this evening suggested to my mind, which I know not whether it is worth while to preserve, and which may very possibly be never shewn to any person*; yet I cannot resist the inclination I feel, to commit those fugitive sentiments to paper.

After very close examination of my own mind, not merely under the impulse of strong temporary feeling, but with much coolness and deliberation, during the course of many months, I do not think that a permanent settlement in this country, would conduce, either to my usefulness, or my comfort. That this is not the result of mental unfixedness, I trust I may assume from the fact, that, during six years, I have been steadily, and on the whole not unactively, employed, in actual professional duty: that it is not the offspring of impatience and discontent, I hope I shall be enabled to prove, at least to my own satisfaction, by waiting, quietly and composedly, for the providential guidance of Him, whose gracious superintendence I have experienced through the whole course of my life; which I gratefully acknowledge as a blessing, far beyond any thing this world can give. My determination is, to make no move; nor to throw out any, the slightest suggestion, through any other channel, than what I can fairly deem within the natural course of God's providence; and it is my earnest prayer, that I may be enabled to rest satisfied and happy; and to employ myself not unusefully, in whatever sphere may be providentially assigned me.

I have, however, very frequently considered the kind of duty, which would be necessarily implied, by almost any permanent situation in this diocese: and the more I have reflected, the more has my understanding been convinced, that, for such duty, I am very ill qualified. My habits, my feelings, my activities, are all rather of the academic, than of the parochial kind. Any little good that I could professionally do, would be rather in the

* Though not addressed to Mr. Knox, this document was found among the Bishop's letters to his friend. . . Ed.

way of public address, or lecturing, or catechetical instruction, than of personal intercourse, domiciliary visits, or similar duties, which come so constantly within the ordinary sphere of a country clergyman's duty. So much, indeed, am I convinced of my deficiency in these particulars, that I much question, whether any arrangement that might place me in an extensive country parish, would not be positive injury to the diocese, as well a source of uneasiness to myself.

With these impressions, I own my frequent wishes, that I might be providentially placed in Dublin; wishes the more earnest, though I trust not anxious, because I humbly hope that there I might be of some service. There is a particular line of preaching, not pursued in any of the Dublin pulpits, which I cannot help believing would be highly beneficial. I mean, the putting forward of experimental religion in such a way, as not to alarm, and even in some measure to attract, the higher classes of society. The views to which, I trust, I am in progress, through the Divine assistance and blessing on my friend's instructions, and my own slight exertions, these views, I hope I might be enabled, in some measure, thus to put forward. How imperfectly, and with what inferior talent, I am well aware. Yet still, even a weak instrument, may be made use of in promoting a great cause: did I see any reasonable prospect, that the very superior abilities of many well known to me, or of any one of those many, would be employed in this particular line of preaching, I should cheerfully retire to that background, for which my knowledge and powers are, perhaps, best calculated: but that prospect not appearing, even in the remote perspective, I should embrace with pleasure the opportunity of doing my best, as a locum tenens, till others, better qualified, might render my slight services unnecessary.

These, I believe, are my primary motives for wishing, that my lot may not be cast in this country: that there are subordinate objects, however, I will not deny. Such are, opportunities of study; mixture with those whose pursuits are similar to my own; the advice and assistance of those, who are better and wiser than myself; and, if possible, a residence in the college, to which I have looked back with a sort of tender regret, ever since I left it in 1799.

Now, entertaining as I do such feelings, I believe it would be but candid and ingenuous to disclose them to the Archbishop of Cashel. His Grace is, probably, forming arrangements in his mind, for this diocese. I have some reason to believe that he may look to me in some of his schemes: would it not, therefore, be right that, by a sincere avowal of my sentiments, I should anticipate the possible disappointment, which might here-

after arise, by my declining, or inadequately discharging, the duties of some situation, to which, in his kindness, he might call me?

There is yet another consideration, which though more apparently of a worldly nature, is not to be lost sight of. In order to remove to Dublin, I should have some decent independence; some professional situation which, without implying any duty, would afford some little income; and thus enable me to take an actual cure, or rather, preachership, in Dublin. This, I conceive, would be a sine quâ non, on higher grounds than those of personal comfort. To go to Dublin on a mere curacy, relinquishing my present prospects, would bear an appearance of quixotism, which I could not approve; and might even be attributed to an arrogant presumption that I could fight my own way, and rise to notice and patronage by my own merit. Such an imputation could not fairly arise, if I had a clerical income, though it were but a small one. And I can say with truth, that a small income, in Dublin, would be to me far more desirable, than a large one in the country. Now a frank disclosure to the Archbishop, might possibly so divert the channel of his favor, that, instead of calling me to an active situation in his diocese, he might, at a future day, give me a sinecure, which would permit my residence in town. His mind, I know, is sufficiently enlarged, to look beyond mere local arrangement; and his kindness is so considerate, as to consult the feelings of those whom he wishes to serve. However, it is, after all, to be considered, how far it would be delicate to look for a preferment through his Grace, which would take me from his immediate inspection. I only trust, that not only my respect and gratitude, but, if I may so express myself, my regard for him is too great, to permit even that I should hint any thing, which would hurt his feelings, or in the least degree thwart his wishes: and this I can safely say, that a removal from his diocese could never be looked at with complacency by me, if it implied a cessation of that intercourse and connection which, on his part, have been attended with the most unmixed kindness, and on mine, have been a source, both of the purest gratification, and the most solid advantage.

LETTER 30.

Nov. 12. 1805.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

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—— spoke of writing to you. If he has, he has probably said for himself, the substance of what I could say for him. But this I must say, that he has, since you parted from us, given me a great deal of pleasure. I am pretty sure his mind is untrammelled; but, possibly, some clogs still hang upon his habits. His connections with the world are strong, complicated, and tender; and he does not yet see, how he can reconcile that strict course which I plead for, with the duties which he conceives those connections bind upon him. This, I soberly think, is all that now remains; and I trust this last entanglement will be broke through like the others; for, were it not to be broken through, I should seriously fear that all the rest would go for nought.

It is my conviction that, where it pleases God to give a call to any mind, to rise into the higher regions of religion, . . a disposition to hover in mid air, is one of the most dangerous that can take possession of the soul. In this case, nothing is *little:* the thing most trivial in itself, becomes momentously pernicious, if it ties to earth that spirit, which God requires to soar towards himself. I doubt whether the story of the unfortunate king Saul, was not intended to illustrate to us this very case. I trust, however, that there is not the smallest danger of any such draw-back in our most interesting friend.

On Saturday we went to B——; from whence we returned yesterday. There, he acquitted himself well; taking a decided part in conversation; and delighting Mrs. L——, who is much struck with the universality of the change which she sees in him. There was a good deal of company there; among the rest, Lady K——. Our talk, however, was not spoiled. We were, on the whole, very well satisfied with our visit.

I found here, on my arrival from N. Ross, a letter of five sheets from Mr. Greathead; in which there was much substantial agreement, but a good deal of verbal and circumstantial dissonance. I dispatched one of six sheets to him this day; in which I have sought to show him, that the differences he apprehended were in words chiefly. I now mean to enter on finishing the review; which has advanced little, since I left Ross. Mr. Greathead wishes to make it the first article, in the first

number of the new year; in which, though of most entire unconcern to me, yet it shall be my wish and endeavor to gratify him.

I must now say no more, lest I should be too late for the post of this evening. I will only add, that I am always, most cordially yours,

A. K.

P. S. Do you not think that Foster, in the first article of the Eclec. for Nov., is, in prose, a match for Shee, in verse? What can be bolder, or more just, than that demonstration of the absurdity of atheism? Tell me, also, do not you think those two last numbers improved, and on the whole very respectable; particularly, the beginning of the above-quoted article? I mean, the introductory remarks? Surely, the temper is wonderfully good; and, considering they are dissenters, wonderfully liberal and catholic.

——oo——

LETTER XXXIV.

Cashel, Nov. 21. 1805.

My dear Mr. Knox,

You have, indeed, every reason to look to me for some account of myself, since my return home. Somewhat of bodily and nervous ailment, however, has prevented my writing to you; because it made me feel I could not write as I wished. Thank God, my spirits are now very good; and I look forward to amendment, from steady exercise. I mount my horse, at least five days in the week; and am but just returned from Mr. ———'s, where I dined yesterday in company with the Archbishop and Miss ———: his grace has been on a tour of confirmation. We met there, Mrs. ———, who appears to me to possess much talent; and what is better, a desire to be good. She speaks highly of 'the Hints;' and says Mrs. More is an ornament to her sex, and to human nature.

Your account of my excellent friend —— delights me. I am in daily expectation of hearing from him; and were I sure when a letter would reach him, I would wish to hasten his communication of his present views. Such a man, I am convinced, will soon be circumstantially, as well as mentally, unclogged. I cannot but regard him as an instrument fitted by Divine Providence, for the production of most extensive good: and, in this view of the subject, perhaps just so much connection with, and estimation in the world, as have obtained in his case, may have their

use, when he is providentially freed from all entanglements. He may now be as deeply spiritual as he will, without incurring the charge of fanaticism.

Our admirable Archbishop delights and gratifies me more and more. Confident I am, that, when you meet in Dublin, you will find no degree of alteration for the worse, whatever there may be for the better. The very views you could wish have taken deep root, and are producing a most abundant harvest. I know not whether he has written to you. He expressed, at the same time, a wish to preach the thanksgiving sermon, and a fear that he could not do so. All his old sermons, he is determined to burn; and business so presses, that he is apprehensive that he could not prepare a suitable discourse on this occasion. He spoke of writing to you for some hints on the subject: but, at the same time, desired me to prepare. Now, if his Grace does not wish for your hints, they would be most acceptable to me. I do not mean any thing at length, or in detail; but a suggestion of text, topics, and especially how I ought to manage Lord Nelson. Whether any mention, and how: for this I conceive to be very delicate ground, either in the alternative of mentioning, or of omitting him. My view of the subject would lead me, and I imagine you will agree with me, to be rather practical than declamatory. By the way, do you not think the 1st collect, in 'the form of prayer, &c.' and that after the general thanksgiving, admirable? I do not recollect to have met, on any former occasion, an equal expression of humility, and pious feeling.

I preached a sermon on the religious instruction of youth, and two on the Lord's prayer, since I left Ross. The former was tolerable, and I hope had some effect. The second, on the Lord's prayer, was also I trust calculated to convey some useful hints. Still, however, I feel myself awkward in composing. Do you not think it would be a good rule, as much as possible, to talk as if we were writing, and to write as if we were talking? I am disposed to believe that the former practice, would help us very much in the latter. I mean, that the habit of looking for the best and aptest words, in common conversation, would give us ready fluency, when we come to put our thoughts on paper: always provided we meditate in private, at least as much as we talk in society. Dr. Johnson says, that reading makes a full man: but how many great readers are miserably empty; and how few do we find, unfurnished with ideas, that are in the habit of sober collectedness of mind, and frequent meditation on important topics? The truth is, we do not so much want new materials, as skill and readiness in analyzing, combining, and new modifying the materials, that we are already in possession of. Were we to accustom ourselves more to such exercises, I am

convinced that the results would be happily conspicuous, in a copiousness and fertility, both of just thoughts, and apposite illustrations, to which they are entire strangers, who pace round in the same dull track, which thousands have paced before them.

I am so pleased with Foster's Essays, that I have commissioned a friend to buy them for me. I cordially coincide with the criticism of the E. R., both as to its excellencies and defects; I do indeed see with pleasure, an improvement in that publication. I shall now recommend it where I can, as its merits will do full justice to my recommendation.

I must now break off. A quarter of a sheet of hints for a thanksgiving sermon, if sent speedily, will be most useful. A confirmation, and ordination sermon, must very shortly be prepared; and with all these in view, I have got the Archbishop's approbation to Mr. ———'s preaching next Sunday.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate

Friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

———oo———

LETTER 31.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 25. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED great satisfaction from your letter of the 21st: but not more than I was looking for.

As to the sermon, it strikes me that good use might be made of Isaiah xxxvii. 33d and 35th verses: 'Thus saith the Lord concerning the King of Assyria, he shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there; nor come against it with shields; nor cast a bank against it: for I will defend this city, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.'

You may begin with stating the outline of the historic fact; in which you will find no difficulty in making out a parallel, between Sennacherib and Buonaparte. The address of Rabshakeh is in the truest French spirit; and the peculiar feeling seems to be that of haughty indignation, that so small a country should stand out against a conqueror, who had subjugated so many powerful nations. This success had evidently made him think that the world was his own; and he conceived, that his very presence was enough to work wonders: 'With the sole of

my feet,' says he 'have I dried up the rivers of the besieged places.'

Briefly, then, go over the wonderful way, in which God was pleased to frustrate.

That the tyrant of France has an indignation against Britain, of not wholly a dissimilar kind, will not be disputed: that, in the pride of his heart, he contrasts the present enormous extent of his acquisitions, with the comparatively narrow limits of Britain, we cannot doubt; and he must be the more enraged, because an island which looks so small on a map of the world, should work him such annoyance.

In many signal instances, has this, hitherto, occurred; but scarcely in any more remarkable, than in the instance which leads to the present solemnity. In all the exultation of a victory, he that day said, that what he wanted was, not conquest on land, but power on sea: in other words, he wanted to be free, from the only adequate restraint on his overbearing ambition. Yet, on that very day, it pleased God to let him see, that he was as far from that desired object as ever: that what he so much longed for, was the very thing which he could not accomplish. He was made to see, at least enough took place to show him, that God, who had given to Great Britain its peculiar ascendancy on the ocean, was determined still to preserve to it that superiority, in spite of all his efforts to obtain it for himself.

Such, we have reason most deeply to thank God, is the present aspect; and, therefore, though our deliverance is neither so extraordinary, nor so decisive, as that of Jerusalem; yet, as we in reason are bound to ascribe our deliverance to the same hand, so, considering the menaces which, for successive years, we have been witnessing, we have every ground for entertaining the same feelings of gratitude, which the people of Jerusalem must have felt on that great occasion.

But the truest method of being grateful, is to learn those lessons, which, we may reasonably believe, are intended to be impressed on us. The prophet says, concerning the judicial visitations of Providence, 'The Lord's voice, &c.' Micah vi. 9.: but, is there not a voice, too, in interferences of mercy? We learn from the Gospel, that there is a most tremendous voice: what our Lord says to the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, St. Matth. xi. 20., because they repented not, is surely most applicable to us, if, after all the distinguishing favor we have received, we refuse to own that hand of our God, which has been good upon us. Neh. ii. 18.

But, if we wish to see our circumstances in the true light, we must examine by the lamp of God's word. When the Psalmist was in a state of depression, 'his feet had well nigh gone; his

steps had well nigh slipt ; . . until he went into the sanctuary of God.' And, too probably, we may be in danger of presumptuous elatedness, if we do not follow his example. It has been wisely observed, that, while the New Testament teaches us the methods of God's grace, the Old Testament teaches us the ways of his providence. And the thought is most reasonable ; for, in that earlier dispensation, God was dealing, not so much with individuals, as with a nation. Hence, therefore, all other nations are to collect their duties, and their doctrines, until the consummation of all things.

The passage, in particular, which has been read, considered in connection with after events, conveys much striking, because most suitable instruction.

Jerusalem was most signally delivered : but why ? 'for my own sake,' says God, 'and for my servant David's sake.'

1. This implies the deliverance was utterly undeserved ; and, therefore, to be rejoiced in with trembling. He would do it for his own sake. They were unworthy of such a mercy : but God was a gracious God ; passing by iniquity, transgression, and sin : because he was such, they were delivered.

2. But it implies, farther, that he would do it, because the plan of his providence required it. The Jews were a nation set apart, to serve the most extended purposes of divine benevolence. Out of them was to come that true seed of David, the holy leaven, that was to leaven the whole earth. Let their unworthiness, therefore, be ever so great, God's glorious designs were not to be frustrated. The ten tribes had, already, been scattered over many countries ; but the remnant of Judah must not share their doom : not because *it* was more innocent ; but because the truth of God, and the religious interests of mankind, were so deeply connected with its preservation.

3. This is particularly intimated in the expression, 'for my servant David's sake' : for to David had the promise been made, that his seed should inherit an eternal kingdom ; and, therefore, what casualty threatened the stability of that decree, must be warded off: for the words seem also to imply, that God's love to David, (who, whatever faults he had been guilty of, had retained, through all, an undeviating resolution to have no other God but the God of Israel,) was the source of the entailed blessing being continued to his people ; and chiefly operated in preventing that total rejection of them from God's holy covenant, to which, had their national conduct only been considered, they might have been justly liable.

That the first of these observations applies most strictly to us, I need not spend words to prove : that God has aided us, not because we have been deserving, but because he is gracious

and full of compassion, every one of us will allow. In every sense may we, indeed, say, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be the praise.'

But it may be asked, how do the other meanings of those words belong to us? They teach us, that most awful and interesting truth, that, as then, so now, God has reasons for his conduct, far beyond the common thoughts of man; that all events, on this earth, are regulated and directed, in subservience to the interests of that spiritual, and invisible kingdom of the Messiah, which the carnal eye recognizeth not; which, like its divine Founder, when he came at the first to establish it, 'hath no form or comeliness,' to them who love the world, and the things of the world: but which, notwithstanding, has existed in the hearts of all genuine christians; will at length, the word of prophecy assures us, subdue all hearts; and is, indeed, that, for the sake of which, the world continues; and to which, kings and emperors, in their successive generations, are nothing more than subordinate, though, too often, unconscious servants. Dan. ii. 44., vii. 13, 14.

Let us not, then, deceive ourselves, by calculations of human force; or by precedents drawn from common history; or by suppositions, that the little concerns of states and kingdoms, as they regard, merely, the present life, are any thing in the view of him, before whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers, and the nations as a drop of the ocean, or as the small dust of the balance. It is on far other principles, and for far other purposes, that the great events on this globe are directed and overruled. Little as the religion of the Scripture is thought of amongst men, this it actually is, to which every thing else is subservient. If we are chastised and corrected, it is to compel us, by our necessities, to reflect on our true interests, and betake ourselves to our only refuge: if we are relieved and consoled, it is to lead us to acknowledge the hand, which hath delivered us out of the snare of the fowler. If signal judgments come upon the earth, if God rebukes many nations, and smites in sunder the heads over divers countries, it is, though we may not always see the distinct purpose, . . it is, I say, to remove some obstacles, or to bring into operation some means connected with that kingdom of the Messiah, which God has sworn in his holiness to set up in the hearts of men. And, again, if particular nations are signally protected; are repeatedly rescued from menaced calamity; it is, because such deliverances, are, in that instance, fittest to promote the same infinitely glorious design. If Jerusalem was delivered from Sennacherib, and if Great Britain be preserved from the no less overbearing tyrant of to-day, it is for God's own sake, and for his servant

David's sake; that is for the sake of the kingdom of the Messiah.

And may we not, with all humility, conjecture some reasons, why the British empire should be thus distinguished? Has not God made great use of it, even already, as exemplifying to mankind a state of society, and a form of the christian religion, more truly worthy of imitation, than any others that are, or, perhaps, ever have been? Why God thus distinguished us, we know no more, than why he distinguished the Jews: but this we know, that in comparison with other countries, we may, in great degree, apply to our islands, what God, by his prophet, applies to the hill of Sion: 'My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill; and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine.' Yes, God hath, as it were, taken much pains with our empire; and, by many a complicated plan of providence, has brought us to what we are: . . both in our religious faith, in which rationality and spirituality are harmonized; in our public worship, in which simplicity and dignity are united; in our national government, in which efficient authority goes hand in hand with genuine liberty; and in the prevalent manners of the country, in which, amid many painful instances of open vice in some classes, and as open folly in others, still good sense we may hope has, on the whole, a more powerful check, than in most other countries in the world.

But why has God given us these benefits; and why does he still continue them to us? Most assuredly, for this alone, that we may improve them, not only to our own advantage, but to that of the world. We have, as a country, we have, as individuals, more ready means, probably, of glorifying God, than any other people on earth. There is not a time that we assemble in the house of prayer, that we have not a fresh entry, as it were, made against us in the books of heaven: for, not only our entire service, but many single collects teach us, distinctly and impressively, the nature of that religion to which God calls us; and to which we, favored as we are, should, by our example, be calling the world. Where no such pure service as ours has been presented; or where the whole is at the option of the minister, and, therefore, falls as he falls, perhaps into wrongness of faith, as well as coldness of heart, then the case may be very different, and the account to be rendered much less. But to us, by virtue of our apostolic liturgy, vital christianity is continually held forth, in all its fullness, its depth, its beauty; and is it not peculiarly in order to the continuance of this blessing, that we have been spared so long, and delivered so frequently? But, if we continue to neglect this blessing, . . to

improve it no better than we have done, or are now doing, . . what have we to look forward to? God, surely, expects from us, that we should not remain barren or unfruitful, under so permanent a provision for conveying the good seed into our hearts. 'The earth, &c. &c.' Heb. vi. 7, 8.

The excellent writers on religious subjects might be alluded to, who certainly excel all other writers in the world: but that, I only suggest.

The liberty of doing as we please, which we peculiarly enjoy, is a talent which God expects us to improve. We may, in this land of liberty, regulate our conduct by reason; because the authority of law and government is, with us, congruous with reason; and the consequence is, that even fashion, with us, is not that despotic thing, which it is in less favored countries. Personal and domestic conduct is unfettered by any considerations, but those of good sense and conscience.

It is not, therefore, wonderful, that so favored a land as the British empire, should be guarded, still, by that hand that formed it: but, if we bury our talents; if we do not shine as lights in the world; if we do not honor to that religion, the fullest knowledge of which we may have, if it be not our own fault; . . what have we to look to, but the fate of the barren fig-tree?

This impresses itself the more strongly, when it is remembered, that though God delivered Jerusalem for his own sake, and for his servant David's sake, when menaced by Sennacherib, he nevertheless, soon after delivered it into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar; and though, in the one case, not a bank was permitted to be raised, in the other, its walls were laid low, and levelled with the ground.

Can there be a more awful warning, or one more suitable for us to lay to heart? Their deliverance, was far more signal than ours; yet that was no security against a speedy change, in the conduct of Providence toward them, when, instead of being instructed, they grew more careless and hardened by mercies.

And what was their chief fault? 'Cursed is he,' saith the scripture, 'that trusteth in man; and maketh flesh his arm; and, in his heart, goeth from the Lord.' They had, as we have, peculiar grounds to make God their refuge; but of the rock which begat them they were unmindful, and forgot the God that formed them: 'therefore, thus saith the Lord, forasmuch as this people refuseth the waters of Shiloah, which flow softly (that gentle brook, the stream which flowed fast by the oracle of God, and made, by the appointment of Heaven, an emblem of that noiseless energy of omnipotence, which was their invaluable portion) and rejoice in Rezin and Remaliah's son, therefore, be-

hold, the Lord bringeth upon them the waters of the river, strong and mighty, even the King of Assyria, and all his glory; and he shall come up over all his channels, and go over all his banks.'

And is not this our fault? and may not Divine Providence have indicated it to us, in the death of our most successful warrior? We may, indeed, mourn for him, as the Jews for Judas Maccabeus. 1 Mac. ix. 20, 21. But may not we, and our countrymen ask, whether, by trusting in him, and in our hearts going from that God whose gift he was, we may not have provoked our heavenly King to take from us our champion? It is surely worthy of most awful reflection, that, at the same time, we should gain a victory, and lose him who gained it, and had gained many. Surely, this mixes admonition with mercy, warning with deliverance.

Would we, then, secure to our country a continuance of the blessings, so long, and so singularly vouchsafed to us, let us deeply lay to heart what these words convey. God delivered Jerusalem, for his own sake; that is, for the sake of religion: and for his servant David's sake; that is, because David's love to God, was remembered in behalf of his nation. Let us, then, set ourselves, in good earnest, to be workers together with God; both in promoting religion in our own hearts, and in the world: by the first, we shall ourselves add to the safety of our land, as ten righteous persons would have procured the deliverance of Sodom; by the second, we shall increase its happiness, and insure its well being. And let each individual lay to heart, that, let events turn out as they may, he will secure his own [safety], when sinners in Zion are afraid, when fearfulness, &c.

——oo——

LETTER 32.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, Dec. 9. 1805.

My dear Friend,

I am going to ask a favor of you: which is, that you will, on receipt of this, send me your sermon on 'They that sleep, sleep in the night', &c.: that is, that you will enclose it to Mr. Taylor. I will safely return it to you, in the course of the ensuing week. The fact is, I wish to have it to read here, in the chapel, on Sunday evening next.

This may strike you as a whimsical kind of request: but you will consider the painful dearth there is of good sermons;

and you will, also, have no objection, thus to elongate your faculty of doing good; besides, from the honest report I will make to you of the effect, you will be a better judge how far you may hope to profit the public, by sending out some of your discourses.

I naturally wish to hear from you about your thanksgiving sermon, and whether my hints were useful to you. I was pretty well employed, as I was obliged to write an entire sermon for one person, and part of one for another. The person for whom I wrote the entire sermon, modified, and I doubt not, improved it. The part was delivered in my own hearing, one or two errors excepted, verbatim.

I hope you are pretty well at present; for I am going, with your good leave, to enlist you into a service of some magnitude. It is, to preach a charity sermon for the Orphan House. Mrs. —— had looked to ——; but he wishes to decline it; and on grounds, which convince her she ought not to press him. He, therefore, being out of view, she next looks toward you: for her object is to have, if possible, a christian sermon. I own I wish you to accede to her request, and if you do, I will furnish you with a text, which you will love to enlarge upon; and some hints, which, I hope, you will not dislike. You have time enough before you, as it will not be till some time in May.

I hope, earnestly, to hear from you continued good accounts of your health and spirits; to which, I am well assured, no earthly means can be more conducible, than your steady perseverance in riding. But what I also once more mention to you is, the desirableness of your taking the beginning of the week for your sermon. This would leave your mind so disengaged, in the latter part of the week, that exercise would be doubly serviceable to you. I am afraid I may be in danger of teazing you on this point: but, indeed, I am impressed so much with its importance for you, and I consider it, also, as so good an opportunity for you to acquire self-command, that I cannot, consistently with my deep concern for your health and happiness, omit to mention it.

I must now break off, as the gentleman who is to carry this to town is on the point of going. My cordial love to the Archbishop.

J. D. has probably written to you before this. He perseveres in writing most happy letters to me, and to Mrs. L. That is, one to each of us, since he returned home.

Always yours,

A. K.

LETTER XXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 17. 1805.

My dear Sir,

Along with this, I send you a copy of my ordination sermon; which I was under the necessity of making later in the week, than you would recommend. The truth is, that, between preparing my examination, the examination itself, and some indisposition, I found myself, pretty late on Saturday, without any other provision for the next day, than an arranged plan in my head, and, on trying to write, that evening, I could compass no more than the introduction (p. 1.); being really exhausted, by the prelections I had been giving for three days. In this dilemma, I thought it best to go to bed at eight o'clock, and rise very early. Accordingly, at one o'clock, A. M., I rose, and put to paper what I now send. It gives me much pleasure to think that Mr. ——, the new priest, is under very serious impressions. He is certainly, just now, rather ignorant; but his dispositions are excellent. He took hugely to all that was said; and has this morning gone home, with a gig full of books, and a very thorough resolution to give himself up wholly to his profession. M. was present at the examination; and I think received some information which gave him pleasure.

In the sermon I now send, you will recognize a sentiment from Ogden, about 'all the distinctions of morality.' It came forcibly to my mind; and though I had not the volume to refer to, I put it down, possibly much marred in the expression. You will also recollect Seneca's sentiment 'Spiritus Dei res delicata,' &c.; but you will, perhaps, still more easily recognize ideas, which I have imbibed from yourself and from 'the Hints.' I know not whether I have, in any measure, made them my own, by the phraseology; but whether they be deemed stolen goods or not, they were too much to my purpose to be set aside.

I fear this letter is incoherent, for I have been hurried; and I am sure it is ill and crookedly written, for I have been almost in the dark. But you will excuse errors. Pray do write very soon to

Yours most affectionately,

John Jebb.

LETTER 33.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, Bray, Dec. 20. 1805.

My dear Friend,

I write a line or two to say, that your sermon reached me safely on Sunday morning last; and the only drawback that I have had, in my pleasure respecting it, is, that I did not read it myself in the evening. I thought I had drilled —— sufficiently; but still it was not what it should be. It was liked, however, by all; and it delighted ——. Mrs. L. has begged permission to have it transcribed, which I was sure you would not refuse, and I therefore did not oppose.

I am trying my own hand at a sermon; and have got two thirds through it. If I succeed in such things, I, too, may meditate giving a volume of Sunday readings. My text is that verse in Habakkuk, 'But the just shall live by his faith.' I find it a pleasant subject; and you know it is a copious one. I mean to stay here, till towards the beginning of the new year. It is a lovely place; and I even become more and more attached to it.

You must preach that sermon; and you need feel no difficulty about it. As soon as one or two matters are out of my thoughts, I will furnish you with the hints I spoke of, for your consideration. Your letters have given me great pleasure. I cannot but be ever interested in what concerns you; and to hear from yourself what satisfies me, is a very great comfort indeed. Your liking to ride alone, and finding your faculty of solitary thinking improve, is just what I could wish. I know from a little, but not enough experience, that nothing tends so much to make one, both agreeable and useful in company, as finding solitude agreeable to oneself.

The fact is, there is a certain inward strength, a self-possession, a self-command, and, therefore, a self-satisfaction, which is the happiest of all possessions; except that which gives it (the knowledge of God, and of him whom he hath sent). But this frame is not to be had at once, nor, perhaps, at all, if we do not labor for it. But we can do this, only by continued endeavors to practise it. And we can do so to purpose, in solitude only. Self-command must, indeed, be most essentially exerted in society: but it must have been got in private; in perpetual efforts to live upon ourselves, and be, under God, our own bank, from whence to draw comfort. Growth in this, is growth in common sense, in usefulness, and in happiness. And to find in myself

any satisfactory proof, that I am thus strengthened with might by God's Spirit in the inner man, does delight me. I soberly ask, what can I want further in this world, but to be still more established, and still more settled, in this essential felicity. The bell has rung for prayers, I must, therefore, only add, that

I am always yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER XXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 23. 1805.

My dear Sir,

This morning brought me your letter; and, with it, brought me much comfort which I stood in need of. This bad weather has affected me with a severe cold and headache: the latter, indeed, was probably helped on, by the necessity of framing a very baddish confirmation sermon, for yesterday: but, whatever be the cause, I so feel the effect, that I have made a provisional engagement with Mr. ——, that he shall preach on Christmas day.

Still, however, my engagement is but provisional; for I have been thinking of a discourse on St. Matt. xi. 4, 5.; which, I conceive, may be so managed, as to suit Christmas tolerably. I know not whether you recollect my differing from you, on the subject of St. John's doubts: formerly, I followed Atterbury, Doddridge, &c. &c., in the opinion, that the Baptist merely wished to remove the scruples of his followers. Lately, however, I have come over to the other way of thinking. Our Lord never used words, without a depth of meaning: but what force or spirit would there be in 'Go and shew John', if St. John had no doubt? Our Lord commonly shaped his answers, so as to meet what was in the heart of those who addressed him. If, therefore, the doubt originated with St. John's disciples, can it be supposed, that he would have omitted so fair an opportunity of censuring their unbelief; and is it probable, that he would have used expressions which convey an indirect reproof to St. John, if St. John did not deserve it? I do not attribute much weight to the argument, which dwells on the full evidence that St. John had, and the direct testimony he bore. Those earlier impressions might have been considerably effaced, when the special purpose of his mission was at an end: and besides, would it not be attributing too much, to him who was inferior to the least in the kingdom of heaven, to suppose, that his faith

remained unshaken, amidst greater trials, than any of the Apostles were exposed to, before their Master's death?

All this, however, is little to the purpose of my sermon. I would, then, first put briefly, the evidence arising from the miracles performed: this evidence, in itself, does not go to prove the point in question, that Jesus was the Messiah; because, miracles might have been wrought, by a person with an inferior divine commission; but when it is considered, that the very miracles wrought, were those which the Prophet Isaiah attributed to the Messiah; a prophet who must have had peculiar weight with St. John; then, indeed the probability of our Lord's messiahship becomes very strong. But more conclusive evidence remains behind. 'To the poor the gospel is preached.' This is the distinguishing characteristic of christianity; the point in which it differs, from every heathen, and every jewish system. The gospel is preached. 1. To the poor in condition. Contrast with all philosophical systems, which were exclusively adapted to the wise, to the learned, to those of superior stations in life. 2. To the poor in spirit, (which though not commonly adverted to, I take to be the grand point,): in Isaiah, it is '*to the meek*', which is rendered, in our Lord's quotation, 'to the poor.' St. Luke, iv. 18. Now, that the poor may signify the poor in spirit, is evident from a comparison of the first beatitude, with the parallel place in St. Luke. These passages, taken along with 'Come unto me all ye that labor, &c. &c.' 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, &c.'; and, indeed, compared with the whole tenor of the gospel, leave no doubt on my mind, that the answer to St. John Baptist, has a direct reference to what I deem the highest branch of internal evidence, the adaptation of the gospel, to all those who are consciously 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked', in a moral sense. The preaching good tidings, to persons thus spiritually poor, is a fine contrast to jewish theology and morals; which afforded comfort to those only, who thought themselves righteous. On the above, then, and other grounds, I shall not scruple to take that spiritual view, which the common interpretation very imperfectly affords.

All this, I fear, is meagre, common-place stuff. I was willing, however, first to satisfy myself, and then to satisfy you, that I can think a little, under the pressure of bodily ailments, which would, some time ago, have prevented me from thinking at all. I am very glad that my sermon could be of any use as a Sunday reading: and happy, on higher than personal motives, that it gave satisfaction to the congregation. You judged quite right, in not objecting to its being transcribed. Surely, it must ever be most gratifying to me, to afford any kind of gratifica-

tion to Mrs. L——. But who, indeed, has a better title than you, to dispose of that, or any sermon of mine? Pray have you since received the inclosure of an ordination sermon? I sent it to Mr. Taylor, with a request that he would forward it to you; but did not mention B ——, as I was uncertain whether it would reach you there.

Since you are imperative about the Female Orphan Asylum, I have nothing to say in the way of objection. You know you may freely and fully command me. And as, in this instance, you promise me much useful aid, I know not whether the matter may not be as well thus settled, as in any other feasible mode; since our friend is out of the question. It is certain that, however I may partake of the perfections attributed to himself, by Shakspeare's clown, 'Marry, and I can mar a good story in the telling of it', your hints will at least come forward with this advantage, that I can promise they will be cordially received by me. I wish I could be equally certain of feeling their influence upon my heart.

And now, my dear sir, let me return you my best thanks for your letter: it was a cordial to me, and has actually contributed more to support me through a day of illness, than you can, perhaps, well conceive. Will not this be a stimulus to you to write often, though it be but half a page? My temperament is such, that a little sound wisdom, thrown in at a needful time, cheers my spirits far more, than any thing which society can afford. Happy as I am in conversing with you, I doubt whether, in the hour of nervous depression, a letter from you would not tend more to calm and compose my mind, than even a whole day of actual conversation with you. Must not this arise from hence, that the letter inspires me with the wish, and solitude affords me the opportunity, of looking at home for comfort? I have often wondered, why hours of your wise, instructive, delightful talk have so frequently failed 'mihi me reddere amicum.' May not this have been the cause, . . that I was seduced, by it, to transgress that sage moral maxim, Ne te quæsiveris extra?

The Archbishop called on me just before my dinner. I talked over with him the substance of what I wrote above, as to the poor in spirit; at first, he differed altogether; but, latterly, was coming round to me. I hope I have not been wrong in my view; for, probably, I shall have preached on the subject, before an answer from you could reach me. I was much struck, some weeks back, with passages from Seneca and Lucretius, graphically descriptive of the tedium vitæ: one from Lucretius I will transcribe for you, lest you should not have the book to refer to:

Si possent homines, proinde ac sentire videntur
Pondus inesse animo, quod se gravitate fatiget,
Et quibus id fiat causis cognoscere, et unde
Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constet;
Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus.
Quid sibi quisque velit, nescire, et quærere semper,
Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.
Exit sæpe foras, magnis ex ædibus ille,
Esse domi quem pertæsum 'st, subitoque revertit;
Quippe foris nihilo melius qui sentiat esse.
Currit agens mannos ad villam hic præcipitanter,
Auxilium tectis quasi ferre ardentibus instans:
Oscitat extemplo, tetigit cum limina villæ;
Aut abit in somnum gravis, atque oblivia quærit,
Aut etiam properans urbem petit, atque revisit.
Hoc se quisque modo fugit: at, quem scilicet, ut fit,
Effugere haud potis est, ingratis hæret, et angit.

Is not this a masterly description? The whole carries the impression of real life; it is no fancy piece. Some of the touches describe the very manners of to-day. 'Currit agens mannos.' There, we have precisely the curricles and ponies of Bond Street; for, happily, Bond Street has monopolized our Dublin loungers of the first rate, . . one of the best results of the Union. But, indeed, we have, throughout, an almost living picture of the miserable shifts and expedients, by which the world is trying, 'onus deponere.' Lucretius knew the malady right well; unhappily, he did not know the cure. His remedy was suicide; and after that, an eternal sleep: for these he actually proposes, as the only refuge of the miserable. Who that deeply considers this, must not, from his heart, bless God for the gospel?

I do believe the Archbishop acquits me of laziness. Since we parted, I have preached every Sunday but two; and in lieu of them, there has been a thanksgiving sermon; besides the examination for orders, and extra preparation for the confirmation, in the course of which I have catechized on Mondays, as well as Fridays. It would, however, be a small matter to be acquitted by the Archbishop, if I could not acquit myself: this, I trust, I can. I own I should be very thankful, if I were to rise tomorrow without a throbbing head; in that case, I might do something for Christmas day.

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

J. J.

LETTER 34.

Bellevûe Bray, Dec. 23. 1805.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I thank you much for sending me your ordination sermon*; which I think most substantially good: and what I particularly like in it, is that easy flow of composition, to which I was solicitous to see you come. The time in which you wrote it, makes it appear to me a wonderful little discourse; and Mrs. L—— thinks it one of the best discourses she has ever read. I do not go thus far: but I am highly pleased with it indeed. There were one or two places in which, had I been near, and had there been time, I should have suggested a short addition, in order to prevent your meaning being mistaken. For example, where you say, that 'the word of God would enable', (I quote from memory, for Mrs. L—— has not yet returned the sermon,) I should have expressly added, 'when impressed by the Spirit of God.' You may be sure I conceive you to have had this fully in your thoughts. And, where you speak of the Bible furnishing such rich, and diversified materials, I should have recommended the express recognition of the utility and necessity of human learning, as both philologically, and philosophically, aiding the due understanding of God's word. This, too, you feel just as much as I. In fact, my good friend, your style of preaching seems to me to be wonderfully what it should be; and its being so, and its obvious improvement as to manner, even in this last discourse, gives me most cordial gratification and satisfaction.

I must only add, that I am always yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 35.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Written at B——, Jan. 4.,
Dated from Dublin, Jan. 7. 1806.

My dear Friend,

I ought, before this, to have acknowledged the receipt of your pleasant letter. It was a cordial to me. Every sentiment

* This discourse was published in the following year. See Jebb's Sermons, on Subjects chiefly Practical, Serm. XI. Ed.

and observation in it, relative to yourself, and to human nature, I cordially agreed with; and am obliged to you for the passage from Lucretius, which is most remarkable. But, as to the meaning of the text there, I do not so fully, accord with you. I say, so fully, because I have no doubt that your sense is really in the text: but, in my mind, not as the immediate meaning, but as that which the literal meaning leads to, or rather (what is very near your own idea) involves. I would object only to its being supposed, that our Lord meant those to whom he spoke, or even John, so to understand him. The frame of mind John appears to have sunk into, made it peculiarly expedient to present to him proofs, sensible and palpable; therefore, our Savior says, 'Go, and tell John the things which ye hear and see.' Now, what did they hear and see, respecting the particular point you speak of? Not, I think, the spiritual, but the literal fact: our Lord was, at the time, working miracles, and surrounded by a multitude; for, as the messengers of John 'departed, he began to say to the multitude', &c. He, therefore, made an appeal to their own senses; and, as their senses were not yet so exercised, as to discern spiritual things in themselves; nor, probably, to apprehend much about any thing inward; they would, of course, explain our Savior's words, by what they saw; and give the same literal meaning to the poor, as to the blind, the lame, the lepers, the deaf, and the dead. In which terms, however, there was, generally at least, if not particularly, a spiritual purport, as well as in the other; as appears from St. John ix. 39, &c. &c.

Yet I must allow, that the last particular involves a spiritual meaning, more necessarily than the others: because, in whatever sense we are to understand the poor, the evangelizing them is, ipso facto, a spiritual blessing. This, however, does not, I conceive, make at all against the primary meaning of πτωχοι being literal. I rather think there is a peculiar propriety in so understanding it, because, in this view, I think this last fact becomes the uniting link, by which the old dispensation, and the new, are connected together.

Isaiah prophesied of the Messiah all the things here enumerated, and particularly the last. He prophesied under an outward, and miraculous dispensation; under which dispensation, also, the Messiah was to come. The prophecy, ultimately, pointed to spiritual blessings: the Messiah came, substantially, for spiritual purposes. But, as the prophecy must speak the language of the existing dispensation, so, the Divine personage, whom the prophet described, must literally, as well as spiritually, fulfil the prophecy, in order to fit the circumstances under which he appears. His divine course commences, under the outward

system of judaism: outward miracles, therefore, must attend that commencement, to show that he is the consummation of that system. He, therefore, does literally, all that Isaiah predicts, as the necessary introduction to his doing the same things spiritually. But, as the prophet had remarkably added a spiritual blessing to all the rest, so our Savior adds to his outward miracles, from the very beginning of his ministry, this completely spiritual function; that is, he engages, professedly and ostensibly, in the instructing of that part of society, who, until now, had been comparatively neglected. And he does so, not only from divine benevolence to those whom he commiserated 'as sheep having no shepherd', but to show, by an impressive and intelligible act, the complete spirituality of the system he was about to introduce.

You justly observe, that this is the point, in which the gospel differs from every heathen, and every jewish system; and you add, that the preaching to the poor in condition, forms a contrast with all philosophical systems. But I would add, that the difference does not lie merely between every philosophical and every jewish system, and christianity; but between the divine dispensations of judaism, and christianity: for judaism, being a system of temporal blessings and promises (I speak not now of the spiritual and moral influences, which ran on, latently, from the patriarchs, and preserved, throughout the jewish economy, a kind of subterranean course, . . 'If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures', says Solomon, . . though bubbling up every now and then, in the Psalms and the Prophets: but I speak strictly of the Mosaic dispensation) this, I say, being as it was, there was actually no text to preach to the poor upon; no open, no warrant, for evangelizing them. Some scintillations of such a thing, appear in the prophetic, and devotional parts; but, in the law itself, absolutely nothing: but rather the reverse. The Jewish poor might certainly pick up much, to cherish the virtues fit to yield them comfort; but they were no more expressly provided for, than the heathens themselves were.

Nor could this be otherwise, until a 'more excellent ministry' should come; 'a covenant established upon better promises': spiritual promises, applicable to man as man; and of course extending to the poor, as well as to the rich: yea, more applicable to the poor, as being the only prospect, by which they could be rationally invited to take comfort. Here, then, lay the propriety of our Savior seeking the literally poor, as his most immediate charge: not only because he, for the first time, offered them rational consolation; but also because, in doing so, he ev-

idenced the sublime novelty of his character, and the peculiar nature of his mission. Many prophets, in former times, had wrought miracles; this being perfectly congruous with the then state of things; but they did not collect around them the forlorn classes of society: because they had no good news for them; no blessings applicable to them. Nothing, therefore, could so distinctly and unequivocally manifest the opening of a new state of things, as this particular conduct of our Savior: by no act could he, in the first instance, so aptly have cracked the shell of judaism, if I may so speak; in no way so strikingly indicate his real object, or so directly disabuse those who entertained secular ideas of the Messiah; and, in a word, in no other manner so fitly make a transit, from the one system to the other. I would add, that, of all possible predictions, this was the most remarkable, for the reasons just given: it being in fact a prediction, which, when fulfilled, must imply the passing away of a temporal, and the establishment of a spiritual dispensation. It, therefore, on the whole, was, as I already hinted, the very fittest for our Lord to lay stress upon, or to conclude with, on such an occasion.

You see, then, that, in my mind, the word was used by our Lord literally; but that, in this literal fact, the spirituality of the Gospel began signally to unfold itself: and doubtless it was hereby mainly intimated, that, in this new dispensation, the rich, in order to be profited, must come down to the same level with the poor. But there was a poverty inherent in human nature, alike extreme in all. And, as the blessings of the new dispensation related wholly to this poverty, they were first addressed, who were most likely to acknowledge their want of that, which

'Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque.'

I am inclined to think, that the discourse in St. Luke, is not the same with that in St. Matthew; but a repetition of the substance of it, on some other occasion. And while the expression in St. Matthew, fixes the term to a spiritual sense, that in St. Luke might safely have a more literal bearing; because it is not, blessed are *the* poor, but '*ye* poor:' ye, who have made the right use of your outward circumstances, and are become my disciples, so very few of whom are to be found among the more affluent.

Yet, if you preached what you intended, you have nothing to repent of: for, most assuredly, you have said nothing, into which the text would not unfold. I mean only to say, that the fullest scriptural meaning, is aided rather than [hindered], by the fullest literal interpretation.

I sincerely hope I shall not lose sight of your wish to hear

often from me, however briefly. You have, I assure you, furnished me with as strong motives for doing this, as you well could; not only by the expressions in your letter, but by the very physiognomy of it. I think I see in it the very hilarity, that I myself was the means of exciting; and believe me, to make you cheerful, will ever cheer myself.

I mean to return to town on Tuesday the 7th, after a very pleasant time. I more and more think, that my visits to this place are in the order of Providence; and I seem to myself to perceive consequences actually arising, from my being here, which gladden my heart. It is a place which seems to have had the Divine eye peculiarly upon it. And appearing to myself to observe growing proofs of this, I more and more enjoy myself here.

I presume you have, ere this, heard from ——. I know he meant to write to you: and I think must have done so, if something has not retarded it. I certainly get charming letters from him.

I feel that I have not written as often, or as largely, as I should have done, to the dear Archbishop. I am sure it is not from want of disposition, for he lives in my heart of hearts: but I find it peculiarly difficult to me to be a regular correspondent, when there is not stimulating regularity in the post. In Dublin, the hour of seven makes me sit down at six, and work for fifty-five minutes; which leaves room for one tolerable letter. My natural indolence requires all this: for, were there not something in me to counteract bodily disposition, I should be as torpid an animal as goes upon two legs. In fact, I believe I could not exist at all, and, therefore, I may well give thanks in every thing; for every ray of consolation I have ever felt, has emanated from, not merely the providence, but the grace of God. And were the influences, which have distinguished my last eight years from former years, to be, for one day, wholly withdrawn, that setting sun would see me the wretchedest of human creatures. I shall very shortly endeavor to talk to you, about the text I propose to you. In the mean time, believe me always, most truly and entirely yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER XXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 8. 1806.

My dear Sir,

I was not without hopes of hearing from you before this; but, perhaps, my hopes were somewhat unreasonable. Our last letters passed each other on the road; and, therefore, as the strict matter of debt must remain in doubt, I feel that it is my part, to provoke you to a renewal of that instruction and delight, which I never fail to receive from your communications.

It gives me heart-felt pleasure, that the little ordination sermon affords you any gratification; especially, in point of style. But I am sensible that much, very much requires to be corrected and acquired: more, indeed, than I can hope will ever be accomplished; for, both in matter and manner, I fear I am doomed never to rise above the 'non contemnenda mediocritas' of Quinctilian, if, indeed, I ever get so far. However, it will be very well if I am enabled to do what I can; though I should never attain the power of doing what I would. You will, perhaps, be well pleased to hear, that I did not meddle with St. John the Baptist's message. In order to make a useful discourse upon it, I think it would be necessary to give that spiritual turn, to that part of the gospel being preached to the poor, which a congregation might not be prepared to acquiesce in. And, as plain and unquestionable tests are not wanting, from whence to derive the instruction I wished to communicate, it is surely best to avoid setting out, with prejudices against one. The Sunday before last, I gave a little discourse on that passage of Isaiah, 'The voice said, Cry'. 'All flesh is grass,' &c. I connected the introduction with the season of our Lord's first advent, as leading to the consideration of his second; and I made full use of Lowth's striking comment on the whole passage. The body and close of the discourse, was occupied by reflections, suitable to the close of the year, with a short reference to the sudden death of Mr. Mansergh, the curate of Tipperary, who was carried off on Christmas-day, after an illness of only three days. He was well known to most of the congregation, and nearly connected with some of them. The awfulness of the subject, and the train of thought which that very pregnant text naturally produced, did, I think, deeply impress; but whether permanently, remains yet to be decided.

—— has written me a most happy letter. The very senti-

ments your heart could wish, flowing forth with spontaneous liveliness; coming from the heart, and speaking to the heart. In truth, my dear sir, he has got S. Chrysostom's wings. He is now a hawk, or an eagle; and, I trust, untethered, or at least without any other incumbrance than a few tags, or threads, which will soon crumble into dust, and mingle with the thin air. I do, with my soberest judgment, expect great things from him. All the ardor of his fine spirit still remains; only that he is now directed to loving, more than to doing. And we know that the progress, in the one case, is infinite; while, in the other, it is bounded in very narrow limits. Why should he not have been urged to accept the orphan Asylum sermon? I conclude there were some urgent reasons, or Mrs. L. would not have let him off. But do you not think, that, by preaching a christian discourse on that occasion, he might have done much good? There is something so attractive, so gentle, so winning, in his manner, that we may say of him, in a qualified sense,

'That truths divine come mended from his tongue.'

If you could give me a text for a Cashel sermon, and a very short paper of hints, I would be very glad to write from it: such a thing might, perhaps, be here in time, to enable me to have it against Sunday, 19th inst. The shorter the hints, the more acceptable; because my object is to be led into a train of thought for myself. When you send anything at length, I find your words so good, that from a consciousness of inability to supply better, I use them more than it is perhaps honest, or serviceable to myself to do. If, however, you are otherwise employed; or if you do not find half an hour, which may as well be employed this way, as any other, I beg you may not think of troubling yourself.

——oo——

LETTER XXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 30. 1806.

My dear Sir,

Your note was handed to me by Mr. Torrens*, for whom I had before been looking out; and whom, from character, I was well prepared to receive as a friend. The character I had heard of him, and his own interesting manners, would have warmly re-

* The late Rev. John Torrens, master of the diocesan school of Cashel.

commended him to me: but what you say, binds me to him still more closely; and makes me regret only, that it is not in my power to serve him substantially. But what I can do, I will do.

Your letter of hints reached me, and found me well prepared for it: as I had been conning over Isaiah iv. with a view to a sermon; and reading Vitringa and the Critici Sacri, from whom I was deriving some light. Your text, therefore, fell in altogether with my train of thought: and I have since written much of a sermon, and hints for more of it, pretty much on your plan. I hope to preach it next Sunday; and, but for circumstances, would have had it prepared for last Sunday. Your suggestions have been most useful, and you just left as much as I could have wished for; enough to lead me into a train of thought, or to continue the metaphor, to give me food for reflection.

I direct to Dublin, but if this find you at B—— I beg you will offer my kindest and most respectful compliments. Farewell my dear friend, and believe me your most obliged and faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. Thank God, my health, spirits, and faculties are pretty well.

——oo——

LETTER XXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 17, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for your account of the decision. I am glad that it has taken place even by a casting voice, which all things considered was perhaps as much as could be expected against an influx of party men, who were determined to act blindly on Dr. Magee's ipse dixit.

It is pretty clear that we are committed with the anti-fanatics, and if a battle must be, it is better they should show themselves openly; though for such matters, I am now very weak. The strange weather has produced in me an inflammatory cold, of the most incapacitating kind. It was hanging on me some days, without my knowing it: the consequence was, that working as I did for the orphan Asylum, I produced some wretched stuff; and am obliged now to give up till I reach town, unless I should prove wonderfully convalescent to-morrow and next day.

Please God I shall set off on Monday. It would mortify me deeply were this most interesting institution to suffer, through my illness. I can hardly describe to you what have been my feelings these two days; and now I feel it my duty, in every point of view, not to be careful in the matter, but to pray to God, if it please him, to remove my complaints, and to give that aid without which I can do nothing.

The eleven days I hope to be in Dublin, will afford me more than time enough. You will believe that I do not postpone from laziness.

Farewell, my dear sir, we shall I trust meet on Wednesday.

Your most affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

Thursday.

LETTER XL.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 23. 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

I ENCLOSED you a letter, which I received from the unfortunate ——, on my return here. Possibly you might have it in your power, to convey him, for me, a couple of guineas, which I will thankfully repay you: Mr. Bourne can most probably let you know where he is to be found. I wish some little subscription could be set on foot for him: for whatever have been his faults, the poor man seems deeply sensible of them; and it is a shocking thing to see a clergyman of our establishment, reduced to the deplorable state he is in. Should you think well of a subscription, I will write about it to my brother, who I am sure would aid it; and I would then try and give somewhat more, than I have commissioned you to give for me. The fact is, I fear it would not be of any service to trust more money in his own hands, than the little pittance I speak of for the present. Were there a subscription, I think it should be in some person's hands for his use.

The easterly winds, and the alternate hot and cold, have continued to affect me. Still, however, I live in hopes of getting better. My landlord has taken down almost the whole front of his house, to make alterations; and I am driven to the library*, to take refuge from the most deafening noise. I must, I

* Archbishop Bolton's library, adjoining the palace, at Cashel. . . ED.

believe, accept the invitations of some friends, for these ten days to come, as there is no prospect of quietness at home.

I had a long conversation with S——, in town; which gave rise to a long cautionary letter, against the pernicious influence of philosophy and poetry. It is well meant, but far from judicious. I shall briefly thank him for it; and reserve to myself the power of replying more at large, in a more convenient season. So far as good S—— is concerned, an apology for the use we would make of philosophy, can, I apprehend, produce little effect. But it might not be amiss, to have some arranged and methodized arguments on the subject, ready prepared for those who may be jealous of one's system.

I hope you received the sheet of your letter, which I did indeed detain an unreasonable time; and I hope, too, that you have dispatched the whole to its destination. Good may be done by it; for were H. M.* decidedly of your way of thinking, with the high character she has acquired, and the weight which attaches to her sentiments, among evangelical people, she might be an instrument of great good.

Pray have you got Whichcote's Aphorisms, with a correspondence annexed between him and Dr. Tuckney? In this latter, there seems to be much to the purpose, on the great controversy, whether justification be *moral* or *forensic*; but I have yet only glanced my eye over it, having but just procured the book when leaving town.

Has any progress been made in Dean Kirwan's sermons? I wish much that they were collated with those of Massillon and Bourdaloue, on similar topics: for lately reading Massillon's sermon, 'sur le mauvais riche,' I thought I recognized several of the very thoughts with which we were so much pleased, in the Dean's sermon, on the same subject. Should my apprehension have any foundation, which I hope it has not, this would at once put an end to the project of publication.

Are we to hope for the pleasure of seeing you here? Pray, my dear sir, do write me a few lines; and thereby do provoke me to send you something less vapid, than this most stupid epistle.

Believe me, most gratefully,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

* Mrs. Hannah More. . . ED.

LETTER 36.

June, or July, 1806.

My dear Mr. Jebb,

I have actually begun something, with an eye to a more digested exposition of my sentiments, which, if I succeed in it, I shall most probably publish. I have not seen the work you mention; but shall look out for it: though, probably, I should not find the excellent Whichcote expressing himself just as I should like. I conceive him to be the head of two stocks: the great leaders of the one, our well known friends*; those of the other, Wilkins and Tillotson. Burnet was not aware of this twofold character: and, therefore, ascribes to all of them, what belonged to one class only. For instance, he says, that 'they read Episcopius much.' This was clearly true (as I conceive) of such as Wilkins and Tillotson; for no writer, I imagine, is more un-platonic than Episcopius; nor, probably, did any more contribute to spoil English theology.

I have this day engaged Keene to reprint Mrs. Barbauld's essay on devotional taste; and promised, if he should lose by it, I would indemnify him. I will next try to engage him in reprinting Cudworth's two sermons.† And shall lose no time in setting Dugdale upon Smith.

Yesterday, at the visitation of the country part of this diocese, a parish clerk and schoolmaster was displaced, for being a methodist. This was most impolitic, considered as a voluntary act; and most strange, considered as an event: most impolitic, because the secession ought not, on any account, to be either accelerated, or made appear excusable; not accelerated, because, left to themselves, they will every day become less formidable enemies, and can be formidable only from being thrust out, while they retain some portion of their original energy. Besides, while they continue in the church, their non-methodist children continue professing members of the church; but once make them dissenters, and the schism will absorb their children, though the [*part torn away by the seal.*]

But it is strange as an event. It is a new symptom of the times being out of joint: such a thing has not been done for many years, perhaps, never. In England, most certainly, the dissenting interest increases: and not only a disrespect for, but

* The platonists of Cambridge, as Mr. Knox usually styled John Smith, Cudworth, &c. . . Ed.

† Since republished by Bishop Jebb, in the Protestant Kempis. . . Ed.

an ignorance of, the establishment, seems to spread. Even this might not ensure the downfall of the established church, if matters were left in quietness. But if, while dissenters are multiplied, they are also exasperated, what can be looked for, but some such thing as Bishop Laud brought about, an actual pulling down of the church and the hierarchy.

Believe me most cordially yours,

Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER XLI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, July 12. 1806.

My dear Sir,

I wish I had an excuse for not answering your last letter, which it would give you pleasure to receive; but this not being the case, I must plainly state the fact. I did not write, because sunk as I was in mental power of exertion, while we were at B ——, I have been much more so, since my return to Cashel. 'I know,' said poor Cowper, 'and know most perfectly, and am, perhaps, to be taught it to the last, that my power to think, whatever it be, and consequently my power to compose, is, as much as my outward form, afforded to me by the same hand, that makes me, in any respect, to differ from a brute.' Now, what Cowper said, I can say, with no less truth. The visitation of God, which has been, and which still is upon me, I trust is not suffered to pass unimproved. I feel that I strictly hold every thing from Him: and that, when He is pleased to with-hold his influence, I can do nothing. A feeling, which I hope may pluck up by the roots, every working of pride, every undue complacency in the fruits of my own exertions. I am, however, aware, that there may be another danger; . . that, so wonderfully are we disposed to deceive ourselves, it is possible to shelter ourselves, from the self-accusation which must accompany wilful indolence, under the idea, that exertion is put out of our power. On this point, I have taken myself to task; and think, that, notwithstanding occasional misgivings, which I believe attributable to nervousness, I can fairly and honestly acquit myself of a disposition to be idle. The truth is, some kind of mental activity is necessary to my enjoying any comfort; and were I well, no manner of exertion would more fall in with my tastes and wishes, than preparation for the pulpit. But I feel that the hand of God is upon me: and, so feeling, I submit in patience. Since

my return, I have been obliged to preach a segment of my last charity sermon, somewhat modified ; to give two borrowed ones, and an old one. And to-morrow I am obliged to give one, preached the 4th of last August. Could you furnish me with a text and hints ? I will strive to begin a sermon on Monday.

Under this malady, my spirits have, thank God, been less depressed than formerly ; and though not able *to give out*, I have *taken in* a little. Reading has been my great resource, with some exercise, and the variety of a little active duty as rural Dean.

I most thoroughly coincide in opinion, as to the displacing of methodist clerks. I trust this measure will not be followed up, in other cases : should it so happen, then I would seriously apprehend a secession of the whole body from us.

I had a letter last night, from ——. He warns me that I am verging to excess, in my view of contemplation being the great nurse of wisdom. I am truly obliged to him for his friendly caution : but, as he neither gives the ground of his opinion, nor enters into reasoning on the point, I cannot say that he has produced any revolution in my mind. I suppose his apprehensions for me, are founded, chiefly, on the letter I wrote from B——; as we had very little conversation since, and no communication by letter. Now I, on the other hand, fear, that he has too great a hankering after the activities, as ground of comfort, and means of self-improvement.

I am very glad you are re-publishing : and hope that, ere long, you will give something of your own to the world. Pray are we to hope for you here ? The entire want of society, has been a damper to me : but indeed I have not been well enough for society. The variable weather affected me. I had a greater inflammatory cold, with more feverish, and more languid symptoms than even pending the orphan sermon.

A line from you speedily, would be an act of real kindness. It would relieve my spirits ; and besides, I almost uniformly find, that such letters as I have from you, and one or two others, set me a thinking, and, by doing so, render an essential service.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 37.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 15. 1805.

My good Friend,

Were I to write to you but six lines, I will not let this post pass.

I have been much with methodists these eight days past. There are most excellent persons amongst them; and, I will add, the truest churchmen in the world. But this is not, perhaps, the prevalent character. The great detriment is, that the majority of them (I speak, you observe, of preachers,) have been bred dissenters; and are still too much so at heart: but I am confident, that, if we are properly kind to the well disposed part, they will carry it above the other, though I fear more numerous part; for a good cause is itself a counterpoise to number. They, I hope, have behaved tolerably at their conference. I will send you their minutes, to-morrow or next day.

In order to do some good, if I can, I am republishing Mrs. Barbauld's essay on sects and establishments. I read part of it to my cousin Averell to-day (he is actually my relation); and he was so impressed with it, as to satisfy me I was doing right. I think of prefixing an address, and adding some notes. When it comes out, I shall send two or three copies to you.

I began with the impression that I should be able to write only a few lines. I must stop now; and am, my dear Friend,

Always most faithfully yours,

Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER 38.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

My dear Friend,

I wished to have acknowledged your most gratifying letter, by return of post: but I was obliged to write, on the day I received it, to J. D.; and yesterday, I was equally obliged to go out, at my letter writing hour, which is the interval between dinner and seven o'clock. The reason of my going out was poor Mr.

Brooke's* death; who yesterday, at four o'clock, was released from all his pains.

I will not say much to you at present: but I could say a great deal; and every thing of a pleasant kind. Yes, my good friend, I can venture to assure you, that all the desagrémens which you refer to in yourself, are solely the result of corporeal indisposition; in which the poor mind may be a fellow sufferer, but without deserving it. I trust, however, even this will not long afflict you: but that the vis medicatrix naturæ, under the efficacious influence of a yet better physician, will soon, that is in due time, get the decided ascendency; and indemnify you for all your foregoing sufferings, as I, thanks be to my great Benefactor, am indemnified at this day. I doubt not but, in the mean time, 'all things will work together for good.'

Truly, all you say is pleasant to me, however you may see very little matters magnified, through the medium of a kind heart. Yet I will not, after all, call them little: for surely there was the stamp of cordiality on the least of them. And this is what you value. 'Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is; than a stalled ox' . . I will not merely say with the text, 'and hatred therewith' . . but, where love is wanting.

I am pleased with all you tell me; and pleased with your most interesting quotations. That is a very ingenious, as well as very just distribution, of the powers of the mind; and it holds good, peculiarly, in the instance to which he applies it. It agrees pretty much with what Geo. Gainden says of Forbes.

——oo——

LETTER XLII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

July 16, 1806.

My dear Sir,

My ailments still continuing to unfit me for business, I thought it right to state fully to the Archbishop, the manner in which I have been affected for the last three months. He expressed himself on the occasion, like a father and a friend. He thinks it my bounden duty to take care of my health, in the first instance; and his own bounden duty, not only to sanction whatever may appear necessary, but to advise me to it. And the re-

* Henry Brooke, Esq., nephew to the author of 'Gustavus Vasa,' and 'The Fool of Quality,' and of kindred genius and goodness. It was the privilege of the editor to witness almost the last hours of this eminent christian . . 'an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.'

sult of our conference has been, that I should request of you, who know my maladies better than almost anybody else, to consult Dr. Perceval immediately for me, whether change of scene, and relaxation of mind, would not be advisable; and whether any, or what kind of regimen, would be needful.

I need not tell you, who know so well, what my general habits both of body and of life are: but it may not be amiss to mention, that I awake every morning with a parched mouth, and generally with a head-ache, which continues through the day; . . that I am often low in spirits; and that, for the last three weeks, I have had a stoppage in my head, of a more annoying and inveterate description, than what is commonly called a cold in the head.

What I wish is, for a general opinion, what mode would be best for me to pursue; especially, such an opinion as would enable me to arrange with the Archbishop respecting my absence, if it be needful.

If you could conveniently see Dr. P., on the receipt of this, so as to answer by return of post, it would be a great convenience; as I wish to have both his opinion, and yours, to lay before his grace, previous to his departure; or even, could you write on Saturday, I might have your letter to shew him on Sunday night. He sets off early on Monday.

If a migration is recommended, I have thoughts of first visiting J. D.; then, B., if the family could receive me without inconvenience; then, my brother, at Richmond, and the Heylands*, in the county of Dublin. England, I do not think would be within the reach of my purse this year.

Mr. M. is with me, so I must conclude.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XLIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 4. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I left your room on Wednesday, with a full heart, much more rushed into my thoughts, than I could give utterance to; and, as I passed along in the carriage, I had many feelings, which, notwithstanding the weakness that unavoidably mingled with them, I should be sorry ever wholly to part with. Time

* Rowley Heyland, Esq., the Bishop's brother-in-law.

has since been given, for calm and sober thought; and I am, therefore, now able to state, as well from rational conviction, as from actual feeling, that I never, till this last visit, had a full opportunity of knowing the value of your friendship. Your wise and good advice; your calm forbearance, under various impertinences, more I trust the result of malady, than of any inveterate mental warp; your minute consideration for me, in many little points, which I could not, or would not, consider for myself: these, altogether, have cemented my regard for you into a feeling, for which I cannot find a name; but which I know, I have not towards any other human being; and were this the only effect produced, it would, surely, be very cheaply purchased, by a two months' absence from my duties at Cashel. But this is not all. I do firmly believe, that I have got hold of your whole system; so as, at once, to understand, and to love it; but, indeed, can it be understood, without being loved? Sed virtus conspiceretur oculis. The love of it, however, is not of the frothy, foaming kind: if I at all know myself, it is sedate and steady; capable of rational explanation; and, I trust, founded on some incipient experience that our schemes are not theoretical, but substantial, practical, and divinely influential. The fact is, that our system addresses itself to man's real faculties, as distinct from those shadowy, fictitious, imaginative powers, which too many, indeed almost all, the theologians in the world, are, one way or other, employing in the manufacture of images, which they may fall down and worship. Our objects, have their archetypes in nature; and their correspondent analogies, in the whole system of God's providential, moral, physical, intellectual, and spiritual government. Whilst the objects of most others are mere entia, φαντασιας, resembling nothing in heaven above, or earth beneath; and which, consequently, though they may afford matter to talk of, and argue about, can neither be substantiated by sound reasoning, nor illustrated by matter of fact. It is curious to observe, how fond people are of disporting themselves in a sort of moral moonshine; which has just sufficient light to lead them astray, without possessing either penetration, force, or vital warmth. Happy it is that there is another kind of theological system; and most happy are they, who are led cordially to embrace it. To them, God is not only a shield, but a sun; and every object which they view, is gilt by the rays of his divine benignity, while they feel within, a steady, and equable ardor of devotion, which, of itself, evinces its heavenly origin. Occasional obscurations, indeed, I do suppose, are the inevitable lot of humanity; but may it not be hoped, that, as we advance, these will gradually become less frequent, and more transient, so as to resemble the light clouds of a summer day?

I find that I have run on, I fear almost into rhapsody; but my pen has been seized with a fit of fluency, which to me is a novelty; and rather than check it, I am willing to trust to a quality, which I have already tried in you times without number, namely, your patience.

And now, that I may, in some sort, endeavor to indemnify you, I shall quote for you a passage from a preface to a work, which I picked up in town, and have been delighted with, since reaching home . . *Petri Poiret Bibliotheca Mysticorum.* He says, 'Non semel monui atque explicui duorum generum esse in nobis facultates pro objectis quibusvis, sive spiritualibus, sive corporeis; facultates videlicet reales, quæ objectum ipsum ejusque verissima influvia (ut sic dicam) reipsa suscipiunt. Deinde facultates umbratiles, quæ, absente objecto, ejusque influviis remotis, ideas imaginesve horum suscipiunt solas, imo et fabricant. Hanc facultatem rationis humanæ esse ostendi, quam et propterea cum ejus actibus et exercitio, vocavi activam; illas vero passivas, utpote quæ non efficiant objecta sua eorumve influvia viva, sed patiantur ea ac recipiant; quales vero facultates, pro spiritualibus objectis sunt desiderium sive fames quædam animæ intima, atque eadem immensa, item et intellectus passionis, oculus animæ spiritualis (in quibus fidei sedes est), multique deinde spiritualiores in intimis sensus a Deo, divinis eorumque effluentiis realiter, vive, solide affici idonei: *quando contra, anima a* RATIONIS *ideis affecta superficiarie,* UMBRATILITER, *mortuo modo ac* EVANIDO *prorsusque* PICTO *afficitur solum, siquidem ipsæmet ideæ* PICTURÆ *duntaxat quædam mortuæ sunt ac steriles, et prorsus* EVANIDÆ.'

Does not this passage, and especially the part of it that I have marked emphatically, furnish a wonderful comment on what we witnessed at ——? Have we not here, totidem literis, our friend's pictures? And could there be a more faithful description of that self-deceptious, rationalizing system, whose evil influences we so entirely agree in lamenting? I cannot resist my inclination to transcribe another portion of this remarkable preface.

'Male pergunt multi qui bene inceperant, at quanto magis qui non satis bene inceperant. Non bene satis inceperant qui pro scopo habent acquirere ideas ac cognitiones rerum spiritualium, uti illas sciant, invocato etiam ad hoc divino auxilio. Melius incipiunt, qui pro scopo habent ipsum quærere Deum, ejusque operationes vivificas et reales, ut cum ipsis tandem mirantur: qui tamen, cum infirmi sint adhuc, ac captûs crassioris, adhibent simul, uti subsidia quædam, non res tantummodo aliquas externas sed et ipsius rationis suæ ideas atque industriam, occupando illam quanto fieri potest circa spiritualia objecta

sibi idealiter representanda, adjunctis simul desiderii sinceri ad Deum precibus, uti realitatem ille ipsam, divinasque sui effluentias non rationi modo, sed cordi, et intellectui passivo, et totis intimis nostris benigne largiatur. Quo vero in exercitio facultatum realium et umbratilium simul, si se illi gerant ita ut potiores partes tribuunt rationi, eam magis circa ideo per ratiocinia exercendo, quam cor, intellectum, desideria intimaque omnia, Deo ejusque operationibus ardentius et sæpius offerendo; tunc, vel nil promovebunt omnino, vel facultate ideali activaque superiores partes tandem obtinente, degenerabunt in ideales, superficiarios, &c.

'At si, in facultatibus realibus exercendis Deoque offerendis sese magis ac magis exercecant, quam in sonitandis, discutiendisque rerum divinarum activitate rationes suæ ideis; si circa has, earumque partes, casus, difficultates ratiocionibus examinandas atque perpendendas se indies minus minusque occupent, ut ex occasione eorum quæ velut præcipua iis repræsentantur, ad Deum elevent solidum illum suum et sincerum mentis, facultatumque realium et intimarum fervidum (quem Petrus τὴν εἰλικρινῆ διανοιαν nominat . . 2 Pet. iii. 1.) tum vero versantur tutius in recta proficiendi via in qua, ubi Deus eorum sinceritatem ac perseverantiam satis exploraverit, auxilium proculdubio mittet suum, lucis suæ, sapientiæque divinæ participationem aliquam, quæ rationis activitatem corruptam, ejusque imperfectas et umbratiles ideas magis magisque supprimat, ipsa agentis dirigentisque partes suscipiente et hominis animam præparante ad receptionem magni et adorandi Hospitis illius, qui dixit ipsemet, Ego et Pater, ad eum veniemus, et mansionem cum eo faciemus.'

I am particularly pleased with his distinction, of active, and passive intellect. Does not this latter seem to identify with that child-like temper, or habit of mind, which our Savior has pronounced a necessary qualification, for his spiritural kingdom? And, if these things be as Poiret represents them, must we not pronounce that divines are, too commonly, walking in a vain shadow, and disquieting themselves in vain? Not, however, I am convinced, in vain, with respect to the final developement of divine truth in the world; for truly, every erroneous system, and even every erroneous system-monger, contributes a quota towards that analogical, or comparative theology, which we are so fond of. And, besides, when we consider the various ways, in which men may and do go wrong, it is matter of deep and humble thankfulness, that we have been led to views, which, the more they are scrutinized, the more conformable will they appear to scripture, to nature, and to immutable fitness.

I have now only to request that you will give my kindest

compliments to Miss Fergusson. It will not be easy to forget the good treatment I met with, under her hospitable roof; or the unaffected, but cordial attention, which she had the goodness to show me. It was not without its share, in producing that ease and quietness within me which I feel, in spite of a cold contracted on the road; and which gives me cause to hope, that I shall be enabled to pursue my reading and writing, this winter, with renewed alacrity. I rather feel a desire for sermon-making; and if health permits, I shall try to-morrow to make an incision in the visitation discourse.

Recollect how much I love to hear from you,

And believe me, my dear Sir,

Your most grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XLIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 17. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEIZE half an hour's respite from the bustle of our visitation (having been, as you may suppose, in a crowd all yesterday, and having been levied, from 7 o'clock this morning, by various friends,) to let you know, that my troubles have terminated, in a manner far beyond my expectation. At the beginning of last week, I was incapacitated from all exertion, by attacks, half nervous, half bilious. On Friday and Saturday I was able to work to my satisfaction, though the toothache reinforced the enemy; but this last of the confederates kept me awake, all Sunday night.

Monday I got the tooth drawn, and the effect of the violent pain, coming along with feverishness from want of rest, and biliousness, threw me into a fainting fit. All that day I kept my bed, wonderfully weak but pretty easy. Tuesday or Wednesday, though weak with headaching, I was enabled to work with comfort; and yesterday I got over matters, as I said, far beyond my expectation. This journal, to another, would become tiresome and impertinent; but I think it will not be wholly without interest to you.

The Archbishop thanked me publicly, before the clergy, for what he was pleased to call, 'the best sermon he had ever heard, whether at a visitation, or on any occasion whatsoever; and expressed his strong wish, in which he was sure the clergy

would join, that it should not be confined to those who heard it, but that I should make it public.' The clergy joined in the request and . . Ecce iterum Crispinus!

How far the Archbishop was right, I cannot presume to judge. You will be able to draw your own conclusion, when I send the sermon to you. I stand amazed, however, at the general acceptance it has met: the clergy unanimously and cordially approve; and yet it unequivocally puts forward, some of the very deepest truths of our system. I am happy in feeling that this has not been my own doing. Under such illness, I could not have so written; and I must, therefore, be enthusiastic enough to conclude, that I was borne through by a higher hand. I was even enabled to deliver it above myself, as Forster* tells me, who heard me preach for the orphans. My feelings, on this matter, are such as I cannot describe. I hope and trust, they are neither vain, nor selfish; for I verily believe that the work is not mine; and I rejoice more, in the success of our cause, than of myself. I shall soon write, and send the sermon prepared for the press; and shall beg of you to put it into Watson's hands, having first corrected it.

Believe me, your most affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 39.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Oct. 20. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

JOHN Torrens' account of your sermon yesterday, enlarged upon most satisfactorily in your letter of to-day, has given me cordial gratification. I reckoned on something good and comfortable: but, I own, the event has exceeded my calculation. I believe you view it exactly as you ought to do; and I trust it is but the first-fruits of a harvest of consolation. I shall have real pleasure in attending to the publication; and will do what I can to expedite it; knowing, from experience, that printers are a species of creatures that need the spur, as much, almost, as an ill-conditioned horse. I shall be ready, however, to retract my censure, if they go on *jugiter* with me, on this approaching occasion.

* The late Rev. George Forster, afterwards rector of Thurles.

Have you yet sat down to the Oct. edit. of Cowper's Life? if you have not, take to it; as I do think Cowper's letters, as far as I have gone, (which is as yet but half way through the 2d vol.) are wonderfully interesting. The difference, between the letters written to Mr. Newton, and to his friend Unwin, is particularly striking. There is regard and estimation in the one: there is friendship, genuine and vivid, in the other. In fact, I suppose there are not in the world, letters equal in merit, as compositions, to those of Cowper to Unwin. When I read to you what I had written, in the commencement of my review, respecting Lady Austin and Mrs. Unwin, you thought me rather severe on the former. My continuous reading of Cowper's life does not lead *me* to entertain the idea. I rather have a severer idea of Lady A., than I should wish to put into writing for publication. I almost suspect, she was a very artful woman. But I need not enlarge. I wish you only to read the book continuously, if you have not read it yet; and tell me what occurs to you.

I should, probably, have been a little advanced in that review, had I not been diverted to another subject. I have, this day, been copying a letter to the Christian Observer; which, probably, will require three days to transcribe. It contains remarks on what is said in the paragraph that begins on the 2nd column of the 529th page: you will probably guess, on reading, why I animadvert on it.

When you send me your sermon, put up with it the one I gave you, on your going away: as I have an inclination to read it over again. I know not how it is, whether with, or without reason, but I am impressed as if my faculty of writing were diminished. I have nearly as much clearness and copiousness: but I feel as if I had less energy. It will comfort me against this, even were it to prove a reality, to see you grow, as I decline. I could add many things, but the post will not wait for me; therefore, I must be content to tell you, that I am

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER XLV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 25. 1806.

My dear Sir,

I send you my little sermon, and your very good one along with it: and believe me, while you can write such, you need

entertain no manner of apprehension, that your talent for composition is leaving you. With respect to what you say of energy, any apparent declension, may arise from the accidental circumstances of ill health; or, very possibly, it may proceed, from having the mind so full of matter, so desirous of not letting any important truth escape, that there is a comparative negligence, as to manner. I believe, among writers in general, it will be found, that the anxiety about mere style, is inversely as to the quantum of solid, and substantial ideas, with which the mind is stored.

The Archbishop has asked me two or three times, with evident interest, whether it would be possible to prevail on you to make a visit here. I heartily wish it could; for good might be done. I am persuaded that —— is in a happier frame of mind, than he ever was before in the whole course of his life. He has most happily gained ground, in resignation to the divine will; in quietness, under circumstances that could, once, have fretted and perplexed him; in a relish for domestic life, and a disrelish for mixing much in the common society in the world; and in that which is the fountain and source of all the rest, a spirit of prayer. These things being so, I do think you have a call to come here, if, (which how much I hope it, you will conceive,) your health permits. ———, too, would be delighted to see you.

* * * * *
* * * *
* * * * *

My judgment of the sermon I send, is, that it has neither brilliancy, nor eloquence; but that it announces some very radical truths, with tolerable clearness and succinctness; and in a manner not likely to alarm the anti-fanatics. The arrangement, I conceive to be good, and pretty well followed up; and all the subordinate branches, pretty fairly traced up to the root. You will perceive that I had in view, your thoughts on analogical preaching; presenting, as well as I could, some ramifications, not detached from the parent stock. After all, I am very doubtful whether it will please in the closet, as much as it did from the pulpit; for, somehow or other, I was so aided that day, as to be, at once, more solemn, and more animated, than I was on any other occasion.

You will be so good as to tell Watson to employ Graisberry; as he did the last little sermon complete typographical justice. You will see two or three little marginal references and quotations; these, according to your own judgment, you will either retain, or suppress. I own, in spite of Doctor Stopford, I have

a hankering after classical illustration; and conceive that it may answer two useful purposes: 1st, remove the idea of my being a mere religionist, i. e. a fanatic; 2d, possibly induce young divines, to read the authors referred to. I know, a striking quotation from the philosophers, or poets, wherever I meet it, sends me to my book-shelves; and seldom have I cause to regret being thus led to the exemplaria græca. However, as I said before, suppress, if it seem right to you to do so.

I propose sending the title page early in the week; and along with it, a brief inscription to the Archbishop and clergy; which Mr. Graisberry can dress up for me in the lapidary style.

The best mode of publishing it among the clergy of these parts, would be, to send some copies to a bookseller in each of the following towns: . . Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Clonmel.

I must now conclude. It is 10 o'clock A. M., and tomorrow's sermon not begun. I have been ill this changeable weather, and had much work in transcription and emendation.

On the subject of your letter to the C. O., I cannot help making a quotation from Nicole. His horror against the mysticism of the quietists, led him to adopt the very opinions you are combating. 'La règle la plus sûre, que l'on puisse suivre, pour éviter les surprises, et à laquelle ceux même qui ont, ou qui s'imaginent avoir, quelque chose d'extraordinaire, devroient s'attacher, est de ne juger de la vertu que par les actions et les œuvres, et non par tout ce qui se passe dans l'esprit.'*

I have a good deal to write to you, at a more convenient season, about the filiation of English platonism; especially, that branch of it, which leans towards mysticism; and a very noble quotation to send you, from Cardinal Petrucci, whose work I had the good fortune to pick up at Archer's. In some parts, it must be confessed, he is, what I would join with Dr. Magee in calling, transcendental; but, in other places, he has the true philosophy of the Gospel: and, throughout, is wonderfully free from the peculiar mischiefs of popery. Certainly, the mystics are the most catholic of all popish writers. The jansenists, excellent in other respects, are bigots compared to them.

The mystics spiritualized so much, that they had little relish for the anthropomorphisms of the church of Rome.

Your most affectionate friend,

J. J.

* Préface de la prière.

LETTER 40.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Monday, Oct. 27. 1806.

My dear Friend,

I am in possession of your manuscript, which I have read over with sincere pleasure. It seems, really, as if your mind had not flagged from beginning to end. I will put it into the printer's hands to-morrow; and I cannot think of suppressing one of your quotations. I feel with you entirely on that subject.

I suppose Nicole meant to combat, something different from what I mean to maintain. The Roman catholic pietism had a very methodistical turn; looking for raptures and illapses, . . gushes of joy which, possibly, could not be analyzed. I leave every thing of this kind to itself: and contend merely for the happiness of loving God, and of exercising that love in devotional intercourse with him: happiness, not merely in the good effects which these habits produce, but in the sweet, rational, self-complacential, yea, direct, disinterested, delight, which they involve. To these sensations, I think religion owes its energy. We are made to love pleasure: and it is in virtue of a delectatio victrix, that christianity makes us its own. There may be sincere servants without this; but, as you show, it is love, which, alone, gives liberty and power. These principles, the C. O., I conceive, does not enough attend to; and even Nicole's language overlooked them. I conceive they cannot be too much dwelt upon, if they are dwelt upon soberly.

But to return a moment to your sermon. What peculiarly gratifies me in it, is, progress. If you wrote thus, under much morbid pressure, you will write much better still, when that pressure is removed. In fact, I am full of hope about you.

——oo——

LETTER XLVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oct. 31. 1806.

My dear Sir,

I most cordially thank you, for your minute attention to my sermon, and for your valuable criticisms. I readily adopt them

all, with the exception I stated in my last letter, and another that I must now make. I rather wish that the cancelled clause, 'of gentleness in manner, and firmness in act,' should be restored: for, I candidly own, the objections you urge, fail to produce conviction in my mind. Possibly, however, the objection which remains unstated may be very strong; and, then, I should not have so much firmness and decision, as to oppose you; though, perhaps, I may forfeit the praise of prudence and gentleness, by the battle I am making. I conceive the obnoxious clause is by no means expletory, but adds, substantially, to the idea of prudence and decision; gentleness, being more of a moral quality, than prudence; and firmness in act, not being, like decision, confined to the scire and the velle, but, evidently, including the posse. The clause, as you justly observe, is obviously proverbial; but I do not see that it is, therefore, necessarily quaint; and I am rather glad to have an opportunity of naturalizing a good aphorism; which I do not recollect having ever met, in any other than a foreign garb. But I have another reason for wishing to retain it, partly rhythmical, and partly philological. The period, as it stands in my MS., has a fulness, which it wants, as abridged by you; and I candidly own, that, in its curtailed form, there appears to me a disagreeable leanness and tameness. But, besides, the 'above all,' in the next sentence, requires to be ushered in, by a fuller enumeration of particulars than you would leave; and I do not think I can well spare my 'gentleness and firmness,' though they were to be retained only as running footmen, to the more important personages that follow. Still, however, your unpleaded reason may be strong. Yet, not even a surmise that it is one, which has some personal bearing as to myself, inclines me to give up the little clause: the upshot of the whole, therefore, is, that, according to your judgment, you will act for the best. It is very far from my wish to be pugnacious; all the rest of your criticisms I cordially approve; but, when I am not convinced, I think it right to say the truth.

Omit, if your private reason is forcible, and I will take it on trust.

The note about 'Judgment to come,' which I sent in my last, was most hastily, and therefore, I fear, lamely and incorrectly written. I have no copy of it by me: but have conned it over again in my mind, and will give it in an improved form on the other side; so that you may, if you see no good reason to the contrary, send it to the press. I own I think the quotation *ad rem;* and of a nature which one would like to put forward in these times, when we should accumulate every image, from every quarter, that may, even remotely, tend to make that

which is unseen, predominate over that which is seen. With this view, I have added a translation for English readers; the best I could make, but a very poor copy of the noble original.

I hope you did not write by yesterday's post, as our mail was robbed to-night. Believe me your most faithful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

Suppress the note if you think proper.

Note.—It may, perhaps, appear, at first sight, that 'judgment to come,' is not strictly 'a topic of natural religion;' and it must be acknowledged, that both the terrors and mercies of that day are adequately declared in the gospel alone. Still, however, we have the united evidence of sages, lawgivers, and poets, to convince us, that, on this awful subject, wonderfully just and sublime views presented themselves to the heathen world. One specimen from Diphilus, or Philemon, for the author is not fully ascertained*, may prove not uninteresting. It is preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus . . Strom., lib. v. p. 721. Edit. Pott. by Justin Martyr, also, Eusebius, and Theodoret. See the text revised, and metrically arranged, in the Excerpta of Grotius.

Οιει συ τους θανοντας, ω Νικηρατε,
Τρυφης ἁπασης μεταλαβοντας εν βιω
Πεφυγεναι το Θειον ὡς λεληθοτας;
Εστιν δικης οφθαλμος ὁς τα παντ' ὁρα·
Και γαρ καθ' Ἁδην δυο τριβους νομιζομεν,
Μιαν δικαιων, χ' ατεραν ασεβων ὁδον.
Ει γαρ δικαιος κ' ασεβης ἐξουσιν ἑν,
Ἡ γη δε καλυψει τους δυο τῳ παντι χρονῳ,
Αρπαζ' απελθων, κλεπτ', αποστερει, κυκα·
Μηδεν πλανηθης· εστιν καν Ἁδου κρισις
Ἡτις ποιησει Θεος, ὁ παντων δεσποτης,
Ου τ' ονομα φοβερον, ουδ' αν ονομοσαιμ' εγω·
Ὁ τοις ἁμαρτανουσι, προς μηκος, βιον
Διδωσι.

Thinkest thou, Niceratus, that the dead, who have partaken every luxury in life, shall escape the Deity, as it were, by stealth? There is a just eye, that seeth all things. We believe, also, that, in Hades, are two paths; the way of the right-

* Whoever be the author, the high antiquity of the passage is undoubted. Philemon flourished about 300 years B. C.; and Diphilus was nearly his contemporary.

eous, and the way of the wicked. For, if the righteous and the wicked are to inhabit a common abode, if the earth is to conceal them both for ever, then go, plunder, steal, defraud, destroy. But be not deceived. There is a judgment even in Hades, which God will execute, the Lord of all, whose dreadful name I dare not utter; who giveth to the transgressors a protracted life [of misery.]

——oo——

LETTER 41.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 1806.

My dear Friend,

Short as it may be, I will say something to you this afternoon, lest you should entertain one day's doubt of my entire pleasure, at being the depositary of your interesting researches. Your extracts may, possibly, have some qualities, which your own thoughts and expressions would not have. But, though the latter will always gratify the most, I think I may engage, that what you transcribe, . . much more what you translate, . . I shall always be glad to have.

I will look at Plotinus, and will get Macrobius. Thinking, as I do, that platonism was prepared providentially, not only as preliminary to christian piety, but as a kind of fermenting principle, to act occasionally in reinvigorating it; I see much congruity, in its latterly assuming such a form, as fitted it, more than ever, for the use to which it was to be put. The passage, of which you have given the substance, is in as great readiness for being usefully applied to christian purpose, as any piece of heathen philosophy could be.

Your observations on the mystic writers, are to me highly interesting; and do not hesitate in communicating all that strikes you. I will carefully lay by your letters; and they will of course be, hereafter, if it please God, for your use, as well as for mine. It is most curious, and I own, to me, very satisfactory, that such a line should be drawn between fathers who were, and who were not, mystical. I feel a sensation of pleasure, that such a line can be clearly drawn. For, much as I value the use mystics have been, I own, I no more relish *them* for myself, on the one hand, than I do *calvinists* on the other. We may use them with much information, and innocent entertainment; though, now and then, with a touch of regret: . .

> 'The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
> Of those who blindly creep, or sightless soar:'

but we cannot but be pleased, to have it distinctly made out, by unprejudiced arbiters, that *we* belong to neither class; neither creep with dogmatists, nor soar with mystics. By the way, are not the predestinarian class, the same transcendentalists, on the philosophy of Aristotle, that the mystics are, in that of Plato? And have they not both, in their several ways, been efficient out-guards, the one of truth, the other of love? I wonder had mysticism any connection with the belief of transubstantiation?

One would think it might have disposed minds to receive such a system; if it were only by its misty indistinctness.

The tendency of the lutheran church to mysticism, strengthens my idea of *its* being the successor of the ancient Greek church. But I must now say no more; as our clock has just struck seven. How excellent are Petrucci's Remarks; and also that passage from the Theologia Germ.: si sic omnia! I will attend to all you say; and shall find some way, Castle or otherwise, of forwarding your several presents. With your leave, I would only add Keene, Dugdale, &c. to our own publisher; as, though I am no bigot, I have no great relish for making such a use of R. C. booksellers, except they were farther from the characters in S. Matthew vii. 6., than either —— or —— have ever appeared to me to be. But this shall be just as you say in your next, after receiving this.

Reason acts too much without love, in dogmatists. Love acts too much without reason, in mystics. Happy, that, even in ancient days, there was a Chrysostom, in whom love and reason were blended and attempered. I love Macarius, and Ephrem Syrus, as far as I know him: but I rejoice in Chrysostom and Poiret's leaving him out, is to me highly gratifying.

Never talk about pedantry, when your are talking to

Yours always, most cordially,

Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER 42.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 21. 1806.

My dear Friend,

I thank you for yours of the 17th, all of which is worth attending to, and some parts striking; particularly your view of the connected effects of mysticism and school divinity. The quotation from Thomasius is very remarkable; but I do not see

clearly, that the conclusion proves a regard to truth, in the lutheran church. I believe truth was provided for, by its formularies; but I am not inclined to think, that John Arndt was much concerned for any thing but piety. What is said, 'Alii scholasticam reformare sunt adgressi,' I think, belonged rather to the dry high church lutherans, than to any class of pious men in that church; which had its pharisees, while the mystics were its essenes. Look at Mosheim's account of the rise of the pietists. However, probably you mean, just what I have been saying; and that I have [taken] what you say of the conclusion of the quotation, too limitedly of the last few words. I like much your researches; only, be cautious of letting them have more of your time, than their just proportion. Use every thing; but do not let yourself become fond of any thing. Go on, however, I intreat you, to communicate to me your thoughts: they are truly interesting, and I think they will be more so.

I have sent you no gilt-edged sermon. Watson thought it superfluous, as scarcely at all done; and, I own I think the same; so much as (though you desired it) not to order them. As I sent them yesterday, the character of their outside is 'simplex munditiis.' And when I think what is within, I own I think this most suitable; excepting you were sending one to the Viceroy, or to the King.

I wish I could aid you in the Advent business; but I cannot tell you how difficult I should find it, to conceive a continued subject; except such a thing were to open on my mind of itself: which *has* happened. Were you much indisposed for composition, you might obtain materials for four Advent sermons, from Nicole on the four last things: Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven: and, then, you might write a good Christmas sermon, on, 'For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil,' . . in which you might look back on all you have been saying, during the week preceding.

I feel that four connected, and yet sufficiently pregnant subjects, would not easily present themselves. I do not know, but, considering Advent as referring, prospectively, to the advent to come, even more than that past, you might draw four good sermons, from the 25th of St. Matthew; two, from the parable of the virgins; one, from the parable of the talents; the last of the four, from the account of the Day of Judgment, in the last verses. Then, for Christmas-day, I think various good subjects would present themselves; and, perhaps, none better than S. John i. 14.

The two parables, and the statement in S. Matthew 25., and particularly the 1st parable, are exceedingly fine. Only, on re-

flection, I doubt whether that of the virgins, could be fairly divided. If it could not, a fourth excellent subject might be, the marriage feast. Perimus licitis. In all this, however, I seem as if I were saying what would not be of much use to you; and it so happens, that I can do no better, as my mind is thickened with morbidness, not at all on my spirits, nor distressingly on my body, but still, enough affecting the latter, to make the mind dull, but not uncomfortable. And besides, I have my occupations too. I am writing a letter to Butterworth, which has spread out with me. And this day, I was obliged to write an address to the public, for the charity sermon of the roman catholic Female Penitentiary, in Townsend Street; which I visited yesterday morning, in company with two priests; and was so much pleased with what I saw and heard, that I am their zealous advocate. Piety, is positively, to appearance, more cultivated there, than it would be likely to be, in any protestant place, of the same description, I know.

Tell the Archbishop, that I shall be so impudent, as, without further communication to him, or any from him, to mention him as a subscriber to Hayley's edition, of Cowper's translation of Milton. You know the case; you zealously urged me; and you are to be named too. You can tell the Archbishop that it will be two guineas; but, being to aid an orphan, the son of one of Cowper's kindest friends, poor Mr. Rose, he will think it well given. I need not send my love to the Archbishop, for I do so in stating the above; as I must truly love one I take such a liberty with.

If you have within your reach, Boyle's Advantages, rather, Excellency of Theology, compared with Philosophy, read carefully the first section; and particularly from the 41st page of my edition, i. e. from the paragraph beginning 'And on the occasion, the greater reverence, &c.;' and tell me if you perceive any thing striking in it. I wish you, also, to turn over, with some attention, Dr. Clarke's 1st theological work, 3 essays on Baptism, Confirmation, and Repentance. I will say more about this last, again; but, can now only say, that I am

Ever yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER 43.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 28. 1806

My dear Friend,

I shall possibly give you this evening but little for your money, but I will treat your pocket as I treat my own; that is, with very little of what the wise of this world would call discretion. I have an inflamed eye, which makes me somewhat economical in writing; and I have the review of Cowper's Life put afresh upon the stocks, which demands all I can at present muster, of ocular, or intellectual ability.

In Clarke's 3 essays, look particularly at Baptism, chap. iii. sec. 5., and also chap. iv. secs. 5 and 6. Mark, how, in the former of these sections, he enters his strong testimony against all Taylorites. Alas! for our friend at——! And observe, in the latter, how he sides with us, against Drs. S——, M——, &c. Look also at Confirmation, chap. i. sec. 1., and chap. xiii. secs. 6 and 7. I suppose there are many other passages worth attention; but these are what have struck me: and I think you will agree with me, in regarding them as very remarkable and valuable.

But the most painful thing is, that so little of the same spirit should remain, in his other writings. There may be many crudities in this early work; but it is animated, direct, cordial, and primitive. He was yet unbiassed by any thing in the world; lived in the family, of an honest, worthy, Bishop; had in his mind a strong germinating principle of piety; and his studying the Fathers, placed him, for a time, as in a hot-house. Under these circumstances, he wrote what I am now referring to. What he wrote afterwards, seems to imply other habits and feelings; as Whiston used to tell him, not better ones. I think the comparison will be useful, and interesting to you. Look, particularly, at his sermon on the Love of God; my strictures on which, our friend at ——, would not wholly allow; indeed, if I remember, hardly at all.

Yet, I am not sure, whether, even this man might not be, in one respect, a greater aid to you, than more evangelical sermon writers could be. What I mean is, that some of his sermons might aid you considerably, in composing yours; because he would often give you a sensible, clear, well digested skeleton, while it would be a skeleton only. Look, for instance, at the Discourse on Gen. xv. 6., and see whether you could not put some

flesh on those bones ; as far as thought could proceed, without feeling, . . the umbratile, without the real apprehension, . . few men could out-do him. In some cases, however, there might be the mould of truth so laid, as to admit of, and require, only the pouring in the melted gold of love ; and this done, as I think you might sometimes find no great difficulty in doing, might body forth a good sermon. This, however, is quite an extemporaneous fancy, which I thought of within this hour, and have not been able to consider with any deliberation.

Dr. N. seems to go on well ; and I think will be a good preacher, when his mind is more fully regulated, and his habits more established. Dr. W. gives me a good deal of satisfaction ; and he and his brother T., are getting into the best possible understanding with each other, about interior matters. —— is clearly set on being what he ought to be ; and Mrs. ——, now at F——, has written to me from thence a delightful letter. Having just time, I will copy part of it :—

' We are here a very large family party of twenty : and I can be more retired, more given up to serious thought, more collected, and I think I have enjoyed more comfort, in my devotions this day, than I have experienced for some time. I cannot but admire the goodness of God to me in this ; that, in a situation where there is every thing to distract, he should so keep me, so guard me, and show such wonderful love toward me, who have been so cold and faithless ; indeed, so much so, that, of late, I have often feared I was deserted, and have often wondered what prevented my being in despair, from feeling myself so lifeless, so heartless, so completely dead, unable to form an ardent wish to be otherwise. In this situation, my only comfort, in examining myself, and, I conceive, a very solid one in want of better, was, to find myself equally inanimate to the things of this world ; and that I would gladly relinquish any thing, or every thing, for a more assured and experimental love of God. I do not think I have so opened myself to you for some time ; and yet I have not been without the desire frequently to do so ; and I know not how I have been hindered ; nor can I account for it in any way, than by being in such a state as I have now described.'

How sober, how deep, how excellent, and if I may add a less matter, how well written is this ! You know I had uneasiness ; and you see there was apparent cause ; but this letter shows me, most satisfactorily, that there was no real cause. I could not withhold it from you ; you, of course, are at liberty to show it to the Archbishop, with whom I have the comfort of thinking I have no secrecy.

Farewell : most truly and always yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER 44.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Nov. 1806.

My dear Friend,

You never were more erroneous, than in supposing, that my objecting to the suaviter in modo fortiter in re, had any thing to do with you. Most truly such an idea never presented itself. No, no, my thought was of a very different kind, and possibly a very groundless kind. Therefore, without requiring from me any thing like a relinquishment of an opinion, or exposing you to the suspicion of any thing like pertinacity, your expression will be retained. I am sincerely glad the other observations have your concurrence. The long Greek quotation is a very fine one; and, on the whole, I think it deserves insertion. You disregard little imputations of pedantry; and I own I am not sorry to see Greek quotations, in the margin of a Hibernian visitation sermon.

Lancaster and his moorish friend, Ombark Boubi, visited me yesterday. The quaker is a clever fellow, I suppose with some excitement of brain: certainly, with great capacity to talk about religion, as of every thing else that he knows any thing of. Possibly, the mechanism of his system may be useful; but of his plans altogether, and especially as far as religion is concerned, I greatly doubt. But not being called upon to act, one way or other, I found it easy enough to pass through my conversation with him: and shall leave others to countenance him, or not, as they think proper.

N. dined with me on Sunday; and spent six hours and more with me: conversation did not flag. He left me at ten, and professed he thought it had been at eight. This was, to me, right pleasant, who would, I assure you, ever wish to send off my guests with an appetite. It was more, however, his sound state of mind, than my management, which made him think it an earlier hour; for I talked copiously, as I am, I fear too often, over-disposed to.

One part of my talk was perfectly extempore; and, therefore, I should like to mention it to you. It is usual to apply the epithet of abstract, to what is metaphysical. In one sense it is just: metaphysical entia are abstract from all matter. But, in another sense, abstraction is not used in metaphysic, because, in metaphysic, you think of what is strictly intellectual; which you find in its own simplicity, and have not need to separate, from any thing in which it inheres. Not so in physics, or in mathe-

matics: here, you strictly abstract; for you think of things speculatively, which are inherent in objects of sense, so as to have no kind of existence out of them. Squares, circles, angles, have no existence without matter; therefore, you literally abstract, when you speak of them. Again, in moral matters, something of the same kind takes place; for as, in physics, you speak of objects of sense, or their inseparable properties, so, you here speak of objects of interest or feeling; and, in merely thinking of them, you abstract the idea from the sentiment, as in physical matters from the sensation. The mere thinking faculty, therefore, can exercise itself on physical sensation, or perception; on moral sentiment; or on its own simple, indifferently applicable power. But, in this last instance, it has nothing to exercise abstraction upon; itself is its object; but as it can act only abstractedly, in physical matters, it can do no more, in moral matters. And, therefore, mere abstract ratiocination might as well warm one, by its shuffling about the idea of a fire, as make one good, by the exercise of the same faculty on goodness.

Yours most cordially,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER XLVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 10. 1806.

My dear Friend,

Though I cannot fully enter into all you said, last Sunday se'nnight, about abstraction, and metaphysic, I cordially agree in your conclusion, that abstract ratiocination might as well warm us, by bandying about the idea of a fire, as make us good, by syllogizing about goodness. And here, I conceive, lies the main difference, between the aristotelic, and the platonic philosophy: the former, frequently, going as far, as precise definition, accurate discrimination, and subtle reasoning, can go; while the latter has a certain nameless charm, which makes us feel, and love virtue. The one has a genial warmth, which penetrates and melts our hearts; while the other is 'cold and clear,' like Robinson's sharp frosty night.

Dr. Gillies, Dr. Enfield, and the whole corps of rationalizing utility men, are drawn up in battle array, against the Alexandrine school of platonists; whom they pelt with pebbles, stolen from the German magazine of Brucker, Mosheim, &c. For

I am convinced they have never read, the writings of the men they vilify. In these days, it has been found very easy, to procure a stock of second-hand learning; and dressing it up with some terseness and flippancy, to exhibit it most ostentatiously, to the bepuzzlement of the ignorant, and the bedazzlement of the superficial. If you wish for an exhibition of this nature, you may find it in the dissertations, which accompany Gillies' Aristotle; who, because he had learning enough to translate the Nicomachian Ethics, conceives himself entitled to malign writers whom, as I said before, I am sure he never read. If we are to believe his account, Plotinus was the veriest wronghead that ever breathed; an arrogant, self-sufficient, fanatical declaimer. Whether he deserves this character, we may form a tolerable judgment, from the quotations given by John Smith: but some continuous reading of his own original work, has lately raised him highly in my estimation. In parts, indeed, he takes some transcendental flights; but even when he is least sound and sober, we discover a noble principle at bottom: which he that reads eclectically, is able to separate, from the excesses to which it is carried. In his Greek, from an extreme density, and a frequent use of platonic technicalities, he is often 'obscurorum obscurissimus;' and his translator and commentator, Ficinus, is himself so deeply initiated in those Alexandrine mysteries, that he often adds new perplexities, to those of the original. Still, however, I do not mean to be discouraged from digging in that mine, which was explored to such noble purpose, by Cudworth, Smith, and the rest of our beloved latitudinarians. For, I verily think, making every allowance for mysticism, obscurity, and an excess of austere discipline, that Plotinus has more of the θεοειδες νους, than any of the heathens I have yet looked into: and in this, he, assuredly, excels his master, that he would turn with abhorrence, from the impurities tolerated, in Plato's fanciful Republic.

If you have Plotinus, I could be glad you would direct your attention, to the second book of his first Ennead. He there divides, or rather distributes virtue, into four stages of progression. 1. The civil or political. 2. The purgative. 3. The purified. 4. The exemplary. Beyond the first and lowest of these stages, it appears to me, the aristotelic school, with its offset, our utility men, Watson, Paley, Search, &c. have seldom, if ever, advanced. Along with this, which occupies only a few pages, should be read, Macrobius in Somn. Scip., lib. i. cap. 8. This is a very brief, animated, and satisfactory abstract, of Plotinus' scheme; I think you will join with me in admiring, it as one of the noblest specimens extant of eclectic philosophy: carried indeed to a greater height, than mere philosophy ever could

arrive at, except theoretically; but still, exhibiting that, which should be the object of every christian, that which christians are divinely enabled to attain. Whether you look at Plotinus or not, do, by all means, procure Macrobius.

I have been just reading, and with deep interest, the 6th book of Plotinus' 1st Ennead: it is a treatise *περι καλου*. It is not very long; and many of its views, wonderfully harmonize with your own. Perhaps, a little specimen of it, not literally translated, but, I believe, pretty fairly represented, may interest, or at least amuse you. He resolves corporeal beauty, into a communication of reason from the divine artificer: giving shape, order, and harmony, to that matter, which would, otherwise, be shapeless and deformed. *Το καλον σωμα, γιγνεται λογου ὑπο θειων ελθοντος κοινωνια.* Of this beauty, we judge, by comparing the external object, with a certain innate internal formula, which is the pattern of the beautiful: as an architect judges of a building, by its conformity to the plan in his own mind; or, as a good man is delighted with the rudiments of truth and goodness in a promising youth, because they agree with the archetypal picture of virtue in his own soul; or, as sweet sounds, awaken latent harmonies, within us, and thus produce a vivid idea of the beautiful.

Moral beauty, can no more be relished by an impure soul, than a man born blind, can conceive and describe the beauty of colours. They, cannot do justice to the brightness of virtue, who do not internally perceive, how beautiful is the countenance of righteousness and temperance, so that the evening or morning is not so lovely; and, who do not contemplate moral excellence, with an admiration such as the beauties of nature excite, in the tasteful eye. What, says he, is the nature of your feelings, respecting things invisible, when you contemplate generous studies, correct manners, chaste morals, virtuous habits; in a word, the beauty of the soul? What emotions, what transports! How ardently do you desire, to be freed from every bodily incumbrance, to commune with your own spirit! It is thus that true lovers are affected. And what is it, that excites such marvellous affections? It is not form, nor color, nor magnitude: but it is the unembodied soul, decked with no other ornaments, than simple modesty, and the native brilliancy of virtue. It is, when you behold, either in yourselves or in others, magnanimity, firm principle, pure chastity; manliness with undaunted countenance; seemliness and modesty, with intrepid gait, and undisturbed tranquillity; and a deiform mind, shedding its lustre over all these great qualities; *επι δε πασι τουτοις τον θεοειδη νουν επιλαμποντα.*

He had before stated, that the best mode of arriving at the

true nature of moral beauty, was, to lay down the nature of its opposite; and I think you will join with me, that his description of a base, degenerate soul, is masterly.

The base soul is intemperate, unjust, teeming with desires, overwhelmed with fears, envious, grovelling, mortal: the slave of impure pleasures; hurried away by the impulse of animal passions; accounting turpitude, enjoyment; a turpitude, which insinuates itself under the semblance of adventitious good; which contaminates the soul; agglutinates it to evil; deprives it of spiritual life, and pure perception; mingles it with manifold death; precludes it from seeing any longer, what the soul ought to see; forces from it the privilege of self-possession; ever dragging it to outer, and infernal darkness; *τῳ ελκεσθαι αει προς το εξω, και το κατω, και το σκοτεινον.*

He, is not the unhappy man, who possesses not those objects, which are beautiful to the external senses; or who fails to obtain power, dominion, or kingdom: but he, that is destitute of the sole, and single possession, for which universal dominion, the empire of earth, and sea, and heaven, might worthily be rejected and contemned. But, by what dexterity of contrivance, can we gain a sight of this inestimable beauty; which remains enshrined, as it were, in a holy sanctuary; and never comes forth, lest profane eyes should behold it? Whosoever can, let him enter, and proceed to the inmost recess: leaving behind him, his very sense of common vision; not casting a look or a thought, on that corporeal beauty, which before enthralled him; or, if he do meet corporeal beauty, let him consider, that it is but the image, the outline, the shadow of substantial good: and let him fly to the (divine) reality. For, if he pursue any object of the senses, as a real existence, his fate will resemble that of the victim in the fable, who, reaching after a beautiful shadow in the water, plunged into the stream; and disappeared for ever. It being most certain that he, who devotes himself to mere corporeal beauty, plunges, not his body, but his soul, into dark and dismal depths; where he must blindly wander, conversing only with shades, whether in Hades, or in this present life. Here, then, any one may cry, (with more truth and justice, than Ulysses in the Odyssey,) 'Let us fly to our dear country,' *φευγωμεν δε φιλην εις πατριδα.* But, how shall we fly, how escape the magic of Circe, or Calypso? For this is the real meaning of the fable, which represents Ulysses unwilling to remain, though solicited by every thing, that could enchant his eyes, or fascinate his senses. Our country, is that, from whence we originally came; and there, we have a Father. How, then, shall we escape? Where is our fleet? It is not on foot we are to go; for our feet could carry us only from

one part of this earth, to another. We need prepare, neither chariots, nor ships: by laying all these aside, and not looking, (to any thing earthly) but as it were, closing our eyes, we are to exercise another vision, and to awaken higher senses; which all possess, but few employ.

But what does this interior eye behold? When it is first awakened, it cannot behold objects of dazzling lustre: the soul is therefore to be gradually advanced; first, we are to contemplate fair studies; then, good books; then, the interior of those virtuous men, who perform those good works. But, how are we to inspect the beauty of a holy soul? Retire within thyself; examine thine own interior; and, if thou dost not find it beautiful, imitate the statuary, who pares off this, planes that, renders one part smooth, another pure, till he, at length, produces a beautiful countenance. Thus, do thou, remove whatever is superfluous; rectify whatever is perverse; purify whatever is dark; till it gain lustre: and cease not laboring thy statue, till the deiform splendor of virtue, shine forth in thee; till thou seest a sound mind enthroned in holy purity. If thou arrivest at this state; if thou seest thyself thus, and inhabitest thyself in purity, freed from every impediment to becoming thus ONE: having nothing foreign, mingled with thy internal essence, but being thyself entirely one true light; not measured by size; not circumscribed by figure; not bounded, even, by immense magnitude; but altogether immeasurable, as being greater than all magnitude, and fuller than all quantity: if thou seest thyself arrived at this pitch of good confidence, concerning thyself; and so far advanced, that thou needst no longer a guide: here steadfastly fix thy mental eye; for it is such an eye only, that beholdeth consummate beauty. But, if thine eye be disordered by vice, or not purified, or through cowardice, unable to behold exceeding splendor, then it will be dark, and incapable of viewing this glorious vision, even though it were pointed out to thee. He that will see, must bring a visive faculty, congenial, and similar, to the object contemplated. Eye never yet beheld the sun, that was not soliform; neither can a soul contemplate beauty, except it be itself beautiful: and so, he must become all deiform, and all beauty, who is to see God, and (archetypal) beauty; *γενεσθω δη πρωτον θεοειδης πας, και καλος πας, ει μελει θεασασθαι Θεον τε και καλον.*

I have now brought my prolix transcript to an end: it grew upon me, and amused me; and I could not deny myself the

pleasure of proceeding; though perhaps, that which was interesting to me, with the noble original before me, will to you appear very flat, stale, and unprofitable, through the dusky medium in which I have enveloped it.

My studies have, of late, been pretty vigorous; which is, in a good measure, owing, to my being better provided, than hitherto, with books that have served as a sort of ecclesiastical heralds; especially, so far as greek philosophy, and experimental religion, are concerned. Poiret's Bibliotheca Mysticorum, Fabricius' Bibliotheca Græca, and Buddeus' Isagoge Historica, Theologica, have answered, and excelled my expectation: and with a few more such indexes, and a tolerably ancient library at my command, if my health is spared, I do hope I may become somewhat better qualified, for an under workman to you. At present, I think I can trace the chrysostomian school, to Philo Judæus; who was, merely, the patriarch of later platonism, as it was modified by the Alexandrine eclectics; but, I also think, that, Ephrem Syrus, Macarius, and other fathers of the desert, drank deeply of the same fountain; though their platonism assumed a more mystical form, than that of Clemens Alexandrinus, Chrysostom, or even Origen himself. The platonism of the former, (Ephr. Mac. &c.) cannot be questioned, on an inspection of their writings; and, so far as Macarius is concerned, it is well illustrated, in the preface to the english translation you have. But the gradations of mysticism are curious: in which, I just find, I am borne out by Poiret. He does not include either Clemens Alexand., or Chrysostom, in his catalogue of mystics. To Origen, he does assign a place, styling him, 'illuminatus a Deo;' Macarius, he characterizes, as theodidactus, solidus, realissimus, penetrans.' And Ephrem Syrus, he calls 'totus affectiones, et viscera.' The mixed character of platonism, and mysticism, is, perhaps, better exemplified in Dr. H. More, than in any other modern. For, while he was deeply read in Plato, Plotinus &c., it is remarkable, that the book to which he attributes his deepest, and happiest views of religion, was the Theologia Germanica; a work, which may be deemed the parent source, of German pietism; which was edited, for the fourth or fifth time, by John Arndt; having, long before, been re-edited, by Luther. Poiret gives this character of the work: . . 'Antiquus, celebris, maxime radicalis, et exquisitissimus libellus; qui nil fere quam mera, Christianæ maxime interioris, et practicæ theologiæ, principia continet. Deum esse omnia; hominem esse nihil; malum appropriationis; abnegatio sui, et reliquorum omnium: tum discrimen veri et falsi luminis, veræ et falsæ libertatis, puri et mercenarii amoris, consti-

tuunt argumentum, de quo ibidem agitur, sine notabili quidem methodo, attamen tali ratione, quæ intimæ soliditatis, et ab anima a Deo illuminata profecta esse sentitur.'

Now that I have got into the subject of mystics, I feel disposed to give you a specimen, which I promised you some time since, of Cardinal Petrucci.

'It is certain, by the testimony of the Apostle, that all who are predestinated, must be made conformable to the image of the Son of God. It is, therefore, equally certain, that it must be the chief care, and principal endeavor, of one who earnestly desires to be reckoned amongst the number of those, to keep the eye of his soul closely fixed, on the most holy original, Christ: to draw in himself, as resembling, and perfect a copy of it, as possibly can be done, by Divine grace. We have, then, thus far, foreseen the conditions, that have embellished, and graced all the works of Christ; and we must do what in us lies, to adorn our own, with the like qualities. Christ was the noblest of all agents; and the most perfect nobility of the soul, proceeds from his virtue and holiness. Let, therefore, the inward purity and candor of our conscience, be the fundamental condition of our acting and working: . . 'And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offerings; but unto Cain, and his offering, he had not respect.' Respect, from God, is, his approbation and love; but he never approves, or loves the gifts, unless he has first, in his mercy, accepted the giver. Abel and his oblations, were accepted by God; and the cause of his being so, came from his innocence; and because he was upright. We should not have so great a regard to what we *do*, as to what we truly *are*. For, were we good in the inward man, our actions would be likewise good; and, if we were righteous at the bottom, our actions would be so too. Many place holiness, in good works; but never so much as dream, that it consists, in being possessed of a principle of sanctity. Let our works appear never so holy, yet they do not satisfy us, so far as they are works: but, in proportion as we are godly; and as they spring from the centre of a holy soul. It is a holy heart, which sanctifies every thing we set about; and that man is holiest, whose soul is best replenished, with the grace and love of God; and his works are still the better qualified, the greater respect he has to the glory of God. Our diligent endeavor, therefore, should be, to keep this secret ground and centre of our soul, undefiled and enlarged; seeing, without all question, man's essential happiness is rooted and placed in it. It is the mind that is good, and well experienced in the pure love of God, which makes our actions perfect and accepted, in the sight of the Divine majesty. What may be drawn from this heavenly doc-

trine, is this, that, seeing the true godliness of human actions does not consist, in the natural, or material goodness of them only; but, in that which is supernatural also, proceeding from sanctifying grace, and from love; then, human actions shall be proportionably good, by how much the more fervent love, and abundant grace, they are advanced to the glory of God. Hence, it comes to pass, that very oft, a poor, godly woman, who receives the sacrament with earnestness of love to God, deserves more than the priest who consecrates it: and a poor, provided he be a devout man, has a greater interest in reward, than many great and learned doctors, who shine, by their preaching and ingenious performances, like so many suns in the church of God: and that, because the greater measure of love, makes the action, that is meanest of itself, become the holier of the two: and, therefore, the sanctity of the agent, is the root and foundation of holy actions.'

On reviewing what I have written, I entertain strong suspicions that this may fairly be styled, a very pedantic letter. You will, however, take in good part, and make candid allowance, for my prolusions. When a person lives much alone; and has far more converse with the dead than the living; it is perhaps impossible, not to catch somewhat of the manner of his associates; and of course, to talk and write, when he can do it freely, like those of 'olden time.' It would be a desirable faculty to be able to give, rather the spirit, than the body, of these ancient gentry; to imbibe their views, sentiments, and divine enthusiasm; and, then, to pour it forth, in one's own words. This, I have not yet, even partially, attained; but may I not hope, that, when more fully charged, I shall be enabled to appear less pedantic, and more original? You know what Horace says.

> Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ,
> Verbaque, provisam rem, non invita sequuntur.

Now, I am, at present, gleaning my *rem*, from philosophy, and from the scriptures; and do trust, that, through higher influences than Horace knew of, words will follow. It is not, however, to be forgotten, that it is not the most diligent and laborious study of the ancients, that will do: for you know,

> . . . . 'who reads
> Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
> Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
> Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.'

The *sapere* must be the principium et fons: . . the living prin-

ciple, in comparison with which, all the rest sink into mere mechanical instruments; which are useless, and even dangerous, unless they be guided by sound wisdom and discretion.

As this is a letter of quotation, I must give you something to the present purpose, from the above mentioned Theologia Germanica.

'Quamvis bonum sit inquirere, aut explorare, atque etiam cognoscere, quid boni sanctique viri scripserint, aut passi fuerint; aut quomodo vixerint, quidve Deus in eis, et per eos egerit et voluerit: tamen esset centies satius, ut homo exploraret, et cognosceret, quis, qualisve sit status vitæ suæ; et quid Deus, in eo, sit, et velit, et agat; et ad quam rem Deus eo velit uti, vel nolit. Itaque hoc quoque verum est, quod dicitur: Nunquam tam bonum est exire, quin sit intus manere melius.'

And now to descend to business. You must know, that my authorship begins to look out for some tidings of his sermon. Methinks, if the printer and publisher were decently active, it might be out by this time: whenever it is ready, I wish it to be properly advertised, and, perhaps, it might be well to have some copies sent to the other booksellers, Keene, Dugdale, Archer, Mercier, and Mahon. It is only by seeing them lying on a counter, that people will be led to think of purchasing such light ephemeral things, as my sermon: and yet, if it do contain any important truth, it is desirable that it should be bought and read. I shall, also, be glad to have copies sent to the people in town, whom I shall specify in the envelope; and through the castle, if it would not be trespassing, to certain other people, whom I shall likewise mention. I shall myself want 30 copies, which you can probably send me by post. My friends among the clergy must be presented with copies; and the Archbishop wants to send one to the Bishop of London, with a particular note accompanying it. Besides, my friend —— wishes to send copies to the Bishops of Waterford, Cork, and Limerick.

I presume I have fairly tired you, so believe me,

dear Sir,

most cordially and gratefully yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 17. 1806.

My dear Friend,

The encouragement you have given me, emboldens me to offer a few more observations; which, after all, are perhaps not worth being communicated. The mystic, and scholastic theology, which flourished, at the same period, in the Latin church, appear to have served that very two-fold purpose, for which, we have seen, so many providential provisions were made. This is distinctly adverted to, by a most unprejudiced witness; Jac. Thomasius, (quoted by Buddeus. Isagog. Hist. Theol. p. 687.) He thus writes, 'Duæ partes sunt Christianismi; vera fides, pia vita. Illa ad intellectum, hæc ad voluntatem refertur; illi scholastica, huic mystica theologica subvenire conata est olim, sed ita, ut plurimum labis adspergeretur. In utrâque repurganda laboraverint nostri, cum exemplo illis præivisset Lutherus. Huic enim bella fuere, non cum scholasticis modo doctoribus, sed cum enthusiastis quoque, et fanaticis. Post Lutherum, quasi partitis operis, alii scholasticam, alii mysticam, magis magisque reformare sunt adgressi. E quibus, Joannes Amdius maxime negotium sibi sumpsit mysticæ theologiæ refingendæ in faciem saniorem.' I have extended this quotation so far, because the latter part of it goes to show, that, even in the Lutheran church, (though I agree with you in deeming it, the succession of the ancient Greek church) there was a provision for the two-fold function, of guarding truth, and exciting love.

Buddeus, following the opinion of many other learned divines, (Isag. p. 681.) attributes the rise of mystic theology in the Latin church, to the dominion of the scholastic, which was, at last, felt to be oppressive. The dry, thorny disputations, and, often, frivolous questions of the schools, were ill suited to satisfy, the natural appetite of the human mind and heart, for divine truth and love. They became disgusted with the insipidity of this system; and hence, when food of another kind was provided, by the translation of Dionysius the Areopagite, and the writings of St. Bernard, it was received with avidity; and was soon digested into a system of mystic theology, which became a counterpoise to the subtleties of the schools. A curious confirmation of which fact, may be drawn from the circumstance, that the great schoolmen of the 13th century, Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus, and Thomas Aquinas, felt them-

selves obliged to call in mysticism to their aid; a union, which was afterwards more completely formed, in the writings of the celebrated Gerson. Must we not say, that, in this process, there evidently appears at work, that principal of providential compensation, which so frequently by the collision, and sometimes by the alliance, of opposite extremes, guards the central truth, till circumstances are ripe, for its being brought forward with safety and effect. That mixture of scholasticism and mysticism, which prevailed in the Latin church, for two centuries prior to the reformation, we know, was deformed by grievous errors; but probably it was, on the whole, the purest system, which the times could bear. On this hypothesis, you will observe, that your idea of the final cause of the Canticles, comes into play: they being, as it were, a pleasure-ground, for mysticism to disport in.

I know not whether the facts I have thus gleaned, and the observations I have made upon them, will appear to you to have any substantial value. But, I confess, the impression on my own mind is, that there appears in this place, a nice adjustment of weight and power, of ballast and sails. Had there been only mystic theology in the Latin church, the whole west would have been out of its wits: had there been only school divinity, it would have produced a mere race of cold, yet disputatious quibblers, without an ignitable particle in their composition; if, indeed, we except those angry passions, which commonly are in pretty full force among logomachists. And, in either case, what materials would there have been for the Reformation, and for all the beneficial effects that have followed? Luther, it is probable, was as much indebted, on the one hand, to the practical warmth of the Theologia Germanica, as to the logical acumen of Acquinas, on the other.

Am I fanciful in supposing, that one end of mysticism was, to keep alive the idea of distinct stages, and gradations in religion? It being chiefly occupied about what was not cognizable by the senses, about interior sentiments, and feelings of spiritual religion, . . was of course led to make for itself some variety, in this abstract sphere of operation; and those who cultivated it, must, necessarily, have been anxious to determine, the degree of proficiency they had attained. And, hence, distinct stages would be marked out, which individuals might readily know whether they had attained. A proceeding, not necessary among those, who are in the habit of determining pretensions to christian virtue, either by external acts, or by doctrinal opinions. Certain it is, that Philo Judæus, Plotinus, and all the new platonic school, Clemens Alexandrinus, St. Bernard, Cardinal Bona, and all the mystics of the middle ages, and of modern times, have enume-

rated distinct, and clearly distinguishable, stages of internal religion. And yet, I do not recollect that, among fathers or divines of early date, who were not somewhat mystical, such discriminative stages have been clearly marked. Some moderns, such as Baxter, our platonists, John Wesley, &c., *do* thus discriminate; but may they not, in this respect, have copied the mystics? If all this be not fanciful, then, we are indebted to mysticism for comparative theology; for that branch of it, at least, which follows up St. John's idea, of little children, young men, and fathers.

Could you propose to me a promising subject, for four Advent, and a christmas-day sermon, *in serie?* If you can do it, (and observe, I merely want the general hint, and not the outline,) it would be of great service to me. It will not be too late, any day this week. I have not been well enough to do much in the sermon way; hardly any thing, in truth, since the visitation. I could, indeed, both read and write; but, then, it was necessary, not to lead, but to follow the workings of my mind. When I attempted the former, (for I have repeatedly attempted,) I was unsuccessful: but I still live in hopes of doing better. I think a continuous set of discourses, would be likely to engage my mind, and keep it in activity, much time being absolutely thrown away, in its present stage, of casting about for independent subjects, which, one after another, I am obliged to relinquish.

I shall only hint, that, if it would not be intrenching upon your time, I would always rather wait one or two posts, than that you should hurry off short letters, merely because the post is going out. I do not, however, wish to interrupt the distribution of time you are in the habit of making; nor to do any thing like prescribing the length, or manner, of those communications, which are always most highly valued by, my dear Sir,

Yours most gratefully and cordially,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XLIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 24. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Archbishop desires me to tell you, that he is much obliged to you for putting him down as a subscriber to Cowper's posthumous work; and wishes to be named for three copies, as he

would like to give it to his daughters. You will, of course, name me.

What you dignify with the title of researches, are by no means entitled to such a name. It has been to me very slight, and desultory reading; only, perhaps, in books not easily procured, and therefore, not much known. But I cordially thank you for your kind and wise caution, about not letting it have too much of my time. It will not be unpleasant to you to hear, that all you could wish, on that head, passed through my mind several days ago; and that I feel tolerably conscious, that though I do, and probably ever shall, rather range from subject to subject, than read very continuously, I am not run away with by any particular hobby-horse, but am always ready, so far as health and spirits will permit, to apply to the proper business of the day and hour. Last week, I was more than commonly unwell, and obliged to keep the house through the whole of it.

You judged quite rightly about the sermons: those sent first, were just as I could wish, except that the marble paper dirties one's hands, which, however, is but an accident. I have given up the notion of continuous Advent sermons, having made some way in a discourse for next Sunday on Ps. cxix. 165.

Farewell, my dear Sir,

Ever most cordially yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I shall attend to what you wish me to read.

——oo——

LETTER L.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 2. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST break in upon your more interesting pursuits, though apprehensive that I have it not in my power to indemnify you, for the minutes I may steal from Cowper; not to speak of the sevenpence, which, I presume, you have just sent out to the post-man: so that, you see, you leave me far behind you in the article of discretion, as you do in every other desirable article that I know of.

I have read over with great pleasure, and shall again read more carefully, the passages in Clarke. They are, indeed, most remarkable, and every way to our purpose; especially compared with other parts of his writings. I did not fail to

look again, at his sermon on the love of God; and must say, that I still more fully acquiesce in your strictures at R—, than I did at the time. Truly, his case appears to me to be a lamentable one; a man, certainly, with prodigious powers, and I believe thorough honesty, daily advancing in all knowledge, and, at the same time, too visibly declining in love. That was, probably, an unfortunate day for him, that brought him to London, to preach Boyle's lectures, and acquire reputation as an able metaphysical theologian. What Hoadly says of his earliest works, the three Essays, and Amyntor, is remarkable enough. 'I mention them here, not to put them on a level with his other performances; but only, as having upon them the plain marks of a christian frame of mind, &c.' The same Bishop Hoadly commends his wisdom, in not attempting to move the passions, in his preaching; adding, that, 'if this was his defect, it was a defect in his original frame and constitution.' I think I could prove the reverse, from different passages in the three Essays. To my knowledge, *one* has drawn tears from the eyes of young persons, in more than a single instance. It is Confirmation, Chap. IX. § 6. I rather fear, that Clarke's 'original frame and constitution', was *not* in fault; but that he had, somehow or other, 'left his first love.'

I look forward to using Clarke, in the way you recommend; and this day looked out for his sermon on Genesis xv. 6, but could not find it in the edition I have, that in 5 vols. 8vo. I often feel the want of solid matter, or rather topic, so thrown into skeleton, as to set me a thinking; and thence, by further process, to excite me to methodized feeling, if I may so speak. This most severe weather has much overset me; it has interfered with any thing like regular study. However, I got through a sermon, last week, on 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, &c.'; for which, Nicole on death, afforded some valuable hints, and the rest came into my own mind. There are, I believe, some good ideas in it; but there is a defect in arrangement, and other defects too, which I was conscious of at the time, but unable, from illness, to remedy. What you call my researches, have been much at a stand: they will, however, I trust, at a more favorable season, be renewed in moderation. Meantime, I strive to amuse and improve myself, as far as morbidness will let me; and have taken to the plan of noting down my little reading in a diary; which I find satisfactory, as it not only enables me to look back on what I have been doing, but leads me to note down observations, which would otherwise be lost.

What a charming extract from our excellent friend's letter! She is, in very truth, one of the excellent upon earth; and, in

reading what she says, I could not help looking, with deep humiliation, into my own bosom; for the very best I can say of myself is, that, for a long time, I have been suffering under a deadness, and a religious torpor, I fear much worse than her's, without the consolation that I feel as deeply sorry for it, as I ought to be. I am often doubtful whether I do, or do not deceive myself, by laying it too much to the account of morbidness, and bodily malady. This much, however, I am, after all, willing to believe, that, when well, there is nothing I so much delight in, as the predominance of cordial religious feeling; and that, when ill, I am not able to delight in any thing.

I showed the passage to ——, with which he was highly gratified: but then told me smiling, that he believed, if all were known, you have now the same uneasiness about him, that you had about ——; and that he should be sorry for it, being conscious there is no cause. I ventured to assure him, that you have no such uneasiness; and regretted afterwards, that I had not thought of reading him what you say; 'that you have the comfort of thinking, that, with him, you have no secrecy.' The reason why I did not show him this was, that it happens to be written at the top of the last page, in immediate connection with what you say about N.

I wrote, last week, to —— requesting information about —— charities; for we wish to do something of that kind here. This night I have had an answer; but I should just tell you, that I had slightly mentioned my studies, but, I rather believe, without naming the books; at least, without naming Plotinus; and, now, I wish to give an extract or two, which I think somewhat curious.

'I was particularly glad that our good Archbishop is setting you at work in a way (the charity schemes), that must often draw you off from that sublime gentleman, Plotinus; who would soon make you soar out of sight of us dull mortals.' Again, at the close: . .

'I have been looking impatiently for your sermon; which, I assure you, touched the weather-beaten feelings of the veteran Dr. A———, whose praise as much bespeaks the powers of the charmer, as when

'Fell Charybdis murmured hoarse applause.'

Your studies are likely to make you a sublime and persuasive preacher; but do not think it presumptuous in me to say, take care that these philosophers don't make you in love with fairy land; and, with their heroics, make you look down on the humble, contrite spirit, with which God delights to dwell. However, in saying this, it is under the full conviction, that whatever be

your studies, they have made you manifestly useful; and I often wish you could infuse some of your rich thoughts into a friend. I think, at the same time, these platonists have a strong tincture of enthusiasm; as, indeed, it must be impossible for uninspired man, to discuss such themes, without running a little wild.'

In this, there are very handsome compliments, more than I merit, much more; but such as his good-natured friendship leads him to make: but there is also an evident persuasion, that I am on the high road to the wildest enthusiasm, and to a romantic and proud abstraction, ill-suited to the condition of man. This does not, I confess, make me uneasy, on my own account; because I trust I occupy no fairy regions, but the terra firma of plain good sense; and because I never, perhaps, in my life, was led to estimate more meanly, my own talents, and acquirements. I feel that, for my time of life, I am rather an ignorant man; and I am too repeatedly visited by the hand of God incapacitating me, I doubt not for my good, to be vain of my powers of writing. In truth, they are not worth being thought of. But I do feel uneasy about our friend: for, I think I see, in this letter, deeper evidence than ever of a rooted anti-fanaticism.

I forgot to tell you, that, in my friend M——, I continue to find a most pleasant and satisfactory companion. He, Torrens, and I, meet in my room, every Wednesday evening, to read the New Testament. We began, only last week, with St. Matthew; but are to begin harmonizing the Gospels to-morrow. We refer to the Greek text, and to such commentators as I have. This we keep entirely to ourselves; as, from one quarter at least, this would be liable to misrepresentation, and might get us a name.

Not having the key of the Library, I have not yet looked at Boyle; but hope soon to do so.

Yours most entirely,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 45.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dec. 10. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU may begin to wonder, why I have been so long in acknowledging your last letter. The truth is, I have been unfitted for writing or reading, by an unusual complaint in my eyes.

* * * * * *

Your letter found me just able to read it; and I read every part of it with interest, I believe I may say, with fellow-feeling. Your way of thinking and speaking is a great comfort to me: not because you agree with me; that would be a wretched, miserable satisfaction. But because I believe you agree with immutable truth; and are brought, by the good hand of God, within the harmonies of the universe. I soberly rejoice in witnessing such a fact: for, if there be joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth, I cannot but think, that there is exceeding great joy, when a mind is attracted by the magnetism of divine grace, that has been previously fitted, by nature, for imbibing the influence (and for communicating it too) 'with the spirit, and with the understanding also.'

I have just been able to look over the two Reviews; which, I believe, we both take, the Eclectic, and the Christian Observer. I am pleased with many things in the Ecl. Rev. There is a good deal of sound sense, and wonderful liberality. Mark, particularly, the Review of Thornton Abbey, and of Gordon's Hist. of Ireland. That Temple of Truth, must be a great book. The writer may be now isolated; but he was not always so: as such opinions as he conveys, I imagine, are seldom, if ever, the indigenous growth, of the *Γη αυτομαιη* of the human mind. There must have been some seed, if not some scyon, from a calvinist nursery, in order to produce these fruits: but what I mean to observe is, that the reviewer makes some good observations. The quotations, however, contain some things, that make me wish to see the volume itself.

The C. O. goes on in a strange way: cautious, almost to tepidity, in what concerns feeling; and stiff, to a scholastic nicety, in what concerns doctrines. And, in reviewing books, strangely praising, where I think little praise is due; and dwelling on supposed doctrinal defects, with so exclusive an anxiety, as to imply a sort of opiniative pharisaism. I wish they could dwell more on the weightier matters of the law; and talk in less technical language.

I think I have not omitted any particular, in either your directions, or wishes, about sending the sermon, Mr. Greathead, and Hannah More excepted; to both of whom I must write with it, and, as yet, my eyes have disabled me. I gave one to M., telling him I was sure you would wish it. I gave one, also, to Dr. Perceval.

I am glad the Archbishop is soon coming to town. I have several things to talk to him about: and I love to talk to him, because he is uncommonly right; a rara avis, both in head and heart.

I must only add, that I am, always, most

truly and affectionately, yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER LI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 15. 1806.

My dear Friend,

That unpleasant complaint in your eyes would make me sincerely uneasy for you, if I did not think I could account for it, by the almost unexampled harshness of the season. Every one that is delicate, or ailing, has suffered in some shape; and I trust that your suffering is at its close. I have been, myself, far from well: some days, worse, perhaps, than you have ever seen me; though that is saying a bold word. But I am thankful that I now feel convalescent; and, if there should be a continuance of such bracing mornings as this, I trust we invalids may look forward to a speedy restoration.

By last night's post, I received a present of Dr. Graves's consecration sermon. I like the spirit it displays in many parts; especially the truly catholic compliments to Doddridge, p.p. 14. and 29. The historical sketch of God's providential dispensations (p. 20. 25.) appears to me neat, and, in some places, eloquent; and the concluding passage of the whole, is, at once, serious, animated, and pathetic. Yet, my general impression is, that the world must be easily pleased, if this production adds much to our friend's fame. There is no lucidus ordo; the topics are almost uniformly common-place; and neither enforced with energy, nor made attractive by graceful composition. There is, evidently, good and pious intention in what he says (p. 38 . . 41.), about the practical effects, which a sincere reception of christian doctrines should produce; but is it not talking about the matter, and about it, in a crude, unphilosophic, uninfluential way, without tracing the connection between principle and practice, and especially, without insisting upon the necessity, and divine efficacy, of that master principle of love? It is not, merely, the bare reception of truth, however sincerely it may be received, that is adequate to produce genuine christian tempers; yea, or even consistent outward practice. To this mode of talk, I am the less friendly, because I think it tends to keep up in the world, an indistinct, and cloudy view of christianity; which is, perhaps, one of the most operative hindrances, to a progress towards perfection. Throughout, there appear to me, evident marks of haste; and I much doubt, whether, in a single sermon, so long a transcript as that from Doddridge, is admissible. I think I can trace your correcting hand,

in what is said about episcopacy; especially in p. 18. But in p. 17. it strikes me, there is an inaccuracy, in saying 'the protestant church, &c.'; inasmuch as a very large portion of the protestant church, is positively chargeable with 'the anarchy of indiscriminate equality.' I was pleased with the introduction, of rationalizing semi-christians, into the borrowed passage from Doddridge, p. 30.; naturally enough, as the same sentiment is given in my own little discourse.

* * * * * * *

I had lately a most cordial letter from Dr. Hales, from which I will extract for you, the commendation of my sermon: considering the quarter it comes from, I think you will be gratified; and you understand my motives too thoroughly, to impute my sending it to vanity. 'I have read,' says he, 'with great pleasure, and I trust some profit, your excellent visitation sermon; which reflects equal credit to the head and the heart of the composer; who must have deeply felt himself, what he so forcibly and pathetically, and I will add, elegantly as well as learnedly inculcates, without unnecessary dilation. I wish the public was more frequently edified by such compositions, on such occasions; which are generally considered as the order of the day, and an opus operatum on the part of the preachers. The barrenness of the press here, in the important article of sermons, is truly deplorable; and tends much to the decay of religion and learning among the priesthood: and I commend the Archbishop, and your clerical brethren, for engaging you to print your discourse. While you are thus usefully employed, for yourself, and the public, you cannot fail to attract the notice of the public, and strengthen the esteem of your friends. This, I chiefly value, as affording a testimony to our ways of thinking, from a person, whose views are certainly very different, and who is too honest to say more than he feels.

I coincide with your remarks on the Reviews. But I must observe, that in the C. O., there every now and then appears, something very ably written: for instance, in two of the late numbers, are some masterly strictures on the Edinb. Rev.: though doubtless there is something strangely romantic in the supposition, that, without some next to miraculous conversion, the Edinburgh reviewers could become powerful advocates of christianity. The Eclectic is evidently gaining ground, and manifests an excellent spirit; some things, however, do not please me. In the last two numbers is contained a review of Carr's Stranger in Ireland; which seems to proceed from some very sour secretary; from one, too, who harps in with the general cry about the state of Ireland, without well knowing what he says. His general censure on the clergy of our establishment,

with the exception, I suppose, of the Ossorian clergy, is far from liberal; and there are, in the first part of his review, some not very goodnatured observations on the charity of a lady in the county of ——, whom I strongly suspect to be our friend; nor do I think it becomes a christian, and a strict one too, to pronounce so unqualified an eulogium on Mr. Curran.

I have been much struck, much gratified, and set not a little a thinking, by a re-perusal of Foster's Essays. That man is, surely, of a very peculiar mental frame. See what he says, in his fourth essay, about Lucas's Episode of Vulteius, (I have not the book now by me, to refer to the page) and then turn to the passage, in the sixth book of the Pharsalia. It is, indeed, tremendously sublime: but, then, what must be the temperament of that soul, which could, even for a moment, *sympathize* with such sentiments, as are there expressed? For instance, a thousand men, about to devote themselves to death, and to become mutually the executioners of each other, wishing that their parents and children were added to the sacrifice, in order to strike a deeper terror into the foe: and this savage heroism, the result of a mistaken principle of honor, which disdained captivity. If Mr. F. could feel all this, it is not wonderful, that he expatiates on the anti-christian tendency of classical literature. But I am much mistaken, if, not merely the decided christian, but even the generous young student, who has not yet begun to think of religion, however enthusiastic his admiration of sublime poetry, would not soberly congratulate himself, on reading this terrific passage, that he lives in an age, when sounder views prevail, even amidst the horrors of war. . .

(*Unfinished.*)

——oo——

LETTER LII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 10. 1807.

My dear Sir,

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

I have been reading some of Macarius' homilies, and think them truly wonderful for his day and circumstances. The manner is not always judicious, and there is perhaps too great a fondness for allegorizing: still, however, the introspection, the spirituality, and, if we may so speak, the heavenward views which one

meets with in every page, make me esteem it a treasure. Its very defects have had to me their use, for every failure I observe in his allegorical illustrations, made me more deeply sensible of that divine wisdom which contrived the parables of the New Testament, with such matchless aptitude, at once, to individual cases, and to the condition of the christian church.

I learned, two days ago by the newspaper, that the day is fixed for the sermon. Your omission I can very readily excuse, and indeed feel that I did not deserve to be thought of, as I should myself have written before to you. The truth is, I was not very well, and when in that state, you know, I cannot exert myself.

Notes and ideas have somewhat increased for the sermon, but I have not yet begun its composition. I fear I shall do hurt in the cause, and discredit to myself; both which I should deeply regret, on other than selfish grounds. However, I shall endeavor to proceed to do my best, with a calm reliance on aid from a higher source. I purpose leaving this for town on Monday se'nnight; not liking to leave my journey to the week before, lest I should get cold, which I generally find travelling gives me, and not have time to recruit before the dreaded day. I hope to bring up my sermon quite finished, or nearly so. Pray do write me an early account of the proceedings of this day, and I should not be sorry to know what has been the opinion, of those whose judgment I would respect, as to my little sermon.

Farewell, my dear Sir,
Ever your most grateful
and affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER LIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Dublin, April 20. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE you have escaped the fit of illness, that you apprehended; though certainly the state of the weather, makes me fear the reverse. I have come in for my full share of depressing influences; but I am beginning to look up; and hopeful, that, on my return to Cashel, which I now rather look to with pleasure, I shall be able to pursue my interrupted studies with new relish; and to write you something like, 'Extraits raisonnés

de mes lectures.' There is, assuredly, much of what is 'flat, stale, and unprofitable', in a lounging life; yet such a life, have I been lately, constrained, I hope by malady, rather than reduced by inclination, to lead. Your removal to B——, has made this fact stare me in the face; for I must say, that, without you, Dublin appears a blank to me; and hence, I have been made to feel the necessity of deeper, and more internal sources of present enjoyment, than illness has often left in my power, of late weeks, I may almost say, months.

The most desirable effect of returning health, I take to be, the power of having the faculties gently exercised, and the affections happily employed, even under the pressure of malady; if it were once thus with me, I should feel myself transported, as it were, into a new element; and may I not hope, that this will be the result of prayer, and of a patient course of dependence on him who careth for me?* I do hope, my good friend, that it will: and so hoping, I am disposed, rather, to look forward cheerfully to the future, than with despondency to the past. At this moment, indeed, I feel cause for encouragement. My bodily frame is far from well, yet I am writing a letter to you; an exertion, I am sensible I could not have made, at any time in the last six weeks. You know how I was distressed, in writing sermons which were indispensable; but the voluntary exertion, necessary in writing a letter, was more than I could have commanded: but what is now happily begun, I trust will gradually improve.

Of course you will offer my best and warmest remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. L. I felt, at leaving B., far more than I could express; and, though sensible that something should be said by me, the power of utterance was almost taken away. You, however, know the extent of my feelings; and on you I depend for saying that, which I trust something better than awkwardness, disqualified me from expressing. Might I hope for a few lines, in the course of this week? Early in the next, I think of taking my departure for Cashel.

Your's always most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

* The last seven years of the Bishop's life, serve as a delightful comment on this passage. Never was the prayer of 'an honest and good heart' more signally answered. . . ED.

LETTER 46.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, April 28. 1807.

My dear Friend,

Your letter gave me heartfelt pleasure. I enter into your feelings, perhaps, as much, as any one human being, can enter into the feelings of another; and while I cannot but feel sympathetic pain, on some accounts, I do assure you, I am more than indemnified by pleasure, on other accounts. You and I, pleasantly for ourselves, have certainly an uncommon agreement of mind, for two such independent thinkers. I actually anticipated some of your leading observations, respecting yourself; and I parted from you with less abatement of satisfaction, because I thought it likely your comparative solitude, might lead you to useful reflections. We all need the instructions of Providence; and may we not believe, that it is particularly grateful to Divine goodness, that we should receive, with such readiness, the mere intimations of Providence, as to leave no necessity for resorting to severity with us? I do rejoice, that I see, in you, the very disposition I speak of; and the more, because I conceive no surer mark could be, of 'all things working together for good.' Yes, my good friend, there is no hope you entertain, in which you are not, as it appears to me, most justly, I would almost say, irrefragably founded. Indeed, I believe the sun is not more surely fixed in the centre, than you are warranted in the matter and substance, of all your consolatory anticipations. I trust you will be made great use of, in this world; but the nobler the purpose any instrument is destined to, the more elaborate must be the preparation. The uses you are to serve, may require, not only a discipline for your heart, which I do think, you are happily advanced in (though neither you, nor I, nor any one, can ever so advance, as to have any less urgent motive for advancing, farther and farther); but a discipline for your mind, for the purpose of giving you, what, perhaps, you naturally most need, a certain suppleness in your mental powers, by virtue of which, they will bend to all occasions and subjects, with an ease and readiness, beyond what you have yet experienced. In my humble opinion, this is what, hitherto, you have most wanted; but, at the same time, what you have already a comparative portion of. You will, however, I conceive, have much more; and the possession of it, will richly remunerate

you, both in self enjoyment, and in increased usefulness, for all you suffer, during the season of training.

What you say of our common acquaintance, I fear I must subscribe to. But it is a subject for, I would say for want of a better word, curious inquiry, how he will go on; for his look shows an unsettled, and dissatisfied mind. He has had feelings, which from the motives that made Demas forsake St. Paul, I fear he has not yielded to. But, after such feelings, no man is exactly the same thing. 'If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!' I cannot but think, that the strictness of the plan, which you and I think the right one, has disposed him to listen to doctrinal objections to it, which, had 'his eye been single,' as our Savior expresses it, he would have seen to be foundationless, as, 'a dream when one awaketh!' 'And you that will sleep on', Archbishop Leighton, says, 'may; but sure I am, when you come to your death-bed, if possibly you awake then, then shall you look back with sad regret, upon whatever you most esteemed, and gloried in, under the sun. As that luxurious king caused to paint on his tomb, two fingers, as sounding, one upon another, with that word. All is not worth so much, 'Non tanti est.' I know not how men make a shift to satisfy themselves; but take a sober, and awakened christian, and set him in the midst of the best of all things that are here; . . his heart would burst with despair of satisfaction, were it not for a hope, that he *hath*, beyond all that this poor world either attains, or is seeking for!' How infinitely true! and, therefore, how emphatically miserable is he, that has felt any of the dawning of this day-spring from on high in his heart, and, from some baseness of soul, yielded to, instead of being instantly suppressed, shrinks back from the light, and strives to shroud himself in darkness! I suppose it is a case so deeply dreadful, supposing the fact, which in the particular instance I presume not to affirm, that few are capable of fathoming it. Where we have any reason to think it does occur, we may observe and examine, without any undue judging; and may exercise our reason as on any other fact, without the least unkindness to the party; but with solid instruction to ourselves, and, perhaps, benefit to others.

Now think, and tell me candidly, without hesitating to say one word of all that shall be in your heart; would you prefer going to England, by yourself, and so being without clog or hindrance, which way soever you might chuse to turn? or would you, in preference, wish me to think seriously, on what I was talking of. Before I set myself to weigh the question of convenience, which I suppose I may manage some way or other, I desire, first, to fix the previous question, . . eligibility. And,

therefore, I wish you to consult all your feelings; and answer without fear, favor, or affection. Most cordially do I wish you thus to determine it.

Believe me, always,
most faithfully and affectionately yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER LIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 13. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU may, by this time, be somewhat curious to know, what is become of your pupil; and perhaps, not a little apprehensive, that his old complaints have stopped his hand, by overwhelming his mind. I am, however, thankful, that there has been no unusual cause for complaint, rather, indeed, the reverse; as, notwithstanding some very searching changes in the weather, I think I have more than maintained, the ground I had gained when I left town.

My studies and pursuits have hardly been resumed. I have yet done little more, than dilate my first liturgical sermon, into two. The introduction was given last Sunday; and I find, was better understood and relished, than I had any expectation of. To-morrow, I am to give a general view of the liturgy; and I am doubtful whether to give two, or four discourses more; it may be best to decide by the reception I meet with, in the attempt of tomorrow.

I have turned over in my mind, and with some care and thought, the question of visiting England, this year. If it were clearly necessary for my health, all counter-considerations ought certainly to yield; but, as I trust this is not the case, I must think it right, to relinquish, for the present, what would be doubtless a high gratification. Whitty's settlement in Cashel, will not only give me pleasant society, but relieve me from an anxious oppression of mind, about a weekly duty; and who knows, but that the removal of this weight, may enable me to preach every Sunday? At all events, should I now occasionally feel unwell, I may, with ease and satisfaction of mind, consult my health, and change the scene for a few days. Now, things being so, after an absence of between four and five months, I think it will gratify the Archbishop that I should remain till next winter, on the spot of duty: and I, too, shall feel, 'mihi carior,' while

among my books; and endeavoring to pursue with regularity, a course of moderate mental exercise, in which the exercise of the body shall not be neglected.

——oo——

LETTER 47.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 19. 1807.

My dear Friend,

I wished to have replied sooner to your most acceptable letter; but I have been variously impeded: in the first instance, by its following me to B——, after I had left it; and since, by avocations not easily to have been surmounted.

As to the deanery, I most entirely accord with your own thoughts, on the subject. I think that, unless something were to come along with it, it is not for you. As to the Archbishop's wish, no one could respect it more than I, but he would not intentionally wish your discomfort, and should he unintentionally do so, his radical disposition will be best consulted, by your declining the overture.

I am sincerely glad that your health is in such a state, as to make Cashel the place of your preference for the summer. This being so, I most entirely approve of the motives on which you pronounce yourself stationary; only, if I should go to D., which he kindly wishes, and all things occurring favorably, I will not unkindly refuse, and he should, which is morally certain, wish you to meet me there, you must not derange that plan. The other, I own to you, I had so deranged myself, as to have resolved that you only, or some other unforeseen, and greatly strong consideration, should take me to England.

—— sets out on Tuesday. I cannot help saying, 'I put him under your wing.' He is, if I do not greatly mistake, worthy your notice and attention; and as he will be 'a stranger in a strange land,' he will need it in a variety of instances. He is an innocent, good youth, with excellent sense; solid judgment; true teachableness; and, I trust, sincere piety. I rejoice that the Archbishop is his patron.

I thank you sincerely, for the reference to Nicole. I had got Priestly, the day before I received yours; and I, too, turned to those sermons. I began with the second, and have read it. What surprizes me, is, that, with respect to devotion, the right frame of mind, self-conquest, &c. &c. he seems to me, to talk much better, than the whole school of unspiritual orthodoxy.

The truth is, I think that Priestly, in his youth, had something experimental; from which he afterwards departed, erroneously, not wickedly. He, therefore, only dimmed, (greatly, to be sure,) but did not, I am inclined to think, extinguish the fire which had [once burnt]. To this, specially, I attribute that raciness, which [he must] have felt; and which, with good reason, suggested your remarks, on the blessing implied in revealed religion.

* * * * * *

Most truly yours, at all times,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 21. 1807.

My dear Friend,

Though this is Sunday morning, yet, as I mean to write nothing *unserious*, and do not know when I shall have time to write again, I must break through an ordinary rule, to reply to your letter. It gives me great pleasure, that you coincide with me. I was wavering, through something which came from ——; but I had determined, that nothing should be said upon it by me.

My health, thank God, is obviously, and most comfortably mending. I feel a returning relish for composition, such as I do not recollect to have experienced, for a great length of time. The Liturgy has already swelled in my hands, to four sermons; and will, I think, afford two more.* When you see what has been done, I know not whether you will agree with me, that division and expansion, have much improved the original stock. What is most comfortable, is, that I am now actually a sermon before-hand, having last night finished one for next Sunday: this is the first time in my life, I had so much to say. Next Sunday's sermon is on the baptismal service; and is almost entirely new. The Archbishop told me, that last Sunday's sermon, 'was the best he had ever heard.' It was little more than the second half of my first Dublin discourse, with a peroration added. All that I have now been saying, would, to any other than yourself, be rank impertinence; but I know how you will receive, and feel it. The truth is, I am full of gratitude to a good and gracious God, for these glimpses of restora-

* These Sermons on the Liturgy, have been since published by Bishop Jebb, in 'Practical Theology,' having received his final revision. . . Ed.

tion; at the same time, that I do not wish to be over-sanguine: if he sees fit, he doubtless may suffer me to be again afflicted, and that soon. But I trust he will, also, enable me to endure with patience and cheerfulness, in that case, as I hope he is now enabling me to rejoice with moderation.

I shall have great pleasure in a trip to R., if all matters answer. —— engaged me to pay him a visit, some time in the summer; and, of course, he would wish that time to coincide with your visit. As matters are now arranged in the cathedral, I shall have no scruple. I shall be most happy to serve and cherish ——; on my own account, this will be an advantage; for I do believe he is truly estimable. As a young man for whom *you* are interested, I must feel him to be a kind of brother; and I myself, have been 'a stranger in a strange land.' I have many things to say to you; but I do not like needlessly to secularize this day. My reason for writing now, is, that I expect to be fully occupied the next four days, by preparing a course, in which to examine the candidates for orders.

Farewell, my dear friend,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER LVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 25. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are, possibly, somewhat anxious to hear from me: I mean, at this present writing; for I presume that the appearance of this letter, can leave little room for anxiety on that score. The fact is, my health and spirits have not been such as to qualify me for correspondence; though I have not been confined, even for a single day. I have, however, towards the close of this week, experienced something of revival; and have been enabled to read with alacrity: upon this, you know, writing is an advance; and my pen turns, as it were instinctively, to you.

The duties of Cashel, I have found somewhat oppressive. A cold disabled Mr. W. from affording aid, either in, or out of church. The service of the cathedral, is more than my strength is equal to, and the regiment quartered here, is, in itself, a parish. I do not, however, wish, that W—— should know I have suffered any inconvenience. It was absolutely his duty to follow Dr. Perceval's advice; and of all persons, I, surely, should

be the last to complain of any little additional burthen, who have myself been obliged, from a similar cause, to throw so much duty on my friend Whitty. You may conclude that I have been unable to compose sermons. I have been repeating some of a year old; but such as I think not only bear, but require repetition. The sermon on Trinity Sunday, so far as I can collect, gave great satisfaction.

Do you remember P——'s question, about St. John xiv. 28., in the garden at B——; and your dissatisfaction with my answer, . . that the inferiority was in the human nature merely; and my apprehension that, in your resolution of the difficulty, you approached too nearly the camp of the Arians? All this lately so came into my thoughts, as to put me upon inquiries, which I trust are making me a still more decided Athanasian than ever; and on far more solid grounds. I have seen enough to convince me, that your mode of explaining the superiority of the Father, is the true and catholic mode: and that my answer, sanctioned though it be by great names, and, among the rest, by John Wesley, would 1. expose our Saviour to the charge of egregious trifling; for, could it, for a moment, be doubted, that God the Father is greater than the man Christ? To say that the expression, *greater*, says Gregory Nazianzen, 'is to be understood with respect to the human nature, would be true, indeed, but trivial. For what wonder, if God be greater than man?' 2. My mode of interpretation, would deprive us of the power of overthrowing the Socinians, on their own ground. 'Christ,' say they, 'is not God; for none can be greater than God.' To this, we answer, 'Christ could not here speak of himself, as man only: for who can doubt that God is greater than man?' 3. To say that Christ speaks merely of his human nature, in this passage, would, I conceive, savor of the nestorian heresy. For, would it not militate against the article of the Athanasian Creed, 'He is not *two*, but *one* Christ.' 'The Father is greater than I:' that is, evidently, 'than I, the one Christ. . God and man, *Θεανθρωπος*.' He could, to use the illustration afforded in our Athanasian Creed, no more reasonably say, 'than I, the man Christ,' than a man could say, such a being is greater than I, that is, 'than my flesh,' not 'than my reasonable soul.' If the illustration of our creed be fair, when Christ speaks of himself, he must mean the *Θεανθρωπος*: just as a man, speaking of himself, means 'the reasonable soul and flesh.' This last argument, I have not met in any author; and am, therefore, diffident about it. But, so far as I can judge from what I have thought and read on the subject, the inferiority of the Son to the Father, is twofold. 1. As being Son: that is, as having a derived, though eternal existence: whereas the

Father has an underived existence. The one is, *Αυτοθεος*: the other, *Θεος εκ Θεου*. 2. *Κατ'οικονομιαν*. That is, as sent by the Father; as having assumed the mediatorial office, as having humbled himself. Each of these grounds of inferiority, is maintained by the most orthodox fathers, ante and post Nicene: probably, however, the second is only a consequence of the first.

As to the equality, which we both zealously assert, it is an equality of essence, a co-eternity.

I have derived much satisfaction, from these inquiries. In feeling, I was, before, an orthodox, catholic christian; but, perhaps, I was ill established, in the reasons of my Athanasian faith. I trust that, through the Divine blessing on my studies, I shall soon be able to render a better answer, than heretofore. One point, I view with complacency; namely, that I trust my researches begin at the right end, . . with plain texts of Scripture, and with the ancient catholic worthies: not with wire-drawn, metaphysical reasonings; nor with the Clarkes, the Lockes, and the Ben Mordecais.

A few evenings ago, I was musing myself with the Thyestes of Seneca, and was struck by what is, perhaps, after all, but a fanciful resemblance, to the parallels of Hebrew poetry; and what, at all events, can have arisen only from the affectation of antithesis, for which that author, the poet, no less than the philosopher, is proverbial. Does the following passage, in one of the choruses, distribute itself into two triplets, and two couplets, as I have marked them?

Vos, quibus rector maris atque terræ
Jus dedit magnum necis atque vitæ,
Ponite inflatos, tumidosque vultus.
Quicquid a vobis minor extumescit,
Major hoc vobis dominus minatur,
Omne, sub regno graviore, regnum est.
Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
Nemo confidat nimium secundis,
Nemo desperet meliora, lapsis.

Whether the resemblance be a mere fancy, or not, the lines are worth transcribing. The second triplet, especially, contains a very deep philosophy.

I had a beautiful, and most kind letter from Mrs. L.; for which I beg you will have the goodness, along with my affectionate remembrances, to present my most grateful thanks. I rejoice in the thought of so soon seeing our incomparable Archbishop. By the way, if you have a fair opening, when you see him in Dublin, I should be very glad, if you would feel no objection to sounding his grace, on the subject of my brother-in-

law, McCormick.* Independently of my very earnest wishes, for the advantage of poor McCormick, and his large family, I must honestly own, that selfish motives do operate. In a land of strangers, in sickness, and in nervousness, I should be wondrously revived, by the sweets of family intercourse. I should not, however, look for any advantage for my friend and relation, or any gratification to myself, at the expense of that great cause, which should be paramount. But, I soberly think, and can conscientiously declare my opinion, that, as a clergyman and a gentleman, Mr. McCormick would prove an acquisition to the diocese; I am even sanguine enough to believe, that he would greatly improve, by being transplanted, to what, I humbly trust, is a flourishing ecclesiastical nursery.

For myself, I have now to tell you, that my illnesses, and weaknesses, have been making me better acquainted, with the domestic enemies I have to expel. 'Yet not I.' How often have I been sinking under supposed unkindness in another, where all the fault was in my own sick brain! I trust the habitual recollection of these past discoveries, may be the means of assisting me to chase away future phantoms. Pray do comfort me, with a letter; and, if you can, suggest a text, that may suggest a sermon.

Yours ever, most gratefully
and affectionately,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 48.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

August, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT a strange laziness has, hitherto, withheld me from telling you, how much I was gratified by your last letter. If I had done justice to my own feelings, I should, most certainly, not have delayed a single post. But, if I mistake not, your letter found me in bed. At any rate, I was seduced into postponement; and, when I once postpone, I need only add, 'facilis descensus Averni.'

Yet it has not been wholly laziness; it has rather been the embarrassment of rival avocations. I had to write to Major W.; I had to write to J. D.; and it so happened, that nei-

* The late Rev. Joseph M'Cormick, rector of Lough Brickland in the diocese of Dromore. . . ED.

ther letter was to be confined within one or two sheets. I can only say, that, whatever produced the too long silence, inattention to you had no share. I can truly say, that I have not often in my life been more gratified, than by the letter, which I have appeared to overlook.

The last matter which has occupied my attention, has been the methodist conference, with its adjuncts. I was five times at methodist symposiums; one dinner, and four breakfasts. They and I put it up well together. If all was as well throughout the kingdom, as it appeared to me, there would be little to complain of. The preachers, certainly, are not losing ground in their adherence, (I wish I could say attachment,) to the establishment; and Dr. C. is very reasonable and proper. When, on his tour, through the north, he was on a Sunday at Armagh, his wife's indisposition prevailed against his inclination to go to church. The preachers there, went, and brought back intelligence to him, that the Primate had preached, and administered the sacrament, and gave a good account of the sermon. Dr. C. immediately began to regret, that any consideration had prevented his going. He sat down, and wrote an apologetic letter to the Primate; stating the cause of his absence, and declaring his attachment, and that of the methodists, to the establishment. The measure was romantic enough, but it took the Primate, who showed the letter with satisfaction, to S. O., and he told the story to Dr. W., and Dr. W. to me. He also told it to Arthur Keene,* and he to Dr. C.; and Dr. C. spoke of it to me with much pleasure.

If I do not much rely on the zeal of the methodists, respecting the establishment, I certainly have no doubt of their capability of being attached to it. A little carefulness, in officiating, and preaching; a little kindness, and blameless moral conduct, would soon draw their affection; and, I cannot but think, overcome tendencies, which, here and there, too plainly show themselves. I fear, too, they *must* show themselves, while matters remain as they are. The methodist temper is too active, to be neutral; and his mind too narrow, to see things on a great scale. He must be drawn to the establishment; or he must be reckoned on, as, in some measure, its enemy.

I must mention, particularly, that I saw and talked much to G. O., the Irish missionary; and I must say, I have found much more reasonable ideas in him, than I expected. He, most certainly, chooses for himself a very original kind of movement; but, still, I found him wonderfully sensible and judicious. Drs. W. and Graves, met here, last night, at tea; the former,

* The late Arthur Keene, Esq. of Dublin; a personal friend of Mr. Wesley, and well known for his attachment to the established church. . . Ed.

had dined with me. G. O. came by my appointment, and I do not know, that I ever saw any one more struck than Graves. He considered Mr. O.'s narrative, altogether, as peculiarly interesting; and was cordially disposed to wish well to his endeavors. Dr. C. talked with me, yesterday, on the steps necessary to be taken, in order to make the Irish missionary system, unexceptionable. I never expect to make Dr. C. think as I do. But I was glad to observe, that he spoke more reasonably, than I had thought probable. He is a very worthy man; and, I believe, would willingly increase, instead of diminishing, the church interest among the methodists. At the same time, I must allow, that he is apt to be run away with, by his own prejudices and preconceptions.

On the whole, while I do not give credit to the methodists, for all the professions they make, I do assuredly think, that they are capable of being beneficially managed; and that the best of all managers for them, would be, clergymen, who should feel toward them as you do.

So far, I wrote a full fortnight ago; but was then unable to go on, as I intended. I then got into a long answer to a letter of Mr. Butterworth's,* out of which, I have not emerged, and yet with which, my head has been occupied, because it has required labor to make myself intelligible, to a plain, though very sensible man. And, in spite of myself, almost daily, my thread of thought has been either broken, or suspended, by one interruption or another.

Having a little disburthened my mind, about not writing to you, let me now say, that I do not feel wholly at ease, that you have let me be silent so long, I know I did not deserve a letter from you, when I did not acknowledge the receipt of your excellent and pleasant one. But, then, you do not go by that rule, and you do not judge of me by appearances. In fact, I am uneasy, lest you should not have been well. For, if you were rightly well, I think you would have some matter in your thoughts, which it would be a pleasure to you to communicate. My friend, ease me of this doubt as soon as you can.

Do you often see ——? I shall be glad to know what you think of him; as I cannot but suspect, that, with all possible rectitude of heart, he has not a plain-sailing mind. In family matters, there are faults on both sides. Indeed my own observation satisfies me. That —— and ——, are not without their oddities, and, perhaps, are liable to mistake those oddities, for matters of conscience. When this is the case, there can be

* The late Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M. P.

but little good understanding, even between the nearest natural connections.

Something, —— lately said, leads me to think, that both may possibly have doubts, even about me; that is, may suspect me to be too much a compromizer with the world. I have thought a little about this; and, on the whole, I do not think it wonderful. There are some people, whose senses must be impressed with a thing, before they can conceive it to exist; and who, even then, measure all its energies, by the sounds which it emits, or the appearances which it exhibits. To such persons, an inward separation from the world, is nearly unintelligible; it must be palpable, and tangible, or they cannot take cognizance of it. The positive marks of piety, too, must be ostensible and striking. If they are confined to the closet, and to the retired walk, they are held problematical. It will, probably, be said, 'how can such a person be so very religious, as some say he is, when he acts and speaks so much like other people; and so little resists the customs, and practices of the world?' It is not censoriousness, nor want of charity, but it is want of νους; it is, that, in the combination of animal and spirit, or of body and mind, the material part, got a kind of ascendency, which disposes to a grosser, and indisposes for a more abstract, mode of apprehending things. To such, persons of a decidedly opposite construction, will be necessarily unintelligible. I feel, I am so, to all of that class; and I might be sometimes disheartened by it, lest it should arise from some worse cause, were it not, that the first of incarnate Beings, being eminently formed on the predominantly intellectual plan, nay, most probably, standing at the very head of that class, has not only given a preference to the unostensible course, in his conduct and maxims, but was himself censured, for not being sufficiently rigid and recluse.

Certainly, hitherto, the intellectual are the very few; and the sensitive are the many. The condescending goodness of God, therefore, has, ever since the day of Pentecost, but especially since the death of the apostles, permitted his holy religion, variously to embody itself, and also to assume variously sectarian forms. The visible church, has obviously owed its magnitude, to the former means; and the invisible church, could not, I suppose, have been kept up, without the latter. Yet, followers of the pure spirit of christianity, never have been wanting; and they who are such, must feel, and be grateful for, their invaluable advantage. But they must also, patiently and kindly, bear with those, who belong to that lower, and yet necessary order. For my own part, I trust, I feel disposed to do so; yet I think

it right to do all that can be done, to diffuse a better, and higher spirit; though still, with caution, and all gentleness, to those who cannot understand such a design. I think you feel completely with me, in all these matters; and I assure you a day seldom passes, in which I do not, however weakly, yet sincerely and earnestly, pray to God, to give you such health and spirits, as will enable you to act effectually, in that high and happy department, to which, in a more public way than myself, it has pleased divine Providence to call you. I humbly trust we do not err, in supposing that way, at which we aim, to be, in a more peculiar manner, the way marked out by our blessed Lord himself, while sojourning in this lower world.

S., I fear, grows more odd. I have had two letters from him, previously to his leaving town, to go to the north of Ireland. In the first, he tells me his thoughts of my deluded and dangerous condition; and prays earnestly, that I may awaken out of my dream. To this, I wrote a short and kind answer; just saying a few words to undeceive him, as to the idea of my thinking myself clear from transgression: the second letter, was in reply to this; very kind and tender, but written in the very spirit of a religionized Werter. I am too certain, that he will take some extraordinary step; there being an obvious progress, from one degree of peculiarity to another. In his last letter, he positively tells me, that he cannot have any more intercourse with me on earth; but earnestly prays, that he may meet me hereafter, in the bands of an eternal friendship; and that he may see me, among the flock whom the Lamb shall lead to fountains of living water; adding, 'if, by any means, I may arrive at these mansions of peace, such a sight, will, I am sure, add to the bliss of heaven.'

I am not ready to weep; but his letter, so odd, so melancholy, and yet so gentle and kind, filled my eyes. Forgive me, my dear friend, for my long omission, and believe me, most faithfully yours,

Alex. Knox.

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LETTER LVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Aug. 2. 1807.

My dear Friend,

Why should you think of apologizing to me for silence? Assuredly, a suspicion never presented itself, for a single moment, that you were neglectful, or unkind: and a day has seldom pass-

ed, without self accusation on my own part. I was, indeed, very desirous to write, from an apprehension, especially, that all was not well with you. Three or four letters I did actually begin, but I could not get on beyond two or three pages, which did not please me: the fact is, I have not been well; but there has been nothing particularly alarming in my ailments; nothing more than, perhaps, naturally and necessarily arose from the state of the air, which has certainly been very trying. Your most acceptable letter relieved me from no little uneasiness about you. I feared you were suffering more than appears to be the case; and, considering all things, I am happy that you are able to give so tolerable an account of yourself.

Your time has been fully employed. What you say about the methodists, gives me peculiar satisfaction. Should it ever fall in my way to come in contact with any of their preachers, I hope I shall not be wanting in effort, wisely to conciliate; you and I, are, I believe, fully agreed, that, unless the management be judicious, such efforts will do more harm than good. How much do I wish that my clerical brethren were more disposed, to conciliate without effort; that is, without any direct intention of conciliating, by living up to the sacred character they have taken upon themselves: of this, I am well convinced, there is more, than there was some years ago; still, however, there is much, very much wanting, as far as my observation goes. Good intention is gaining ground, more than positive qualifications; we are, for the most part, a deplorably ignorant body; and, till our university improves very strikingly, how can matters well be otherwise?

Indisposition has sadly interfered with my writing sermons: I need not tell you, that this was a serious disappointment; but I am thankful that I was enabled to succumb with cheerfulness: though continuous and consecutive writing was out of my power, (and on this point I was not uneasy, as I had Whitty to preach,) I was enabled, with a good deal of comfort, to disport myself among the books, and have made a pretty large body of references and extracts, on the subject of the Liturgy. Matter has grown on me from books; and some new light has arisen on my own mind; so that I am in hopes I might be able, perhaps at no very distant period, so to alter, arrange, and revise, the five sermons I have already made, with the addition of a sixth, and a collection of notes, as to produce a volume that may do some service. On this point, however, I do not wish to be sanguine, as I know there is true practical wisdom in the old proverb, 'Festina lente.' Laurence has, to my conviction, satisfactorily proved, that our church is rather lutheran, than calvinistic; but I should be glad, if I undertook such a work as I

have been speaking of, to prove, that we are melancthonian, rather than lutheran. You are well acquainted, doubtless, with all that Mosheim says, on the schisms in the lutheran church. I have looked into other books on the point, and cannot help thinking, that our church comes nearer the party, that formed themselves on Melancthon's system, or rather nearer to Melancthon himself, than to the writings of any modern, out of its own pale. I have turned a good deal over Melancthon himself; and found, that you had been there before me: indeed, I recollected that you had; but your marks pointed out your footsteps. I have made extracts, not only from the passages you were reading, but from others, where there is a wonderful parallelism, with some of the least dogmatic views of our church; and an especial harmony with that little body of Articles, drawn up under Henry VIII. in 1541. Laurence, you may recollect, quotes it; but he does not, by any means, quote the most striking and important passages of it. Neither do I recollect to have seen, either it, or them, adverted to, by any other writer. I have found some very striking and noble testimonies, in favor of our liturgy, by foreign protestants; especially by Grotius, Isaac Casaubon, and, above all, by the famous Drelincourt; who actually predicts, that the Church-of-England service, will one day become, a light to lighten the rest of the Reformation. It is a circumstance perhaps worthy of observation, that the church of Neufchâtel, has actually taken, almost literally, some of our most spiritual collects, and embodied them in her occasional offices. What proves that she took from us, and not from a common source, the missals for instance, is, that some of the collects she has chosen, are from among those added in the review of 1662. The edition of the Neufchâtel liturgy, which I possess, is the second, anno 1737. This fact is not adverted to, by any liturgical writer I have hitherto been able to consult. The American, and Scotch episcopalians, it is generally known, have adopted our liturgy. The present state of the lutheran and calvinistic churches, I am very desirous to know something of. Though Mosheim thinks otherwise, I conceive it may be proved, that the Greek church has a far greater leaning to us, than to any other: her deep antipathy to the church of Rome is very remarkable: but it is, perhaps, not less remarkable, that, while that church fruitlessly tried every thing, that chicane and bribery could do, to gain her to their side, there came unbought and voluntary testimonies, from very respectable quarters in the Greek church, to the merit of our Anglican system, both of worship and doctrine. These matters are chiefly of a preliminary nature; but I have, here and there, gleaned a good deal, that perhaps may tend to illustrate the

practical, and spiritual views, of our liturgy itself; and I think I know where to look, for more of the same nature. In the ancient Greek liturgy, there is some matter: but I am rather at a loss for the Greek collection of Renaudot, and the gallican collection of Mabillon: if you could find any one that would accommodate me with a loan of these books, I should esteem it a particular favor, and would take the utmost care of them. Jewel and Hooker give their share of materials; and I have hit upon some very beautiful parallelisms with our service, in our favorite, Bernard. Within the last two days, and, indeed, this morning, I composed my fifth sermon on the communion service: there are faults in the composition; it is not so well arranged, so consecutive, or so philosophic, as I could wish. Still, however, there are some things, which, I believe, you will not dislike. My object was, to state strongly, but guardedly, the doctrine of perfection, from the text, Heb. vi. 1. I know not how it has taken; but as I should like to have your opinion, I will try, if possible, this next week, to transcribe it for you. An idea has occurred to me, that an interesting conclusion to the course, might be written on the text, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The discourse to be biographic, illustrating the practical tendency of Church-of-England theology, or of theology of a kindred spirit. For this purpose, I would take two Church-of-England men, George Herbert, suppose, and Bishop Ken; two foreign divines, of congenial sentiments; and two dissenters, who have most harmonized with our establishment, suppose, Baxter and Doddridge. It would require some dexterity in the handling; but might not this plan enable me to throw out a little useful comparative theology, in the notes to this last sermon? I have been thus diffuse, and I fear tedious, not so much from thinking that these things are, in themselves, interesting, as to shew you, that, in spite of ailment, I have not been quite idle. One result of my late studies has been, a tendency to believe, that truly good men, that is, that men who have had no secret warp towards self-indulgence, nor any headstrong qualities in their nature, are more substantially agreed, than we would at first suppose, on the subject of perfection. Some talk of sin, when others speak of infirmity; but, surely, there is very little difference between the doctrine, as laid down in John Wesley's sermon, and as it is implicitly conveyed, in those passages of Melancthon, where he states the distinction of mortal and venial sin. I conceive the judicious way of procedure, in giving any thing to the world on this tender topic, would be, to fight behind the shield of great authorities; authorities, as remote from the suspicion of fanaticism, as might be: if my sermon were to be printed, I would fortify it with notes from

Saint Augustin, (and I do know a passage or two strongly in our favor), from Melancthon, from Hooker, &c. Here, the Magdeburgh centuriators, as well as Du Pin, might aid. By the way, now we are talking of perfection, have you not Poiret's Divine Œconomy? It is a strange book; but it has some invaluable passages on this subject. The 9th chap. of the 6th vol. abounds in excellent matter. He especially expounds the 7th chap. to the Romans, verbatim et literatim, as you do: such an expostion of it, I never saw in any other book: but I had actually retailed it to many, before I read it there; having previously laid it in, by wholesale, from you: of course, Poiret could not be quoted with prudence.

I have only seen —— once: but am, please God, to meet him to-morrow at ——'s. I do trust your surmises are not, to any extent, well founded. He appeared to me very wise, sound, and rational. He asked my advice how he should act, with respect to the advances of civility he had met in the neighborhood. I recommended that he should meet them cordially, and accept of them moderately. With this idea, he told me his own views entirely accorded; and he fully coincided in opinion, that singularity was to be avoided; that, when he must differ so much from the world, in so many essential matters, there should be as few merely circumstantial differences as possible. I shall be better able to judge, after the interview that is just at hand; but I own, I strongly believe, that you stand as high as ever in his estimation. I know his views about the world, were once extremely rigid and harsh; but they have unquestionably improved. He is, on the whole, a deeply pious person; one of those, that seem to me to come nearest, in his present sentiments and feelings, to the class whose piety is of the intellectual kind. What you said, in your last, about Priestley, now reverts to my mind: there is a very curious coincidence, between your remarks on the influence of his early religious feelings, and some observations of the Edinburgh reviewers, in the 17th No., which I intended to extract for you, but find I have lent the book. They are sarcastic upon Priestley's piety; and attribute it to early puritanism, which adhered to him, in spite of philosophy.

What you say of S—— grieves me, but it does not surprize. Poor fellow! there is assuredly happiness in store for him; but I fear he is not to enjoy any of it in this life. He has a mind, that *must* worry itself; and the most amiable qualities that he possesses, are often, to him, sources of disgust, and, perhaps, of deep suffering. I am fully prepared to hear of some very extraordinary measure. It is, however, a comfort to consider, that, though his intellect is very odd, his heart is truly sincere and pious. Have you heard lately from ——? Since we all met

at B——, I have heard nothing of, or from him. His intellectual, and internal movements, are to me a matter of no common interest, independent of the real regard I have for him. I look, with deep concern, to the effect he is calculated to produce, on a great part of the public mind. If his views continue as they were (which, indeed, I think hardly possible) he can do little service to the world; if they grow decidedly worse, he may do much mischief: at the same time, if it is the intention of Divine Providence, that *we* are to do any service, however small, in our generation, it may be well that we should be kept on the alert by opposition.

The good people that I meet here, are rather sensitive, than intellectual; and considering that, I get on wonderfully well with them. —— is one of that class: but we agree very well indeed. I have not been able yet to go over and see his namesake. He is ten miles distant, but he came in to see me one day; luckily F. and his wife came in to Cashel the same day, and dined with me; therefore I kept our young friend to dinner, and introduced him to their acquaintance. I think him a very promising young man: he is grave beyond his years; but does not want either animation, or good sense: and his piety, I am sure, is deep. I take it that the trials which he has passed through, with respect to doctrinal entanglements, have been very serviceable to him; they pre-disposed him to drink in with delight, the views that you presented to him. If he has the power of giving out, what he knows, and feels, he may be a signally useful clergyman. As to personal comfort and accommodation, I hope he will do well. He has got under one of the kindest, and most amiable gentlemen, I ever knew; one of the very best of the old school. I hope to ride out about the middle of the week, and see how he is accommodated.

I wish you could procure me information, about the present state of the lutheran, and calvinistic churches. What liturgies they use, what is the state of religion, &c. &c. Any thing about the state of the Greek church, too, would be of use. I feel a great want of Melchior Adam's lives of the German divines; if you could either get this from Vallance, or borrow it for me, it would do me no small service.

I regret you do not go to England, for it would have been good for you. May there be any chance of our going together next year? I am very strongly recommended to drink the Ballispellan water for a fortnight; and do not know but I shall follow Evans'* advice. I am about changing my lodgings, for a

* The late Dr. Thomas Evans, an eminent physician settled at Cashel, and an attached friend of Bishop Jebb, who had contributed much to fix his religious opinions. . . Ed.

more private house; in which I am to have two very good sitting rooms, one of which I mean to fit up as a study.

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER LVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, August 4. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE had, this day, much and satisfactory conversation with ——. He entirely coincides with us in opinion, that a man's principal business is within his own heart and conscience; and the happiest, as well as highest department, is the intellectual, as contra-distinguished from the sensitive. He sees, that, whilst external props may be highly serviceable to minds of a weaker texture, that mind, which is divinely enabled to support itself, is in a far safer, as well as more progressive state. I suggested, and he cordially coincided with the remark, that the person who lays his great stress, upon overt-acts of an ostensible and palpable nature, will probably, in proportion to his sincerity, fall into enthusiastic excess; since to remain stationary, is impossible; and, if there be progress, it must consist in a multiplication of acts, which will widen the separation between such a person and the world. While the progress of a person, whose tastes are more spiritual and philosophic, being of an interior nature, will be evidenced to the world, only in improved tempers; yea, and I may add, in sound practical wisdom. On referring to some old discussions of ours about the world, —— said, that he had been quite wrong; that he had been rigid to an extreme, and that to express the revolution his sentiments had undergone, in a few words, 'he then thought it was the devil's world, but now, that it is God's world.' He mentioned, that he has, of late, formed an opinion, that ratiocination, is by no means the highest act of the mind, or the most effectual way of coming at the best knowledge. This, I replied, was also a favorite idea of mine: for I conceived, that middle terms, and the whole apparatus of logical induction, were but accommodations to defective mental powers; and substitutes for a more compendious way of coming at truth, viz. intuition. This, I thought, was a higher faculty than reasoning: the αισθησις of the apostle, Phil. i. 9., or that spiritual discernment, spoken of, 1 Cor. ii. 14. A further idea occurred to me, which I know not whether it be not

fanciful. —— made some allusion to our now seeing through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now, we are told, that 'knowledge shall pass away', and the sight which is now, appears to be the same in kind, though very inferior in degree, to the sight hereafter. May not then this sight be the πνευματικη αισθησις, that spiritual perception, which is superior to mere γνωσις, ratiocinative knowledge? This notion seems to derive some countenance from 1 Cor. xiii. 11. ὡς νηπιος ελογιζομην, to which may be opposed, in the next verse, βλεπομεν γαρ αρτι, we now see: this is something of a higher nature than mere knowledge: but it is only through a glass darkly; that is, we have now the faculty of spiritual discernment, but it is impeded by the nebulous atmosphere, with which we are surrounded: we are in a body, we are more or less involved in sensible things, which do not give free scope to the visual faculty of our souls: but, hereafter, we shall see face to face, in that pure and perfect medium, which is best adapted to our organs of spiritual discernment. And the whole may be thus illustrated. . . An expert diver can see under water, but it must be cloudily, on account of the grossness of the medium; whereas, when he rises from the water, he can see perfectly, his eyes being free to act, in their proper medium, the air. Just so, when the soul emerges from the opacities of this mortal life, it will have a clear, distinct, and luminous view, of what it now incompletely discerns. But as, in the one case, the sub-marine vision of the diver, is far preferable, to the ratiocination of the blind man, who conceived scarlet to be like the sound of the trumpet; so the πνευματικη αισθησις, of the spiritual man, however affected by the refractory medium of mortality, is infinitely above the sublimest efforts of the more discursive faculty. I did not, I believe, so much evolve this train of thought this morning, as I have done now; but perhaps, after all, it is only a conceit; it has, however amused me, and, if it can, in any degree, have the same effect with you, I shall be more than satisfied. But it is now approaching midnight, and prudence warns me to bed.

P. S. If I rightly understood the Archbishop, it appeared to be his wish, that I should consult the state of my health, and ability for exertion, with regard to preaching, now that there is a curate, whom we need not be afraid to trust in the pulpit. It is on the supposition of having been permitted this latitude, that I have acted, since my friend Whitty's establishment here; and I must say, that I have found very pleasant, and happy effects, from so doing. My ostensible labors have, in conse-

quence, been less; but I question whether, in any other equal period of time, I have gained so much intellectual ground, as since I left Dublin last. I have, I conceive, made one important discovery, that almost in my worst times as to health, I can actually employ myself, by not endeavoring to force myself to an exertion that I am unfit for; but quietly following such a clue of study, as circumstances and inclination furnish me with. I have had leisure to make observation, on what I may call, the interior phenomena of my mind; and find that, when too unwell to attempt composition, I can, both pleasantly and usefully, employ myself, in searching various authors for information on some subject, that I propose, when well, to work upon. After these occasional abstinences from writing, I find that I return with a renewed appetite for composition; that both connected thought, and regular arrangement, present themselves to me, without elaborate effort; and that, often, words come faster, than I can well put them on paper. I know not whether I deceive myself, but I cannot help fancying, that the sermon which I have begun to copy out for you, and which I hope will accompany this, approaches nearer, than perhaps any thing else I have written, to an easy unpremeditated fluency, of thought, and of expression. I have, indeed, some reason to imagine, that one or two ill-natured people have thrown out an insinuation, that my absence coincides with the Archbishop's; and that, when he is away, I exert myself less than during his presence. Against such misrepresentations, I should wish, as far as I wisely can, to guard myself; but I own, that, as I am conscious to myself of nothing, I am not made at all uneasy. In this world, it is perhaps impossible, that, when any man sets himself, however weakly, yet sincerely, to do good, he shall not be liable to have his good evil spoken of. I hope I say it with deep humility, but I cannot help reflecting, that the pattern of all perfection, did not escape misrepresentation and reproach; and the reflection to me is full of comfort. Therefore, in the present case, if I were assured that I have the Archbishop's kind permission to act according to circumstances, I should not scruple to pursue the course, which I find most conducive to my bodily and mental health; and I do feel a strong hope, that the result would, in due time, be found to make amends for the subtraction of present ostensible effort. I say ostensible, because that, consistently with my own tastes and habits, idleness cannot form a part of my system. 'Semper te Diabolus inveniat occupatum,' said Jerome to Nepotian. For, might there not be a prospect, that if my nerves were, by due attention, to recover their tone; and if, in the interim, by reading and thinking, and by still deeper and more interior exercises, I were

enabled to lay in a fund of materials, I should then be enabled to write off a sermon, almost as easily and rapidly, as I write this letter. I throw out these matters, for your cool consideration, and candid opinion. One thing, indeed, I had forgotten to mention, that the Archbishop's wise and good plan of appointing a lecturer, would still more leave me at liberty, to do no more than I can do comfortably. By the way, you would do an essential service, if you could recommend a clergyman, well qualified for the lectureship; very brilliant talents, I do not conceive would be necessary; but a competent power of popular address, with views, at least, not abhorrent from ours, would be highly desirable, if not absolutely indispensable.

I shall endeavor, as soon as possible, to finish the transcription of my sermon; and if any thing occurs in the mean time, I can easily add another half sheet to this epistle; which, perhaps, is already too long.

Believe me, yours most truly,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. On reviewing this, I only feel, that I have not done proper justice to W——'s part in the conversation. He was original, ingenious, deeply pious, and I think, truly philosophic.

——oo——

LETTER 49.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Monday afternoon, Aug. 17. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LET me say ever so little, I will, please God, write to you by this evening's mail. I have wished to write sooner; but my time and mind are not at my command. My long letter to Mr. Butterworth is yet unfinished, having been interrupted by sickness, and other avocations. My head is full of it; but I obey my heart, in turning from it, to say a few words to you.

I sincerely and gratefully thank you, for transcribing your sermon for me. I agree with you as to the fluency of idea and expression; and I felt cordial pleasure in your expansion of the first collect, and your remarks on the response to the commandments. I also wholly agreed in your explanation of perfection; yet, I am not sure, that I would so directly have brought this last topic forward. Such is my prudence about my favorite sentiment. 'We speak wisdom among them that are perfect';

and 'no man putteth new wine into old bottles.' But I liked it notwithstanding. I read it, and what else was new to me, even with a degree of emotion; but to account for this, I read it out. As to parts not quite new to me, I would say, that I should rather have liked the last paragraph, (I have it not before me, so that I am in danger of talking at random, . . I mean, what you say of the threefold benefit) not to have been where it is, but in a place suitable to its place in the service.

I now proceed to thank you, which I do heartily, for your letters. All you say in the former, and in that received to-day, of —— is most gratifying to me. I showed that received to-day, indeed both, to the Archbishop. He was in town this forenoon, and he could not be more gratified. He enters into the probable improvement produced by your conversation, as in part his own work; and feels an honest interest, and a no less honest gratification. As to you, Jehonadab, the son of Rechab, who was a right honest man in his day, could not have answered Jehu's famous question with less embarrassment, than his Grace of Cashel could answer to any question, that concerned your happiness.

Your remarks about *αισθησις*, I quite agree in, and approve. You have observed how a common mirror, so throws the solar light on you, as to warm you; nay, how a concave mirror, so throws it on an object, as to produce ignition. Our feeling of warmth, in this indirect way, experience and comparison tell us to be the same in substance, as to us, with what arises from our direct perception of the sun. Similarly, the *Βλεπομεν αρτι δι εσοπτρου εν αινιγματι*, of St. Paul, implies, substantially, the ejusdem generis feeling, with what will be hereafter.

You will observe, I am not at all sanguine, about any improvement in the methodists. All I mean, is, they are certainly not more, perhaps less disposed, to fall out with us; and I would treat them accordingly. As to caressing them, or moving one step to meet them, or any of them, I should fear the consequences. Any of them, may be too strong; but who could know, whom he was moving toward?

I am, at present, a good deal amused, in reading a work, which I recommend to you to get: Mrs. Hutchinson's life of her husband.* The publication of that book, appears to me one of the signs of the times. It lets one into the arcana of sectarianism; and sets one down amidst scenes, than which, few in history, are, or can be, more interesting, in a moral and philosophical view. When Mrs. H. is assigning reasons, why her husband did not wish an extension of his power, she says,

* Col. Hutchinson, the regicide. . . Ed

'thirdly, the religiousest, and best people were so pragmatical, that no act, nor scarcely word, could passe, with out being strictly arraigned, and judg'd at the barre of every common souldier's discretion; and thereafter censur'd and exclaim'd at. Lastly, the few good men were so easily blowne up, into causelesse suspicions, and jealousies; and there were so many malignant whispers, dayly spread abroad, of every one in office, that it was impossible for any man, so worthily to demeane himself, but that a jealous misconstruction of some inconsiderable trifle, was enough to blaste the esteeme of all his actions, though never so pious and deserving.' Are not sectaries ever substantially the same? I mean, are not the tendencies here described, the properties of sectarianism? Yet, as God uses them, so would I, in prudence, respect them, and, in measure, acknowledge them, as a part of his great plan.

* * * * * *

My friend, will you come up and preach one of your Dublin charity sermons, with a little matter of fact additions, for D——? You will oblige your friends at B. greatly; it will be some time next month.

Yours most truly,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Aug. 20. 1807.

My dear Friend,

* * * * * *

I am much obliged by your observations on my sermon; and doubt not they are substantially just. Wise caution is certainly of great value; and improvement in this respect, is, perhaps, no bad criterion of spiritual improvement. I feel how much I am still wanting, in this important particular; yet I hope that, on the whole, I am rather advancing. It was not altogether without forethought and deliberation, that I ventured to bring forward the topic of perfection: had I been to preach before a critical, and theological audience, it is probable that I should have been more guarded; but, in fact, I was well aware that of controversies, the C—— audience knows nothing; and I read to M. and Whitty, what I had written, previous to its delivery: requesting their opinion, whether I went too far. They cordially agreed with my entire statement; and I hope were some-

what confirmed by it, in just views, and in a determination to press forward. As to the congregation at large, I thought that service might be done, by raising their views to an elevated mark. The wisdom of not putting 'new wine into old bottles', I deeply feel: but here, I think the thing chiefly to be avoided, is, laying down strict rules, which will be considered harsh, overstrained, and impracticable. When a high state is held up, as attainable, and when that state, is manifestly a happy one, then, I conceive, encouragement is held out, to prayer, and to self-watchfulness. And, in this view of the subject, I do not know, whether guardedly, and with wise limitations, to state the doctrine of perfection, may not be serviceable to those who are in a low state, and who can but indistinctly apprehend it. If, indeed, there be captious critics, professed formalists, or polemical religionists to deal with, I should then abstain, most deliberately, from every phrase and term, that would be likely to give alarm. But, in the present case, I believe, no harm has been done to the many, and some good to a few.

The last paragraph I put where it was, because I thought it the climax of the whole communion service; and because it contained most weighty and important sentiments, with which, rather than any others, I wished to dismiss my communicants to the Lord's table. It occurs, indeed, early in the service; but then, as being the statement of benefit resulting from a worthy participation, it points out the *end* of the institution; that, which of course should be uppermost in the thoughts, when we actually approach the holy table.

I return you many thanks for the morality of St. Austin. This Abbé Le Grou, seems to have anatomized the human mind, beyond most writers, even of his own communion; he is admirable, too, for the depth, and distinctness, with which he attributes every thing good, to divine grace. I wish protestant polemics, would give a fair reading to such books; they would furnish weapons of the best temper, for opposing erroneous sentiments of human merit. Clear I am, that we never shall succeed, till we play off the church of Rome against itself; counteracting what is bad, by that which is good, in writers of their own communion. But in truth, this is only giving you back an opinion, I have often heard from your own lips. All I can say is, the opinion appears to derive fresh strengh, from the little book you sent me. By the way, I employed half an hour, Tuesday night, in advocating the cause of R. C. divinity, against ——, who appeared to conceive very slightingly of it. I adverted to a distinction, which should, in fairness, be made, between the religious views of the church, and the practical enormities of the court of Rome. After one or two favorite quo-

tations from Kempis, I stated the advantage they derived, from their copious use of the fathers; adducing, by way of contrast, what Burnet complains of, after Mr. Charteris, respecting the mere controversial use, which protestants make of the fathers. W—— admitted, that the R. C——s had an advantage in this; but urged that their advantage, here, was not as papists, but as followers of primitive piety. He pressed me, therefore, to show any good result, from what was clearly popish; for which purpose, I quoted J. J. D——'s fine observation, about their having given their heads in safe-keeping to the church; and dwelt a little, on the useful bias given towards the contemplative life, by monastic institutions.

Your quotation from Mrs. Hutchinson interests me so, that I long to read the book. Could you procure it for me? If so, I will thankfully repay you; or Mr. Keene, if he has it, can place it to my account; and the Archbishop, I am sure, would kindly undertake the conveyance of it.

How truly concerned I am, that I cannot go up to preach for D——. I am ordered, postively ordered to Ballyspellan by Dr. Evans; and this will interfere with it inevitably; and indeed, besides, other reasons would make locomotion impracticable, till after Christmas.

I recollect having read, several years ago, the production of Benjamin Heath Malkin, which I think he entitled, 'Essays on subjects connected with civilization and improvement.' Among many paradoxes, filled out of the stagnant pools of modern philosophy, this gentleman thought proper to introduce a confident assertion, that our British constitution, is no constitution, because, forsooth, it did not spring up at once like a mushroom, or like Minerva. For my own part, I cannot help attributing much of the excellence of our constitution, to the very circumstance, which Mr. M—— complains of; its gradual, and seemingly fortuitous production. I conceive that its tardy evolution, bespeaks something fitter to endure; as the oak of the forest, is the slow, but majestic growth of ages. I think, too, that its successive, and unpremeditated adoption of ingredients, from every form of government; its wise, yet inartificial provisions against contingencies, which experience, alone, could anticipate: and especially, the involved and intricate course of preparative events, and predisposing causes, which Dr. Miller* is so ably developing, that these, altogether prove the work to be something more than human; and give us reason to trust, that these countries have been, and will be, specially preserved, for the discharge of some mighty function; connected with the

* The Rev. George Miller, D. D., the learned author of 'The Philosophy of Modern History.' . . . Ed.

happiness of mankind, and with the advancement of the Messiah's Kingdom.

But it is not about the constitution, that I mean to trouble you any further, than as, by analogy, it has suggested a train of thought, respecting our beloved liturgy. This latter is not the work of one man; of one society; or of one age: it is, like the British constitution, a precious result of accumulative, and collective wisdom. Its materials were gradually formed, and safely deposited, among the records of various churches, eastern, and western, more and less ancient, more and less pure; and when time was ripe for its formation, its compilers were led, I verily believe, by a wisdom not their own, to proceed on the principle, of rejecting whatever was peculiar, to any sect or party, to any age or nation; and retaining that sacred depositum, which had the common sanction of all. So that, in addition to the touchstone of sacred Scripture, we have the 'semper et ubique' of the Catholic church, to satisfy us, that this, our national commentary, is framed according to the analogy of faith.

The question, as it has usually been put, is between our catholic liturgy, and a liturgy framed by one individual, or by one church. But may we not venture to rest the merits of the case, on a far broader, and to our adversaries, a much more favorable supposition? Let us, for instance, imagine, that, instead of our present public service, we could substitute a liturgy entirely composed, at the period of the reformation, by a select committee of the wisest, the most pious, and the least prejudiced members, of all the protestant churches. It is evident, that this would give us merely the speculative and practical views of a single period; and that, with the express exclusion of one integral, though erroneous member, of Christ's church, the Roman Catholic. I should, indeed, have said two: for the Greek church has not been included in our supposition. But we well know, that, in human science, each period of the world has had its favorite theory. This is notoriously the case, in physics, in astronomy, in jurisprudence, and in morals; and why not, also, in theology? From analogy, then, it is probable, that divinity has had its fashions; that there has commonly, been, if I may use so homely an expression, a run upon some peculiar opinion, which, for the time, has given the tone to theological sentiment. But I conceive that the testimony of ecclesiastical history, establishes the fact beyond question or appeal. It requires no great depth of investigation to discover, that matters have, almost uniformly, been so regulated by divine Providence, as, in every period of christianity, to turn the catholic current, towards some extreme; for the purpose of counteracting an opposite and more danger-

ous tendency, in some heretical branch, that threatened to overflow its safe channels, and to convey along with it the true catholic doctrine. And I think it may be proved, that, at the era of the reformation, there was, in the protestant church, a spring-tide, in favor of forensic justification; which, perhaps, was the only counteractive then attainable, to the popish exaggerations of human merit: but which, it must be admitted, threatened to overwhelm the pure, and holy principles, of communicated righteousness, and spiritual regeneration. Hence, then, it appears, that the prevalent theology of no given period, could be hopefully trusted with the formation of a liturgy, calculated purely and permanently to exhibit true christianity, in its just proportions, without deficiency, and without excess: and that, for very important reasons, the theology of the reformation was peculiarly ill suited, for this difficult and delicate office. The fact is, that a catholic liturgy, must be formed on a catholic plan; that is, from a harmony of those dispersed and vital truths, which, in different ages, different countries, and different churches, were popularly, and effectually embodied, in established liturgies. And must we not account it a wonderful interposition of providential wisdom, that, at a period when our reformers, if they had themselves undertaken to compose a new liturgy, or had called in foreign aid to assist them, must, almost inevitably, have fallen into doctrinal excess; that, at such a period, these men, wise, indeed, and good, but fallible, and not exempt from the prejudices of their day, should be led to proceed, in the very plan just pointed out? On the very plan, I say; for we find, that our liturgy is compiled, from almost every form of prayer, then extant; from the ancient Greek and Roman liturgies; from the sacramentary of Gregory; from the missal of Sarum; and, where ancient liturgies seemed to fail of appropriate matter, from lutheran, and even from calvinistic formularies: in these latter instances, indeed, we observe, that certain doctrinal asperities are mitigated, by the same mild spirit, which pervades the rest of the service. Thus πανταχη την αλιθειαν, is the motto of our church; and if my theory be not fanciful, it is in virtue of this ubiquitarian principle, that she has attained the true temperament, both of doctrinal, and spiritual religion.

It is, perhaps, not wholly improbable, that, at an earlier period than the reformation, there had not been a sufficiency of deviation from speculative and practical rectitude, to excite a keen regard for that truth and good, which was in danger; that there had not been perfect specimens of all the errors, which were to be guarded against for the future; may we not add, that there had not been a church, in all respects so well and happily circumstanced, as the anglican, for making a selection, at once,

rational and spiritual; moderate, though fervent; undogmatic, and yet theologically sound? And, I conceive, it would not be difficult to prove, that, from the theological disputes, which have ever since, more or less, subsisted in England, as well as in foreign protestant churches, no period subsequent to the reformation, would have been equally favorable, to the compilation of this truly wonderful book.

In the sermon which you saw and heard, I remarked, that the style of our liturgy, considering the period of its composition, is, in itself, a kind of literary miracle; and, that this form of sound words, whilst it can never become antiquated whilst the English language retains its strength and purity, will always excite an emotion of mingled awe and admiration, by the venerable simplicity of former times. On this topic, a further idea has occurred to me; namely, that, if our liturgy, like most other productions of the same day, had not only abounded with uncouth phraseology, but been cast, as it were, in a vulgar mould; subsequent alterations, not only verbal, but radical, would have been indispensable: and in the case of such alterations, much as we should have had cause to lament the impracticability, of attaining that impressive dignity, which is the fruit of a green, and graceful old age, there would be a circumstance of far deeper moment, because it would strike at the very root of our true Church-of-England divinity. Let us only ask ourselves, at what period, since the establishment of Edward's second book, would it have been safe to trust our leading divines, with a radical alteration of our liturgy? We know the temper and spirit of the calvinists, in Elizabeth's reign; of the high churchmen, under the Stewarts; of Tillotson's party, on the one hand, and Atterbury's and South's, on the other, in the subsequent reigns; . . and, with respect to the prevailing divinity of the eighteenth century, 'silence is mercy.' A detailed view of particulars would surely authorize the conclusion, that, at no assignable period, would the ruling party have been satisfied, with a mere improvement of the style; and the doctrine and the spirit would have undergone a dreadful mutilation; that we should in vain have had to look for that primitive piety, that deep experimental feeling, and, I cannot help adding, that sublime christian philosophy, which, at present, so justly excite our admiration, and warm our hearts. The style, then, of our liturgy, has been the safeguard of its spirit.

Farewell, my dear friend.

J. J.

LETTER 50.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Oct. 10. 1807.

My dear Friend,

I returned home yesterday, after my fortnight's ramble. During the course of it, I could have wished to have written to you; but I was so occupied, and so much in motion, that I actually wrote nothing, except one or two very short letters. At D——'s we were very comfortable; except that C—— seemed to think it incumbent on him, to give a full-length display of calvinism, to Mrs. L——; and therefore, while he was present, all was polemical. In fact, poor C—— appeared to worse advantage, than on any former occasion: but, when the thoughts were in his mind, I was glad they came forth; as it exemplified to our worthy friend, what I had so long been telling her about.

In other respects, things went on very pleasantly, though not in any manner implying a change of sentiment in our friend. It is his wish, I am sure, to feel with us, as much as is consistent with his speculative differences from us; and therefore, nothing could be less pugnacious, than his whole conduct; yet he said once or twice, what I heard with regret, as letting me know, that his mind was still too much entangled in his old subtilties. After all, he is an uncommon man; and his excellencies are such, as to make him be loved, and almost delighted in, in spite of whatever innocent errors, for innocent, in him, I must believe them, though, as far as I understand them, they are the very antipodes almost, of what I think and believe on those subjects.

Mrs. —— and Miss ——, seem to me, to grow in goodness. I do not know two better women. Mrs. ——'s sister, is also one of the best disposed women, that can be; encouraging, and delighting in, the most directly good conversation. And there was, also, a calvinist young lady there, a Miss D——; who, I believe, was not a little revolted, by the strong manner in which I thought it right to address myself to C——; but was afterwards conciliated, by what I said, when he was absent, of him and his opinions; and also respecting the indispensable necessity of divine grace, and the distinctness of its results; a topic, on which I seldom fail to please honest calvinists, by merely stating my own simple ideas; and, I own, I am always gratified by our agreement. When I can, therefore, I keep on this line, in talking to them; advancing as far as I can upon it, but not deviating from it. But the thoroughly pious calvinists only,

will go on with me in this way. The dogmatists will try you on points of difference; and, after you are obliged to dissent, will be too apt to hear all you say afterward, with some jealousy, at least, with coldness and reserve. So did not Miss D——; nor I think would even C——, had we been alone.

—— has written me a good, plain, well conceived letter; and says he was going to Cashel to see you. Your opinion of him will be interesting to me. He speaks of you with great warmth; and I am sure he speaks from his heart.

Observe what is said of the methodist conference, in the 617th page of the Christian Observer; and, particularly, at the bottom of the last column. The remarks made on their proceedings, are temperate and judicious: but there is no remark, on what strikes me most; that is, the necessity which they obviously feel, of fencing themselves against doctrinal innovation. This proclaims their danger, much more than it provides for their security. Were we to see them taking the ground of sound sense, and maintaining it soberly, and intelligently, then, much might be expected. But, when they build their wall, with such materials as are here produced, I cannot build on its permanency. 'Total depravity of human nature', is, at once, exceptionable, and ambiguous. 'The human mind', says Archbishop Leighton, 'however stunned and weakened by so dreadful a fall, still retains some faint idea, some confused and obscure notions, of the good it has lost; and some remaining seeds of its heavenly original: Cognata semina cœli.' Who was sounder than this divine? yet, clearly, what he describes, is not total depravity. Total captivity, or total impotency, may fairly be allowed; but total depravity, is too crude an idea, to be made a standard expression.

I fear, however, the witness of the spirit, is a still more ominous sort of test. They are evidently anxious to stand high, without sufficiently examining whether they stand firm. They scarcely attempt to define, what they are here making a term of communion. And, therefore, I conceive, they are only establishing, what will be so much the sooner rescinded and rejected. It is, I suspect, a mound of shifting sand, against a rising tide.

Is not the first article in the Eclectic, a lively kind of thing? I take it to be Foster. But, if so, how curious is it to observe his tenderness to Southey; as if there was a latent congeniality, between their minds and views. Read what is said of the same thing, in the B. C., and mark the difference. My friend, I own I fear that a time will yet come, when the now multiplied dissenters, will act as odd a part, as any that have gone before them. I almost think that the mystery of iniquity already worketh.

Yours most truly,

A. K.

LETTER LX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 13. 1807.

My dear Friend,

Much of your account of —— has afforded me sincere gratification. Any radical change of sentiment in our friend, I did not expect; but what you say of his disposition to feel as much as he can with you, is very pleasant: then, it is delightful, that the females are so happily progressive. Matters in this diocese, I think are rapidly improving. W—— has had astonishing success, for the short time he has been settled at G——. His poor protestant parishioners, who were a miserable, disheartened set of people, when he came among them, are now beginning to look up; to stand erect; to go with pleasure, and even with a degree of honest pride*, to church; from which, it is to be feared, they formerly absented themselves, through a shame of their numerous Roman Catholic neighbors. For all this, I was in a good measure prepared; but I was not prepared, for his becoming popular with the surrounding gentry. This, however, is actually the case. People of most respectable rank and property in the county, to the distance of seven or eight miles, have turned to him, and almost thrown themselves upon him, as a serious and pious clergyman. One gentleman comes, every Sunday, a distance of eight miles to his church, from a neglected parish in the diocese of Killaloe; who is earnestly in pursuit of inward religion, has established family prayer in his house, and, in every particular, gives promise of proving a truly exemplary character. It should be observed, that he has a very large fortune, an extensive influence, and is one of the best magistrates, and most active country gentlemen, that the county affords. The turn for seriousness, and even for deep piety, which begins to show itself in that quarter, astonishes W——. He has absolutely taken no steps to bring it about, *αυιοματη ἡ γη καρποφερει*: . . and he is fully disposed to proceed in the quietest, the least obtrusive, the most rational, and the most regular manner; forcing nothing, but giving every wise, and honest encouragement, to the progress of what is good. I own, I look upon his transplantation, as a blessing to the district he is placed in; and as one of the most valuable ac-

* At a later period, the Bishop would not have used this phrase. Pride, he regarded as so dangerous an enemy, that the very word could not be used, safely, in any but an unchristian sense. . . Ed.

quisitions, which this diocese ever has received. The good Archbishop, with whom I had much conversation yesterday, is, I trust, disposed to view these matters, in no very different light from myself. I hope these two excellent men will come closer together; as I think they may be of mutual service to each other; and as I conceive, it is of great importance, that W——'s merits, should be duly felt. As to the Archbishop, you would every day delight in him more and more. He is, I believe, as pure a man as upon earth; and continually growing, in all that is wise and good. Indeed, my dear friend, if it please God that you should come here, there is before you a greater field of usefulness, than perhaps any where else. The Archbishop longs for you. W—— too, looks out most earnestly; he is prepared to drink in, and imbibe deeply, and to pour forth wisely, the very views and sentiments, that you love to communicate. And I soberly think, that, from the enlarged sphere which is opening to him, he may be God's instrument, for leavening a large, and most respectably inhabited, district of country. But to the Archbishop himself, you will be of very great service. I do not say how much I myself wish for your counsel: you ought to know, that, under God, I am indebted to you, for whatever I know, or feel, that is right; and you may, therefore, judge how I have been affected, by the prospect of seeing you.

I thank you for Walker's pamphlet. It presents to my view, something approaching very dismally to cheerless atheism; but it is, I think, very curious, in another respect; as showing, that, to act consistently, all the advocates of unmixed, or of selective communion, must proceed to the wildest extreme of his own extravagant system.

I had paid some attention, before your letter reached me, to the minutes of the methodist conference; and was particularly struck with the mention of 'total depravity'. I need not say, that my train of thought was coincident with yours; but it is curious, that, just as your letter came in, I was talking to Mr. M——, of seeds of good in human nature: I read him the passage you quote, from Archbishop Leighton, in confirmation; and the almost literal agreement, at once surprised, and delighted him. Things surely must be in a most disjointed state, among the English Methodists. Is it not pretty clear, from the mounds they are striving to raise, that pelagianism, socinianism, rationalism, and antinomianism, are gaining ground among them? So, at least, it appears to me; and, that the evil is spreading widely, I infer from the fact, that they exclude only from official situation, those who hold opinions contrary to the divinity of Christ! Surely, in the better days of methodism, an innovator

of this leaven, would have been expelled from the society with horror. The fact, I believe, is, that methodism, originally, was the salt of our establishment; and that, when it had communicated a new spirit to a portion of that establishment, it speedily lost its savor. I trust the influence it has had, and the effect it has produced over its own body, will not soon decay. How far it may now be in a state of progress towards infidelity, in order to be God's providential instrument for purifying by persecution, the establishment which it has heretofore renovated by an infusion of piety, time alone can discover; but I own I look forward to a reign of irreligion, which will be the means of rendering more intense, the christianity of a small remnant. If we live to see these days, may we be divinely enabled to be true and faithful, in the midst of apostacy.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Yours always most faithfully,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I shall be very desirous to hear from you.

——oo——

LETTER LXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 29. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just learned from the Archbishop, that the present state of the country has, in some measure, shaken your intention of visiting us. I believe he intends writing himself, by this post; lest however, he should not, I cannot avoid assuring you, that the roads are perfectly safe in the day time; and that, in this our city, you may be as quiet, as peaceable, and as free from outrage, as in the midst of Dublin itself. Your failing to come among us, would be a most grievous disappointment; for which we are by no means prepared, after having so long been feasting on the very thought of seeing you; therefore, if you wish for our perfection, do not put us to the trial of having our minds overset by your change of plan.

Two nights ago, I received Col. Blackader*, for which I return you my hearty thanks. It is very interesting and instructive, so far as I have gone; and, I dare say, will prove at least equally so, throughout. It reached me, when I was

* The Life of Col. Blackader. . . ED.

engaged with Sir W. Forbes's Life of Beattie, which I could by no means desert. This last is surely a work of great interest. I am particularly struck with the light it throws upon Scotch metaphysics; and am confirmed in what I before suspected, that the Edinburgh reviewers felt they were fighting their own battle, in attacking this work so bitterly. They evidently hate Beattie, and Beattie's letters; because the one successfully opposed, and the others no less satisfactorily exhibit, that mystery of iniquity, in which the said reviewers are deeply involved.

'A cav'ling, cold, pert, disputatious train.'

It delights me that such marked predilection should be shown for our establishment, our liturgy, and even our ecclesiastical constitution, by a presbyterian, a stranger, and a man of letters. His fondness, too, for classical literature; his undogmatic views of religion; his taste for the scriptures; his cordial detestation of metaphysical entanglements; all endear him to me. His religious sentiments, doubtless, were often superficial, and indistinct; but then, I cannot help thinking he would have been a fit, and grateful recipient of better ways, both of thinking and feeling, had they been thrown in his way. After all, divine Providence has different instruments, in different departments. He was a very useful one, in his way; and had he never written more than even the minstrel, he would still have been no common benefactor: for, in this world, an innocent and elegant amusement, which may, into the bargain, improve both the taste and the affections, is no small addition to our common stock.

I lately wrote a sermon, in which are some tolerably good thoughts; some allowable plagiarism from Chrysostom; two lines and a half, from your letter on frames and feelings; about as much from John Smith; about as much from the morality of St. Augustin; about as much from Plutarch: and the rest, I hope made my own; and receiving its shape and color, from having passed through my mind and heart; but, assuredly, in the first instance, imbibed from you. Therefore, you, in fact, mounted the pulpit; and you are answerable for the doctrine I delivered. Next Sunday, I hope to preach on the subject of the day, it being the festival of All Saints. A heavy cold has impeded me hitherto: but I expect, this evening, to begin in earnest; and, for that purpose, have declined dining with the Archbishop. I know not whether I told you, that I had lately talked with J. F.; and think him a very important acquisition. In truth, from that young man, I expect extraordinary things; and he seems as prudent, as he is good.

You will gratify and oblige me by bringing down Hutchinson,

and anything new that you may think it right for me to have. And, in addition, could you procure for me the transactions of the Parisian Sanhedrim; Bonaparte's catechism; and Parson's christian directory, translated by Stanhope. There is a London edition, I think, at Dugdale's. This seems to me one of the R. C. books, which has imbibed and retained the true primitive spirit: much from the fathers, especially St. Chrysostom and St. Augustin.

Farewell my dear Friend,
Yours ever most gratefully,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER LXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Tuesday, Jan. 19. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this morning had two visits; of which, while the impression is fresh upon my mind, I wish to give you some account: this must apologize for my so prematurely congratulating you, on (I trust) your safe arrival at home; and your happy meeting with a friend, who must have been anxious to see you.*

Just as I had finished my breakfast, —— came in. He told me that he had felt a severe pang, at learning that you had left Cashel. He had no idea of your going so soon; and was truly grieved, that he had not an opportunity of taking his leave, and I suspect, also, of disburthening his mind. For, not being in any measure reconciled to himself, he concluded that he must have sunk in your estimation. So perfectly right are all his views and feelings, respecting the occurrence of last week, that my office was rather consolatory, than corroborative. The fact is, his mind was so wounded, that it needed the balm which my friendship could afford. Among other things he declared, that had he actually gone to that place, he could not remain in Cashel: that so soon as his place here could be filled, he would have betaken himself to his parish; from a feeling, that his usefulness here had been destroyed. Even as it is, he thinks that his mind and powers are not adequate to the situation he fills; that it oversets him, intellectually and morally; and that, though he will certainly do nothing rashly, he cannot help regarding it as a providential indication, that Cashel is not

* Miss Fergusson. . . ED.

to be his destination; that he has, repeatedly and remarkably, been prevented from establishing himself in a settled residence here, when on the very eve of completing his purpose. He threw out, also, an idea, that, under the circumstances which have lately occurred, a change of officers might be essential to the success of the scheme, that seems to be providentially set on foot amongst us. It has occurred to me, that, as you had no opportunity of personal communication with him, a short letter, confirming him in those views, which he not only holds, but I do think loves, and tending to restore him in his own estimation, might have a serviceable effect: he is, in truth, a most guileless, warm-hearted, and unworldly man.

Just as —— went out, Whitty came in. He immediately proceeded to unburthen himself; and that, in such a manner, as to raise him very considerably in my esteem and regard. He was affected even to tears; and what I was gratified with was, that his sensibility had been keenly wounded by the manner of your reproof. He, most cordially and unreservedly, admits, and feels, the force of all your arguments; and declares, that his veneration for you is such, as he cannot find words to express. He shrunk from the idea of stating to you all that he had to state, not in the way of justification, but to account for the step he had taken. Strange as it may seem, he actually went against his will, and all his relishes, on, what he most erroneously conceived to be, a point of duty. In forming this decision, he was strengthened by what he could not bring himself to mention to you, ——'s having gone, two years ago, to Lady ——'s ball. He now clearly sees, that the thing was most decidedly wrong; and that, consequently, it could not be justified by the practice of an individual, however reputable. He also fully feels, that, within these two years, ——'s views and feelings, have undergone essential alteration; and that that admirable, and truly evangelic man, is daily growing in unmixed goodness. On the whole, the conversation I had with Whitty, has left on my mind a very pleasant impression. I seem to perceive that he has got some principles, from the discourse you pronounced to him, which will be of general application: and certainly, sensibilities have been called forth in him, by this occasion, which I had not known were in his nature. I leave it in your judgment, whether a letter to him, might not be a kind, and useful thing.*

* The conversations quoted in this letter, took place, in consequence of Mr. Knox having strongly remonstrated with the excellent clergyman alluded to, on a subject, soon afterwards, more fully treated by Mr. Jebb, in 'A Letter to a Young Clergyman on the Subject of Fashionable Amusements. Private impression. Dublin: 1808. Reprinted. London: 1830.' See 'Practical Theology,' vol. ii. p. 267... Ed.

I saw you pass this morning, with a pang which I could not repress, though I hope so soon to have the happiness of meeting you. Through the course of the day I have been low; and, at this moment, I feel a degree of regret, which a rigid censor would call weakness. I hope it is something better; and I pray that it may be kept in due bounds. You yourself, my dear Sir, felt it when we parted, and I cannot be ashamed to feel with you.

Farewell, my dear Friend, and may God bless you!

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 51.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 22. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter gratified me much; and I mean to follow your advice, whenever I can get myself in proper tune for doing, what would be, in my line, rather a new thing; new, I mean, as to accidental habit, I having never had occasion to write exactly under the same circumstances before. I was prosperous in my journey; I had the moon, coming out, on Wednesday morning, and I had the sun, coming in; his setting beams, were flaming on all the windows about the circular road, as I passed it. Poor S—— is more reasonable; he called on me, Tuesday; and I thought I could not do better than produce, what had entertained a man ill in body, to one who, I feared, was but sick in mind. I, accordingly, showed him your 107th Psalm*; and afterwards, when I saw fitting, the sermon on the mount, with which he was greatly delighted. Poor fellow! I will do my best to keep him, now I have got him (a little) again. I have to say a word or two to the Archbishop; and therefore, must say only to you, that I am,

Ever yours,

A. K.

* See the Christian Observer for January, 1810; in which the paper here referred to, was afterwards inserted inadvertently, by a friend, without the Bishop's knowledge, and consequently without having received his final correction... ED.

LETTER 52.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 23. 1808.

My dear Friend,

In sending you a packet of Methodist Magazines, I wish just to say a word or two.

Observe the extracts from Paley. Are they not wonderful? At first, I imagined they must be some remains of *early* writings; but, from what is said in the remarks on Dr. Gray's dialogue, I should rather infer, that they have been written by him in his latest years. I am, therefore, anxious to see the newly published volume of his sermons; but they have not yet come to Ireland.

Within this hour, I have a letter from ——, inclosing a specimen of his arrangement of the sermon on the mount. His intention is to follow you; and he has, so far, generally done so; but I perceive some variety in the divisions, and I think it will be interesting, to compare the whole of his, with yours. I shall, of course, urge him to go on with it; but, at all events, it is no trifling sanction of the general idea, that such a mind as his should take to it so cordially.

Poor Stopford visited me, in a kind way, yesterday. I put your 107th Psalm first, and then the sermon on the mount*, into his hands. I was glad to have *such* a matter to converse with him upon, it being peculiarly suitable to him; he having both taste, and critical acumen: he was greatly pleased, and wondered it should not have been discovered before. I recommend to you to read particularly, Lowth's 4th, 18th, 19th, and 20th prelections; as I conceive they contain many observations, strictly applicable to the sermon on the mount: as to the reality of the poetical character in this, even the following words, alone, appear to me conclusive: . .

Voco Didacticum, versibus eleganter et acute concinnatis præcepta includens, et comparationibus, sive apertis sive occultis, sæpe illustratum.

Sententiosum . . dicendi genus *primum* statuo Hebræorum styli poetici charactera, ut qui omnium maxime est insignis et latissime patet. *Sunt etiam nonnulla, neque ea sane inelegantia Poemata*, quæ nihil fere aliud habent poeticum præter numeros (what these are, or whether they are any thing, he pretends not

* The Bishop's distribution of it, according to the laws of Hebrew parallelism: See Sacred Literature, Sect. xxiii. p. 429. . . Ed.

to say) atque eam ex qua ipsa numerorum suavitas magna ex parte constat, sententiarum concinnitatem. . . Præl. iv.

This last observation, which is self-evidently just, settles the point respecting the sermon on the mount.

Observe, that our Savior himself describes his own method of teaching to have been, *εν παροιμιαις*.

Lowth has opened the way, much rather than exhausted the work: as an instance of his omission, I would point out, his dwelling, wholly, on the short sentences in the Proverbs; and not giving so much as one instance of that longer species of proverb, which is so very beautiful; and which occurs, for example, at the end of two successive chapters, the 23d and 24th.

—— is in the drawing-room waiting for me; therefore, for the present adieu.

Most faithfully and cordially yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 25. 1805.

My dear Friend,

I cannot but make an effort to thank you for your letters; and for your thoughtfulness in sending me the magazines, into which I have not yet had time to look. Ever since you left this, I have been close prisoner to the house. I ventured too far, in going to church, and felt the effects of so doing; but I am getting better. What I most regret is, the loss of the Archbishop's society. Kind and excellent man! He sent me as a present his Biographical Dictionary, in fifteen volumes; and with it a note, which makes the present such an one, as will gladden me as long as I live. You shall see it when we meet, always with the reserve of the providential proviso.

I rejoice that your journey was so prosperous, and the after effects of so very mild a nature. I rejoice, not only for you and your friends, but for Cashel; for may we not hope, now the communication to and fro is so pleasantly open, that your visits will be frequent; annual, at least.

I thank you for your references, to which I will attend. Just at present, as the Psalms are a more immediate object with me than the sermon on the mount, I have been engaged more with the lyric, than the sententious poetry, of the Hebrews: with this view, I have attempted a translation and arrangement

of Moses' song, which I enclose for your perusal. It is doubtless faulty, in the detail; but I could be glad to have your opinion of the disposition, as a whole; and, especially, of the distribution among different interlocutors. When the language of my version may appear most poetical, it is most literal: e. g. 'I will whet the lightning of my sword.' There are two or three fine instances of the alternate stanza. In the last of them, the beauty is entirely destroyed, by the version in common use. My rendering there, 'From the naked head of the enemy,' is strictly literal.

I am more and more adverse to pursuing the latin version any further. In order to give the spirit and manner of the Hebrew, it must be so solecistical and unclassical, that it would shock readers of taste; especially those, who have been well instructed at great public schools. This may be, in some measure, avoided, by a person who unites, with a relish for Hebrew poetry, a true classical taste, and a profound acquaintance with the best latin authors; as did Bishop Lowth. But, even here, in order to be classical, somewhat must be detracted from the primitive air. I, therefore, feel disposed to stick to the language I am best acquainted with; and hope, that, by some pains, and by diligent application to Hebrew, and to the most approved biblical critics, I may be enabled to give the Psalms in a better English dress, than they at present appear in.

I perfectly agree with you, that a wide field remains unexplored, especially in the department of the sententious poetry. Lowth's taste confined him, for the most part, to the sublimer order; to the ode, the elegy, the idyllium, &c. If he had possessed more philosophy, he would have penetrated deeper into the nature, the uses, and the elegance of the sententious. I look to deriving much light, from a close inspection of the continuous proverb, as exhibited in the instances you refer to, as well as in many of the other parts of the Old Testament. These contain, assuredly, the rough draft, of what was brought to its utmost perfection, in the sermon on the mount. And I conceive, it will be easy to show, that a happier, and more appropriate vehicle for deep philosophy, could not have been imagined.

I purpose giving deep attention to the lectures of Lowth, which you recommend. Your extracts abundantly establish the poetical character of the sermon on the mount; and I am right glad that there is such testimony, also, as Stopford and Major ——. The opposite characters of the witnesses, is surely corroborative.

The Archbishop has just called; and sat with me for an hour. To be sure, it is impossible not to love him. 'Nemo illum ve-

nerabilem, qui non simul amabilem diceret.' I have reversed Seneca's epithets; but I am sure, in this instance, I have made him speak truth. Our invaluable friend, is more and more impressed with the Hebrew poetry. He agrees in thinking it my duty to study the language; and will do the same himself. One thing he has suggested, which I will leave it to your judgment to pronounce upon; namely, that, till something is in a mature, and producible state, it may be well not to say much of this matter; lest the idea should be caught, and clumsily, or imperfectly, put forward, so as to throw discredit on the whole system. I own, had this been sooner suggested, I should be more cautious how I write to ——. To him, I spoke about the psalms, and the psalms only; adding, however, that Bishop Lowth had not pursued his own system far enough; that his synonymous parallelisms are, in fact, climacterical; and that there is a more regular distribution into stanza, than he is aware of. I gave, as specimens, the two stanzas from Isaiah xxvii., and that from Psalm lxxxiv. Not a word did I say of the sermon on the mount.

Yours most faithfully and affectionately,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 53.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 27. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you much for your letter, and as much for the valuable and interesting inclosure. In its present state, I will not consider it as more than the first draft; and viewing it so, I am deeply pleased with it. But its effect on myself is as nothing, compared with what I have this moment been observing, in my sensible and tasteful friend, Miss Fergusson. Immediately after dinner, I put it into her hands; and I assure you, she was delighted almost to ecstasy: she positively wiped her eyes, to enable her to read it. In fact, it was most gratifying to mark the impression thus made by it, on a plain, right, strong, unsophisticated mind. It is much above the test afforded by Moliere's old woman.

As to what you say of Latin and English, I subscribe with both my hands. I acquiesce in it sympathetically; nothing can be more true. I also cordially approve of your giving yourself, in the first instance, to the Psalms. I consider them as the most

important part of the Old Testament; because they so prevalently refer to the interior; and also, because they are so exquisitely fitted to catch the mind of youth. This last remark was made to me, within this hour, by Miss F.; but I feel it to be the fact, from thorough experience.

As to the Archbishop's idea, much as I respect every thing that comes from him, I do not accede to it, on the one hand, nor wholly dissent from it, on the other. Caution is good in every way; but, in this particular, scrupulous caution is needless. I should think it right to be cautious, even to scrupulosity, in speaking of some things which occur to my mind, because they require *ripeness of mind* to receive them. But your ideas of Hebrew poetry are open to investigation; and the more they are investigated, they will be the more approved of. I should not speak thus, if I thought the subject, in any material part, admitted of a shadow of doubt; but it *does not:* evidently for this reason; those who have explored it before you, go all your length in principle; but they do not follow up their own principles, in practice. This last is so much the case, that I wonder at it: for instance, Lowth says, in his 23d Præl., speaking of elegiac verse, 'Tales versus' (that is, such as are in the first four chapters of the Lamentations) 'sunt, in toto psalmo, undeviginti; extra επωδην quæ duobis ejusmodi versibus longiusculis constat, et uno insuper breviori, quæque bis ponitur.' Now it seems plain to me, that there are in that Psalm, first, *four* couplets of the constructive kind, though, perhaps, not wholly so: then two triplets; then, I conceive, and not before, four elegiac couplets, or eight elegiac verses, implying however, a couplet relation among themselves, but proceeding by pairs; then, a connecting verse (the 11th), in which something of the length of the elegiac, and something of the brevity of the common couplet, mingling together; the next, is a pure couplet, like those at the commencement; then, as I take it (verse 13th), a very beautiful quatrain: and then, a concluding triplet. I have not your copy to refer to; but I should suppose it does not much differ from what I have just laid down; and, if we are right, the Bishop is wrong.

I have sincere pleasure in mentioning, for I am more solicitous that we should be *right*, than that we should be *original*, that we are not the first discoverers of the climax. However it may have escaped Lowth, it was not overlooked by a less ingenious man, Primate Newcome, in his preliminary discourse to his translation of Ezekiel. When he is proceeding to give specimens of the various parallelisms, he says, 'This subject is largely and ably discussed, in Bishop Lowth's excellent treatise on the Hebrew poetry; and in the very instructive

dissertation, prefixed to his comment on Isaiah. From the various examples of ornament and elegance which might be produced, I shall select a very few, and those, of that particular class, *where the following clauses so diversify the preceding ones, as to rise above them.*'

Now, my friend, do you not feel it of great moment, that this fact should have been felt and recognized, by such a genius as Primate Newcome? it is no *fancy*, when it struck him as a *fact*. I surely know no one, except Jean Le Clerc himself, whose testimony I should so value, in such a matter; and Primate Newcome, is to us both, better far than J. Le Clerc, or any one we could think of.

The hour presses, otherwise I might call your observation to part of the Psalm just referred to; and beg you to consider, whether, 'converting the soul' is not, πνευμα or αρετη, and 'making wise the simple' (σοφιζουσα νηπια, the lxx.) is not αληθεια; and similarly, in the next verse, whether ευφραινοντα καρδιαν, and φωτιζουσα οφθαλμους, do not come under the same rule?

I wished to add something about the 13th verse, which I take to be an alternate quatrain; but I have not, perhaps, many moments to make free with. I only say, therefore, compare 'presumptuous,' in the first number, with 'upright,' in the third; and have 'dominion over me,' in the second, with 'innocent from the great transgression,' in the last.

Ever yours,

A. K

——oo——

LETTER 54.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 30. 1808.

My dear Friend,

Knowing as I do that you like to hear from me, let me say little or much, I will talk to you this afternoon. I wished to give you some more particular remarks, on your song of Moses; but I have not been able, from avocations that I could not ward off.

One of these was a pleasant business: yesterday evening, I was at Stopford's; and to-day Mrs. S. has told me, that he was highly pleased, and said that he had never spent so completely comfortable an evening with me. Our chief talk was about Hebrew poetry. He takes to our idea astonishingly; and

says, 'How wonderful is it, that this thing should be just now coming out, after having so long lain concealed.'

I would say something about the Song of Moses, were it not that I have gone through it in part only, in the manner I wish to do; I shall, therefore, make it the subject of a distinct and future letter.

Since I came to town, I have been looking into Street's version of the Psalms, which I happen to have; and I clearly see, that if this work be the best of the kind, which probably it is, much is left for others to do: as to the stanzas, he knows nothing about them; and these I conceive to be essential, to any perfect rendering, of any Hebrew poem. For what are those stanzas, but the various shapes, of various *νοημαται*? Consequently, that graceful precision, (two words which could seldom be fairly put together,) which forms the chief charm of the sacra poesis, cannot be made apparent, if the stanzas are overlooked.

My looking into Street, confirms me in an idea I threw out to you; that, to do justice to the spirit of the Old Testament poetry, our own aboriginal words are to be preferred, to any imported from Greek, or Latin dialects. For example, does he gain any thing in the 10th and 21st verses of the 119th Psalm, by using the word *deviate?* Is not the *wander*, and the *err*, of our bible translation, a great deal more suitable? There is an additional reason for attending to this: that the quantity of our aboriginal words, and those of the original text of the Old Testament, are more likely to agree: *quantity*, I mean, in a plain, not technical sense; for the length, not the accentuation of words.

I wish you to look at the third chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and observe, whether sameness of idea, does not, in the general, accompany sameness of letter? It is certainly not alike strict, throughout that chapter of sixty-six verses; but I think you will find it so obviously prevalent, as to put the intention beyond doubt; and perhaps, to excite a doubt, whether, where it does not appear, the oversight of transcribers, or error of translators, may not be, most probably, in fault. But, if the fact I speak of be made out in substance, it is a great point gained; for these alphabetical pieces of poetry, are our strong-hold. They put the general principles of the system beyond doubt; and what they give witness to, respecting precision and regularity, can scarcely be disputed, because of the regularity of their own character. I think you will see there is ground for those remarks, when you consider the chapter referred to.

I own I have a doubt whether Lowth may be right, in the view he has given of the elegiac verses of the Hebrews. I mean, whether what he takes to be a lengthened verse, is not

rather a couplet, with the second member much shorter than the first; and of consequence whether

> Diffugere nives redeunt jam gramina campis,
> Arboribusque comæ,

be not as near a likeness, as any other we could pitch upon. I see there is a variety, even in that most distinctly marked chapter; but I do not see, that it actually contradicts the idea I am now giving; for I conceive it is evident, that a bimembral character prevails, throughout the majority of the verses.

For example,

> 4. My flesh and my skin hath he made old,
> He hath broken my bones;
> 5. He hath builded against me,
> And compassed with gall and travail.
> 6. He hath set me in dark places,
> As the dead of old:
> 7. He hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out;
> He hath made my chain heavy.
> 8. And, when I cry and shout,
> He shutteth out my prayer;
> 9. He hath inclosed my ways with hewn stone,
> He hath made my paths crooked.

I like this better, for this reason, because real grief is abrupt, rather than long-winded; and I doubt, too, whether, when this, or some similar measure, is used didactically, the same disposition would not be an improvement, as giving relief to the structure; for instance,

> The law of Jehovah is perfect,
> Converting the soul;
> The testimony of Jehovah is sure,
> Making wise the simple.

Lest I should be too late, I must only add, that I am

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 55.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, April 11. 1808.

My dear Friend,

Your acceptable letter reached me on Saturday, in the midst of my movements; I could, therefore, do nothing but read the

mere letter*, and put the papers in my pocket. I have since read the letter with care; and I think it is exactly what I formed the idea of, when we last talked it over. There is, therefore, one passage only, about which I am yet in doubt. It is, 'Few of our profession, I willingly concede, are called to this high and holy department; but they, &c.' Now, I own, I have my apprehensions, lest this should be misunderstood, partly as a fanatical, and partly as an arrogant idea: we well know, it is sound sense, and simple truth; but we know its bearing, in value of various præcognita, with which many, into whose hands it may fall, are wholly unfurnished. I think something like this might be substituted: . . 'Those of our profession, who know nothing of this high and holy department, will consequently feel no need of that strictness, which essentially belongs to it; and their taking such liberties, may, possibly, not make themselves any worse; nor, are any objects they pursue, likely to be marred by it; but they, &c.' I give you the hint, to turn in your mind; and think it best to postpone putting the manuscript into the printer's hands, until I have your reply. Campbell is so expeditious, that it would answer no end to give it to him, until he can pursue it to the end.

I greatly rejoice in all you tell me about ——. I did not like the composition, nor arrangement, of the lecture on Friday: but other persons were very well satisfied, and that set me at rest. There was not, so far as I recollect, any thing we could except against, as to matter; and there were favorite points of ours, put forth boldly, but I should think, to his hearers, very obscurely. However, what could we have in reason expected, beyond what has taken place? and then, the prospect of what twelve months may effect in his mental habits, is as cheering as any thing of the kind can be.

All you say of your conversation with ——, I cordially adopt; with this difference, that, what you describe, as the effect of being more on a level of mind with ——, I would resolve into a simpler, and surer fact: 'In the mouth of two witnesses, shall every word be established.' What one, only, talks about, may be delusion; however respectable his mental pretensions may be, in other instances: but when another clear, strong-minded person, comes forward, and gives the same view of things, a difference of feeling will take place in a candid mind, from the agreement of both, which no individual explanations, or assurances, could have produced. Such, I take it, along with a happy opportuneness of circumstances, has been

* The Bishop's 'Letter to a young Clergyman, on the Subject of Amusements.' . . Ed.

the case between you and ——; and I must add to this, that in your hands, the matter in question might bear a soberer aspect, than in mine. I become effervescent, while you remain equable; I am, therefore, often declamatory, while you are always logical; I can only say, on the whole, that I am the better satisfied with what God has given me, when I see that, which possibly I could not have, consistently with the whole of my destination, or of my nature, so wonderfully and happily supplied, by the apt arrangement of pure Providence. I remember John Wesley remarking in his journal, on Mr. Fletcher's coming opportunely to aid him at the sacrament, Mr. F. having, just the minute or two before, come from the church where he had been priested: 'When my strength was nearly exhausted, how astonishingly has God sent me help; and *such* help, from the mountains of Swisserland!' Little did Mr. W. then know, what an eventual help he, and the truth he maintained, and was appointed to transmit, should receive, from this mysteriously far-fetched auxiliary. And now, I cannot but feel a thought rising, about ends of Providence, respecting which, I certainly would not dare to make distinct calculations; but toward which, my imagination turns instinctively, though, I hope, humbly and modestly.* By the way, finding but one set of Fletcher's works at White Friars', I desired it to be set apart for you; being fully confident you ought to have them.

Yours ever,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glebe House, Loughbrickland,
April 12. 1808.

My dear Friend,

I cannot let the mail coach pass, as it will in a few hours, without conveying my thanks, for your prompt and pleasant letter; and for your judicious observations, on that passage of the MS. It is curious, that precisely the same apprehension of probable misconception arose in my mind. I suppressed it, however, partly because you had dropped no such hint, but especially, because I knew, if the paragraph were really questionable, you would not let it pass, in your final revision. The

* Mr. Knox seems here to allude to his similar connection with his friend, so early and unexpectedly brought in his way, at Derry... Ed.

suggestion, then, is no more than I am prepared for; and it gratifies me, as affording another of those clearly independent coincidences, which I rejoice to discover, between your judgment, and my own. Your alteration, I feel disposed fully to adopt, in sense and spirit; and so, I should, in words too, did I not feel the necessity of making the passage square with my cubical mode of composition. The following substitution, you will have the goodness to modify as you please, and then interline it, as amended in the MS. 'But they, &c.'

I should be glad to know, whether you received my note about the poor woman; and whether you have been able to take any step in her favor. I find that I miscalculated as to time; and must close in order to catch the post. You will (not, of course, but as you know it is felt, and can, therefore, conscientiously undertake the commission,) be pleased to present my affectionate compliments, to Mr. and Mrs. L——. Though I suppose you are at B——, I direct for the better security to Dublin. I hope to be there in time for the clerical*, and, of course, for D——'s penitentiary sermon; which, as an honorary governor, I feel myself bound to attend.

Yours most faithfully,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

Carrick on Suir, Thurs. 8½ clock P. M. 1808.

MY DEAR MR. KNOX,

ABOUT an hour ago, I arrived here, after having been again nearly baffled at Waterford; not a post carriage was to be had there, till, at length, after three hours' delay, I was fortunate enough to procure a return chaise from this place. Of course, I cannot reach Cashel, in time for to-morrow's catechizing; for, though I might, possibly, make a forced march, by rising at four o'clock in the morning; this would be too hazardous an attempt, in the present state of my health.

I was employing myself on the road, in retracing the delight and instruction I derived, from your conversation, during the last ten weeks: and, though I could not but feel some unpleasant drawbacks, from my own mental, and bodily indispositions, the retrospect, on the whole, was satisfactory and cheerful. Whatever partial obscurations my views have undergone, I feel a sober conviction, that they are more clear and vivid, than before your visit to Cashel. I have had an experimental proof, that

* A meeting of clerical friends in Dublin, elsewhere alluded to in the correspondence. . . ED.

views of no other nature, would suit the turn of my mind and dispositions. Calvinism, I believe, would make me mad ; and any *doing* system, would be altogether inadequate, to cure my moral and intellectual maladies. However trying the discipline was, I rejoice in the doubts and difficulties of the last three days. They have discovered, what I had before an inadequate conception of, . . the weakness of my mental powers ; and clear I am, that the discovery of weakness is an indispensable pre-requisite, towards attaining the wisdom from above. My only fear is, that I annoyed you, (not personally, but through the kind interest you take in me,) by wrongnesses of manner and expression : for such errors, I know I have your pardon ; and, on reflection, it is not amiss, that you should be in tolerable possession of my failings ; in order, that, like a wise physician, you may prescribe such alteratives, as may produce a good effect, in subserving to what I am convinced is the grand alterative, *heart devotion :* prayer, is, undoubtedly, the life and soul of spirituality. I cannot now recall particular passages of scripture on the point, being rather fatigued ; but I can safely say, that so many presented themselves to my mind to-day, as to give an impression, that the whole scope and tenor of both Testaments, is in your favor ; while all that is solidly practical, is effectually secured, by the ' Quis legem dat amantibus ?'

Mr. ——'s letter is altogether an unique : there is, however, sincerity in it ; and a simplicity, bordering on weakness. How happily is it ordered, that religion should not primarily reside, in the intellect, and reasoning faculties : if things were so, what would become of weak, well-meaning, pious people, like Mr. ——.

I thought to-day about the ten virgins : if I am well, on my return, I have hopes of making an interesting, and instructive discourse, for Sunday. If it pleases God that I should be otherwise, then I will only do my best, in the way of modified transcription.

Remember me, most kindly and affectionately, to the good, and truly amiable family you are with. I cannot easily forget their kindness ; and metaphysics being excluded, I should be very happy in becoming their debtor for more kindnesses. I believe you may trust me ; for, assuredly, I have received a clinical and anatomical lecture, on my own case, by which, I trust, I shall ultimately profit. My eyes are becoming heavy, and lest I should fall into a trick, which, you know, I am sometimes prone to, . . writing nonsense, I must conclude myself,

My dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate Friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 1. 1808.

My dear Friend,

I cannot let this large packet go to you, unaccompanied by a few lines; though, from a rheumaticobilious attack, I feel unable to write as I could wish, either in matter, manner, or length.

My journey was safe, but not prosperous: bad roads, and worse carriages, detained me; so that I was obliged to sleep a second night on the road. On reaching Cashel, however, I felt myself quite indemnified, by finding my friends well; and by being cordially received; and by learning, that all matters are in good train: and especially, by perceiving, that home was not irksome, even after the matchless scenes, and the beloved friends, I had left behind. My first employment has been, to transcribe for Mrs. L——, the sermon which she began to copy; in which, you will perceive, that I have paid some attention to your suggested alterations. To it, I have added the next sermon, as a suitable accompaniment; and I shall be much obliged by your conveying them, together with the enclosed note.

I have yet no opportunity of judging, whether I am improved by my absence. All that I can predicate of myself, is, that I am enabled to bear up with tolerable complacency, under a debilitating, and incapacitating frame of body; and, that I feel an earnest desire, when it shall please God to remove the inability, to be employed in his service.

I can, at present, only promise to write a letter, when in a better frame of body. Meantime, a few lines from you would rejoice

Your most obliged,
and affectionate Friend,
John Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER 56.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 6. 1808. Whitsun-Monday.

My dear Friend,

On coming to town this day, I received yours; and it relieved me from anxiety. I was afraid you were unwell. I find I was

not altogether wrong; but I am happy to find, that it is only such an indisposition, as the state of the weather is sufficient to explain. Since I arrived, I saw Mrs. L——, and handed her your note, and its accompaniment. She desired me to assure you of her gratitude; and I feel myself more safe in doing so, than most persons are in a diplomatique trust.

I sympathize with you in the kindly feelings, that your meeting with your Cashel friends has excited; and I beg to be remembered to Messrs. —— and ——, with sincere cordiality. I do hope and trust, you will be more and more happy; and, consequently, be fitted to lead others to happiness. In fact, I am as sure of it, as a creature conscious of shortsightedness of mind (far beyond the same creature's bodily shortsightedness) can be.

I had the pleasure of a letter from the invaluable Archbishop, the same time with yours; who says, 'Remember me to Jebb, to whom I have behaved with shameful neglect, though not, in reality, so ill, as it must appear to him; for I executed his commission, and sent the books to meet Major —— at Holyhead; where I conclude they now are, he not having yet reached that place.'

The Archbishop encloses me a warm-hearted letter, written to him by Wilberforce, in consequence of a note from me. They have not yet met, but I think they will meet; and I am authorized to anticipate a right pleasant meeting; both being a little heretical about the R—— C——'s. They may compare notes, while I meditate my schemes of revenge against both; against Mr. W., more than the Archbishop; for his Grace, to his honor be it spoken, was silent.

I was not a little struck, a day or two ago, with what I well remembered to have read before, . . the following passage in a quotation from Farrer's sermons, at the Bampton Lecture, on the Beatitudes. Eclec. Rev. for Aug. 1815.

'It deserves our attention, that, as they are formed on the model of certain introductory sentences in the Psalms, which pronounce a blessing on various dispositions; so, they are delivered, in the same sententious and proverbial style. Thence, they bear the complexion of the poetry of the Hebrews; which, in its prevailing character, is combined of parallel sentences; clauses, wherein proposition corresponds with proposition, and term is answerable to term. Thus, every sentence, in this series, is composed of two clauses; of which the former pronounces a certain disposition blessed; as the latter states, wherein this blessedness consists.' This is a curious coincidence.

Farewell, and believe me, ever yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER 57.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 29. 1808.

My dear Friend,

Your letter has given me sincere pleasure, as it contains as good an account, as I could have reasonably expected. You say about poor Whitty, exactly what fits you to say: at the same time, the load of labor on you, is to be regretted. I hope it will not actually hurt you; and if it does not, it may do you good, though not consciously, while you are doing it. Whitty stays so long from Cashel, with great reluctance; and the moment he can venture to return, he will; all which you know.

I am glad you have taken that disporting walk, through the paths of the ancients. Your own idea, founded on the article in the Athanasian creed, I conceive very just: and I suppose, a particular attention to our Lord's manner of speaking respecting himself, would add still more and more strength to it. His language being, I imagine, always *Θεανθρωποπρεπης*, except when he meant to conceal his real nature. If you have Nelson's Life of Bull, you will find the whole matter in debate largely expatiated on, (Sect. lvii. &c.) in the account of the Fidei Nicenæ Defensio; and, what is curious, Calvin appears to be the great antagonist of the ancient doctrine: what a universal innovator, that man was! and yet, it seems, that his zeal against the subordination, did not imply equal zeal for sameness of nature. See Orton's Letters to Dissenting Ministers, pages 189. and 196. (By the way, I could wish to see that tract of Fawcett's.) Thus, you see, the apparently highest ground, is not always the safest. But how natural was it, in Calvin, to take the ground, that excluded from his faith, what he so strongly rejected in practice; personally, no less than ecclesiastically. In fact, *subordination*, was not a term in John Calvin's vocabulary. But the worst of it was, that, by not allowing such an order in the Divine Essence, as would safely explain certain texts, which seem to exclude strict co-ordinateness, he created a necessity for himself, and his followers, to explain them, when accidentally occurring, in a manner, not strictly consistent with the co-essentiality: all which, however, evinces more and more, that calvinism, altogether, is a temporary scaffolding; which has so little firm work in it, as to need time, and its own weight only, at length to bring it down.

A new work, which has pleased the Archbishop much, which G—— brought, and has left with me, and which you will see, as soon as the Archbishop reaches you, would convince me of the truth of this last position; if I wanted any fresh conviction. It is called 'Zeal without Innovation'; * and is meant as an apology for evangelical ministers and preaching. It is the work of a fair, good, ingenious, and liberal, mind. It concedes so much, as to the excesses and anomalies of those pleaded for, that I suspect they will give small thanks to their advocate; and yet it maintains enough of calvinism, to make it sure of having no effect, in conciliating one of the opponents. I do not believe the writer is a predestinarian, though not clear from puzzle even about that; but his calvinism lies in his notions about justification by faith; concerning which, he talks with superior incongruity, from the wish to make it palatable. More, in this way, than he has done, cannot be done: yet, I conceive, the attempt is only the more abortive. Nothing, therefore, that I ever saw, proves more to me the present increasing necessity, for some new, and sounder system. In describing the dilapidation of the establishment, (which he honestly loves, though imperfectly understood by him) he gives a strong, and deplorably just picture; but he offers nothing, which any but his own side, and but a very few of the more moderate of those, will deem a remedy. I need say no more of it, till you see it; except this only, that since filling the foregoing pages, I have read a section, with this title, 'of their (the evangelical ministers) insisting on the necessity of a change of heart': in which, there is, at once, actual excellence, and obvious defect: on the whole, it seems to be a link in a chain, no doubt well fitted to its place; and, compared with all I have seen before from the same quarter, wonderfully interesting and valuable.

Two editions of Law's Theory, the 4th and 7th, lie, at this moment, before me. At the 161st page of the 4th, and at the 178th page of the 7th, there is a note, which, by this double direction, you will easily find, that seems to me highly curious. The part I refer to, is a quotaton from Jeffery on the Philipians; followed by Law's own abbreviation of Jeffery's view; the whole of which, together, gives a progressive view, remarkably according, in all parts but the first and last, with our notion; and partially falling in with Villers in his sketch. The first period, he extends, you will see, from the commencement, to Saint Augustin; which he calls the period of simplicity: but neither our Lord, nor his apostles, were simple, in his sense; see beginning of the quotation; nor, after such simplicity had

* By the late Reverend and excellent James Bean, afterwards a valued friend of the Bishop of Limerick: he died 'the death of the righteous', in 1826. . . Ed.

commenced, did it continue more than two generations; Clemens Alexandrinus, clearly introducing a new system, as Villers has seen, and stated. The second period, is pretty accurately described; the third, with some justness, but indiscriminately, and over severely; the fourth, the most accurate of all; the fifth, a specimen of sutor ultra crepidum; yet still adding to the interest of the whole. But mark the still farther contraction: for, however erroneous, it is neat and ingenious. 1. Virtue and piety, &c. 2. Nature and grace, &c. 3. Church and sacrament, &c. 4. Christ and faith, &c. being a refinement upon the doctrine of the second period: well guessed; a modification, surely, but not a refinement. Even here, 'the old is better.' The concluding words about the fifth period, contain as ill-defined, and cloudy a hope, as could easily be expressed: and yet, there is a truth in it, though not as he understood it.

A thought struck me last night, which brought some new light with it. Compare carefully, Gal. iii. 19. with Deut. v. 5., and both, with Heb. viii. 1, 2. &c. especially 6., and then judge, whether Christ's mediatorship and priesthood, are not strictly distinguished from each other. Moses, being exclusively the type of the former; and Aaron, and his successors, of the latter; and the excellency of the service, which he performs as true *Λειτουργος*, arising from the excellency of the covenant, of which he is *Μεσιτης*: clearly, then, according to the obvious parallelism, it is as *Λειτουργος*, like the high priest within the sanctuary, that he acts on our behalf with God; and as clearly it is, as *Μεσιτης*, like Moses, that he is stated to act, on God's great business with us: that is, 'He stands between the Lord and us, to show us', most substantially and sublimely, 'the word of the Lord'; inasmuch as human nature must still be afraid, 'by reason of the fire'; and could not go 'up unto the mount.' Now, for the strictest, most apposite, and most beautiful expansion of *Κρειττονος διαθηκης μεσιτης επι κρειττοσιν επαγγελιαις*, read closely the third, and to the sixth verse inclusive, of fourth of II Corinthians. In my judgment, nothing could harmonize more exquisitely, than these different passages.

I thank you for the quotation. It is clearly as you say. The danger, in that kind of composition, is quaintness; of which Seneca is proof. How wonderful, then, that it should have been so largely, and so artfully practised, without falling into quaintness. That the Hebrew poetry is not quaint, is clear, from the fact of its poetic character being so generally undiscovered. It pleases, without its being known how.

I will endeavor speedily to do your bidding about Mr. ——. I will send you Shaw's Emmanuel, from Keene's, by Whitty, who goes on Friday. Dr. P. thinks he should stay longer at

Lucan. I advise him to go to Cashel, and see how he will be, and return if necessary; as that course, at all events, will make things easiest to his mind.

Yours most cordially,

A. K.

P. S. The MS. is too near my heart, to be forgotten or postponed.

Miss Fergusson begs to be kindly remembered to you.

——oo——

LETTER LXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, July 22. 1808.

My dear Friend,

When I look at the date of your last letter, I am truly ashamed; and yet, if I had not matter furnished me, by something that I regard more complacently, than the idola specus, I believe I should be obliged still to continue a defaulter. But our visitation, yesterday, afforded me very sincere gratification; of which I feel desirous that you should be a partaker. Wednesday evening, the modest Archbishop showed me the beginning of a charge, he had been preparing; and yesterday morning, at an early hour, he showed me nearly the remainder. You well know his unaffected diffidence, in his own very sound judgment, and respectable talents. It will not, therefore, surprize you, that he felt dissatisfied with what he had done; and, in his condescending humility, wished to avail himself, even of my opinion. It was not without difficulty, that I could diminish his apprehension of addressing the clergy; and just before he began, he whispered me from the throne, 'Now, Jebb, if this should turn out ill, remember the burthen rests on your shoulders.' Any apprehension I might have felt, under this responsibility, was soon put an end to. He was listened to with marked attention, and the most visible satisfaction; and he delivered a very neat, simple charge, in his own meek, cordial, and impressive manner. He concisely stated the charges, which, of late, have been publicly brought against our establishment; on the ground of incorporations of parishes; want of churches, and glebe houses; and consequent non-residence of the clergy. That these blemishes had existed, to a certain degree, he did not deny; though, certainly, they had been much exaggerated: but he proved, that they naturally and necessarily

resulted, from the circumstances of this country; and that, by the voluntary exertions of the clergy, and out of their own scanty, and precariously collected incomes, they had been, for a long course of years, in a state of gradually progressive diminution. He next adverted to what had been done for our Irish establishments, in the last session of parliament; especially, with respect to facilitating the accommodation of the clergy with suitable residences: he then explained the nature the of late residence act; and concluded with most impressively recommending, and enforcing on us, that strict attention to residence, and all other duties, which is so imperiously required of us, by the liberality evinced in our favor; by the interest which parliament manifested, and, with unprecedented unanimity, takes, in our welfare and respectability: and by the importance which is now universally attached to our exertions, for the civilization, and improvement of this country. He paid some very handsome, and I do think, very merited compliments, to the clergy of this diocese. In truth, it was a beautiful, and delightful exhibition. He was like a true apostolic father, addressing children that he loved. I question, whether there was equal simplicity and purity often to be met, in the primitive ages of the church: at least, what I read of their councils, and other clerical meetings, inclines me to form a comparison, not by any means discreditable to our Cashel brethren; and, above all, to our Cashel visitor.

But I have *more* pleasant intelligence. W—— absolutely astonished me, by an admirable visitation sermon. I was well aware, both of his talents, and of his having deeply and radically embraced our ways of thinking; but I had no suspicion, that, in so short a time, his talents for the composition, and delivery of a sermon, could have ripened into such excellence. You may recollect that, about two years ago, his style was no very agreeable imitation, of honest Matthew Henry. He has actually emerged from all that quaintness. He has attained a ready flow of expression; and he pours forth most philosophical sentiments, with an ease, which I apprehend a certain friend of yours will never acquire. We have requested the publication of the sermon. The Archbishop was delighted, and declares he never heard a better. I own, I was so forcibly struck, that I could not avoid stepping from the reading desk to the throne, and asking the Archbishop, in an under tone of voice, 'Will you not ask him to publish?' My idea is, that it was admirably prepared for delivery; but that it will require some little modifications, to fit it for the press. There may possibly be a little redundant scripture phraseology, to be pruned; a too frequent recurrence of the text to be moderated; and joints, or hinges, to be added to the several divisions. But I need not tell all

these matters to you, as W—— proceeds for Dublin on Tuesday; and will submit the discourse to your inspection. He is not so committed, but that he may creditably recede, if you recommend suppression. I hope, however, you may see cause to judge favorably, as it is surely of importance, that it should be shown to the British and Irish public, that our church is not dumb; and specially desirable, that our ways of thinking, should be not only fully imbibed, but intelligently put forward, by a man who evidently possesses a very strong mind. On this last ground, I am desirous that W—— should preach in Dublin, the Sunday he will be there, the 31st instant. He has acquiesced in my proposal, if the Asylum pulpit should be vacant for him; and this matter you can easily arrange with N——.

It affords me deep, and cordial gratification, that W—— should thus increase, whilst I cannot but apprehend, that I am rapidly decreasing. Providence arranges matters wonderfully. If it be the Divine will, that I should intellectually sink, it is truly consolatory, that, at the same time, a chosen friend should come forward, with such promise of being eminently useful; and of giving efficient support, to precisely that very system, which the world seems to want at this day. Surely, if this prime truth and good be advancing upon earth, it is comparatively a trifling matter, who are the instrumental agents.

I had been aware of, and made use of, Nelson's Life, as well as Bishop Bull's Defensio Fidei Nicenæ. The passage of Law, I well recollected having viewed just as you do; and on referring to the book, I was glad that we quite coincide. Your thought about *Μεσιτης* is important. I read the passages carefully; but determined on a still more special examination of them, at a more convenient, and healthful season. That has not yet arrived. Faxit. D. O. M.!

W—— will probably disclose to you, and his sermons, indeed, will evince, that he is not, just now, so evangelic in his mode of preaching, as he could wish. This, I tell him, will arrive, at no distant day. If you are out of town, I am sure you will hasten thither to meet him. He goes to bring his sister to G., and can be absent from home but one Sunday. Let me also hint in your ear, that, though I do not deserve such kindness, you cannot at present, in the whole sphere of your correspondence, write a letter to a person, who more requires to be cheered by one than I do.

I request my kindest regards to Miss Fergusson.

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 58.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, July 30. 1808

My dear Friend,

* * * * * *

All you tell me about the visitation is highly pleasing; and even the minuter circumstances, served to heighten the effect; to you, at least, who had before your mind what others had not. What you say of the sermon delights me, except the drawback at the top of your last page, though I join in your hope of the 'no distant day.'

But before I say another word, I must come to yourself, my good friend! Is it the writer of such a letter, that talks of decreasing, or of being spell-bound? But I know your feeling well; and I assure you, have had my share of it. I do not know when I was in worse writing trim, than for the last three weeks. I wished to say something by way of dissertation, on the fulness of time spoken of by St. Paul in Galatians; but the third attempt to make a beginning, is yet imperfect; and there must be a fourth attempt, or relinquishment; which latter, I being pertinacious, have not yet consented to. I cannot but think there has been more than usual oppressiveness in the weather. My head has been so affected, as to give an unusual aridity to all my mental movements; so that, were I not acquainted with my own fluctuations, I might form uncomfortable inductions. But I do not; for my experience corrects, what my present sensations might seem to indicate.

The attempts at innovation, which I apprehended this year among the Methodists, passed wholly off. Adam Clarke has got other employment; which will keep his hands, as well as head, busy, for much of the remainder of his life. And another whom I looked for, a Mr. R——, was prevented from coming, by the indisposition of his brother-in-law, A. G.; so that the Methodists are exactly where they were; and I now think, this late cloud being thus dissipated, they are likely enough to remain so, until some new movement shall take place, from causes not yet apparent.

I therefore feel disposed to continue all my former friendly endeavors, where an opportunity shall offer; as I conceive Wesleyan Methodists, not dissenterized, are, comparatively with all others, our next of kin. I conversed at large, with one only, during the conference; but that one, is a sensible, shrewd man;

and has great influence. I found him not quite impenetrable to our ways of thinking, about church matters; and I should not despair, were these opportunities to occur, of so far introducing our views, into the minds of the best description of Methodist preachers, as to give a them steadiness, which, as yet they have not; and a feeling toward the established church, which, hitherto, they have had upon their tongues, far more than in their hearts.

I acted on the plan I speak of, last Monday, at B——. A Methodist preacher, who had preached in D———, the evening before, came to the chapel in the morning. I desired to tell him, that I should be glad to walk about with him after breakfast. I did so; and got into very reasonable talk with him. I told him, that my grand exception to Methodism was, that, though capital for giving first impressions, it did not promote maturity. I owned it afforded examples of maturity; but even *they* appeared to me not to have the faculty, of diffusing what they possessed. This sounded strange to him; so I led him to St. Paul's twofold figure of vegetation, and building; pointing out the difference, between the comparative passiveness implied in the first, and the indispensable exertion requisite in the second; which exertion, again, requires profounder skill than the first business, in the proportion of, six to one I was going to say, but the true statement is, that the first business requires no skill, for 'other foundation can no man lay'; but the second demands choice within choice; the materials being generically perishable, and imperishable specifically; more or less precious, and more or less vile. This, I further illustrated, by referring to Hebrews, end of v. and beginning of vi. and begged him to consider, whether the Methodists had any idea of what it was to leave first principles? I showed him how accurately these first principles are classified, and enumerated.

I. As things to be taught. 1. Repentance. 2. Faith. 3. Baptism. 4. Laying on of hands. 5. Resurrection. 6. Eternal judgment. II. As things to be experimentally felt. 1. Illumination. 2. Tasting of the heavenly gift. 3. Being made partakers of the Holy Ghost. 4. Tasting the good word of God. 5. Powers of the world to come. All which, however, are but first principles, as the connection shows, and as is seen by contrasting the highest of these mere sensations, with the 'senses being exercised, by reason of use, to discern both good and evil': that is, good, from evil; and more excellent, from less excellent. I must not add another word, as I am summoned to attend my friends.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 59.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin Aug. 20. 1808.

My dear Friend,

Yesterday, I arrived here, after our expedition to R——, and I must say that, from first to last, it was a pleasant business. Our intercourse was never so comfortable before, as on this late occasion. Every thing I saw and heard, tended to confirm me in my idea, of J. D.'s having been placed there by the hand of Providence, in order to his being, for the present, a shelter to the inferior plan of usefulness, in which G. C. is employed; and, also, to his own preparedness for superior usefulness, in the event. Of the first of these suppositions, no man can more feel the justness and weight than G. C. himself. It is most gratifying to hear all he says of J. D. 'He is leaving us all behind', said he. 'He is the first instance I ever knew, of a man's life so wonderfully rising above his faith.' In fact, neither word, nor thought can go higher, than G. C.'s estimate of J. D.; and what is additionally delightful, they mutually deem each other's preaching improved. I think, with justest reason: G. being softened and liberalized; and J. being spiritualized and sublimated. After all, there were points of palpable difference, between the latter and me; though neither was disposed to dwell on them. I conceive the greatest dissonance now is, mysticism. J. D. is persuaded, that, in the great ameliorative process, the grand reliance here below, is on suffering. This makes him still start back from the idea, of even predominant religious happiness; as well as disposes him overmuch to asceticism. Yet he has somewhat given way. He came the length of allowing, that my view was probably a safe one for me; but he doubted much if it would be safe for him. There is progress, however, in this thought: and if there be no retrogression, we may indulge strong hope. Besides, he is in the very best school imaginable for being trained aright, in this very particular: for G. C., with lower, and less philosophical views, is obviously happy, and yet obviously safe. Why, then, should not J. D. be as happy, and as safe, as the other?

This, I think, he will feel more and more; and learn wisdom from it. I trust he will also improve, in accurate knowledge of the Scripture; and find in that, what assuredly it contains, the true antidote against all excesses. G. C. preached on Sunday

morning; and J. D. in the evening. The sermon of the latter was of course a good deal, indeed wholly, in his own way; but it was, notwithstanding, solidly good and useful. Mrs. P. L. was much pleased with it; yet not more than there was good ground for. The evening sermon was explicitly, and without compromise, pious and strict. The subject was 'Inasmuch as ye have done it, &c.' St. Matt. 25.; and most clearly, and to G. C.'s delight, he showed, that it was not mere beneficence which was referred to, but predilection for the true disciples and brethren of our Savior; adducing as proof, his own words, 'Who is my mother, and who are my brethren, &c.' On the whole, nothing could have been looked for more pleasant, than our intercourse throughout; and nothing could be more cordial than the pleasure he expressed, at what he had heard men of the bar say about your preaching.

I began this letter in Dublin, on Saturday; intending it for that night's post. Monday is now come, and I writing in the reading room of B——. I must, however, say no more; in order to catch an opportunity, which, even now, is hazardous. When you can write, I shall be most happy to hear from you, being most cordially yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Aug. 31. 1808.

My dear Friend,

How deeply am I in your debt, and how unable to repay! But I must say something, though it were only to put in an impudent claim for further credit: though, be your patience what it may, I can hardly promise that I shall ever repay you all. Your letter did not reach me, or rather I did not reach it, till Monday last. I had been the whole of the preceding week at G——; from whence W—— accompanied me to Cashel. I communicated what you say about his sermon; and he is perfectly satisfied to acquiesce, in whatever you may finally think expedient; being convinced that, in such matters, there need be no appeal from your judgment.

On every account, your report of the expedition rejoices me. I think I can enter fully into the whole business; and, surely, few things could be more truly delightful, than to see fierce polemicals thus charmed away, by the bland and kindly influences

of affection and good will. There can be little doubt, that G. C., and G. C.'s system, will assume a character, very far surpassing ordinary calvinism. Who can tell, but that in it, there may be a remote preparation, for the future reception and diffusion of a more excellent scheme? at all events, it is a great matter, that practical goodness, without dogmatical theology, can excite such cordial affection: and here, even our amiable friend's mysticism and asceticism may do essential service. Is it not probable, that these generate a kind of goodness, most likely to attract people of G. C.'s school; and that, on the other hand, they produce in J. D., a greater degree of tenderness, for the wilderness piety of his R—— friends, than could have arisen, merely from the kindly feelings of his own mind, and tolerant nature? I own I am disposed to view the very dissonances from our way of thinking, as part of the providential apparatus, which fits J. D. for exercising a most beneficial influence on the other plan of usefulness; and perhaps, when that is able to subsist alone, he may be brought to throw off these exuviæ, and move unfettered, and range at large, in the wider field, and purer air, of our system. He would, in truth, be an invaluable acquisition: not that I expect he will ever become thoroughly solid and consecutive; but I soberly think, that, if he were cordially to embrace our ways of thinking, he would produce greater popular effect, than any other individual in the community would be capable of doing; and that this very want of compactness and arrangement, would, in no small degree, conduce to his popularity.

If you could but suggest a text and subject, in my way, it would be a wondrous stimulus and aid to,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER LXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Sept. 10. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE near prospect of seeing you at Cashel, has been absolutely reviving to my spirits; and you will readily believe, that it afforded no small gratification to our friends at the palace.

I must say, that I have been wofully disappointed in Paley's sermons. There are, to be sure, some choice passages; very

few, however, besides those, which we had previously selected for us, in different Reviews. And even here, I suspect he often uses a more spiritual phraseology, than his sentiments entitle him to. He talks of the absolute necessity of divine grace; but we discover, in other places, that, by grace, he means nothing more than favor. He describes, most nobly, the habit of devotion; but, when he comes to specify the subject-matter of devotion, as sermon viii. 142., does he not betray wonderful tameness? There is, assuredly, nothing of Chrysostomian fervor; no wing; no tendency to soar. His notions of love to God, are absolutely grovelling. See p. 42., sermon ii. &c.: 'Towards the author of an obligation which is infinite, thankfulness is the only species of love which can exist!' In sermon xviii. p. 288., and sermon xxii. p. 341., does he not speak the language of most unqualified arianism? So, at least, it appears to me; for I think none but an arian can maintain, that the eternal Λογος is now advanced to a higher state, than what he possessed before his incarnation; and that none but an arian could speak of 'Him who came down from heaven', merely as being 'united with the Deity, as no other person is united.' This, surely, is ranker arianism than Dr. Clarke's. Add, that, in no part of his sermons, is Christ explicitly termed, God. After all, this work may do good. In many points, Paley seems to have advanced on himself, and on all of his school. Some important principles are laid down; and some valuable concessions are made: and he affords not a few happy instances, of what may be done, in the way of familiarizing deep truth, by divesting it of technical phraseology.

Last night, I got my reviews. They seem, so far as I have looked into them, more interesting than usual. Is there not, however, too much effort at fine writing, and at originality of expression, in the Eclectic? I felt particularly disposed to ask myself this question, in reading the article upon Cowper's Milton; which also sins against just taste, and enlightened piety.

Do you not like the article in the Christ. Obs., on Miss Smith's fragments? There is a liberality in it, which I have seldom seen exhibited in that work. The writer, whatever may be his theological sentiments, is evidently not afraid to move without doctrinal shackles; and I was gratified to find him quoting, in terms of high commendation, some passages with which I myself had been particularly pleased, in reading the work at large. This was, assuredly, a prodigy of a young woman. Such mature, such just and deep reflections, at such an age, and with so little opportunity of sound religious instruction, astonish me. What she says of humility is admirable; and the passage beginning, 'Great

actions, &c.' C. O. p. 518, 2. is wonderfully solid and practical. These sayings are worthy of Howe.* What might this self-taught young person have become, had her religious friends been of a higher school, than Mrs. B——, and Dr. R——!

I am sure the passage you recommend for a text, is pregnant; but I cannot, at present, draw a mental sketch of a sermon from it. With the aid of hints, I might. You know, that from hints I always work best: therefore, if you can, do write about a page on the subject. I long to be set at work, but I am not automatous. I need to be wound up.

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 60.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Sept. 12.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST not attempt to give hints about the text, as (the bellman, I was going to say, is in this street . . but that is past,) a friend has come in; and I must merely add, that I thank you for your pleasant and interesting letter: your superscription, ever refreshing me; and your contents, never disappointing me. I agree in all your remarks; and do assure you, I thought of Howe, while I read the fragments. Mark that! I must only lodge an exception, about the remarks in the C. O.; as some recollection hovers over me, of my being struck with some dissentient, or jealous ideas. Whatever they were, if they were just, you will agree with me when I explicate them. In the mean time, believe me,

Ever, most cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 61.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 21. 1808. After dinner.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHALL have little time, and can of course say little; but little or much, you shall have till the last minute.

* The author of the 'Meditations.' . . ED.

Poor —— has lost his daughter, and has had his wife in a dangerous fever. I received a letter from him, yesterday morning, acquainting me with the latter fact; and expressing hope, that the worst is over. I trust he is right. One way or other, —— will be 'brought to the haven, where he should be.' I was gratified by his writing to me, in a way above all selfishness. I was glad on his own account; for there is so much, in the things I say, to revolt his natural feelings, that his kindliness towards me, is, I cannot but think, a symptom of advanced, and advancing self-subjugation.

I have lately read a beautiful kind of thing; the Life and Remains of Henry Kirke White. Perhaps I have already mentioned it to you. Could I catch it in paper, I would send it by post. H. K. W. was a prodigy; too much marked with precocity, certainly, to afford hope of continuity; but a wonderful creature he was, undoubtedly, both for talent, and piety. The latter cordial; but, as it should seem, not sufficiently steady. Perhaps this circumstance, which the initiated only can understand, accounts best for an otherwise inscrutable arrangement.

I have had some pleasant talk with Methodists, on two occasions, this week. In both instances, I have been profoundly gratified. A wonderful willingness appeared to drink in what I said; and the approbation given to it, was so discriminatively, and so tastefully expressed, that my satisfaction was as deep as it has ever been; two or three special instances, always excepted. The cordiality of reception was such, that it has really given hope of doing some good, through the blessing of God, to my old friend. Severed more and more as they are, from their brethren in England, they may be disposed to listen to primitive doctrine from us (qualescunque sumus); and, if so, what might not this lead to? The Methodists, without any outward alteration, that any one could discover but ourselves, might positively, in my judgment, become the most efficient friends to the established church simply by their being brought to breathe the same spirit with itself.

I may appear over sanguine, but a short letter cannot explain all my grounds.

Believe me, ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER LXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 20. 1808.

My dear Friend,

About a month ago, I wrote you a very prolix letter; which, I fear, has frightened you out of all correspondence with me. I am now about to write a very short one; and in the first place, let me mention, that the Archbishop intends setting off, to-morrow, for town: so that, of course, you will see him, either on Saturday, or Sunday.

It will give you pleasure to hear, that a living of 600*l.* falls to my worthy friend, Geo. Forster. He is to be succeeded in the Archbishop's cure, by J. Forster*, who is to come and reside in Cashel.

I wish to know, whether you would have any objection to present a memorial from me, to the commissioners of the revenue, through your friend Mr. H. It is on the subject of quit rent; and may possibly be the means of saving me 12*l.*, which, you know, would buy twelve quartos. If you can do me this good office, with perfect ease to your own feelings, I know you will not hesitate; and, on no other terms, should I wish to engage you in this, or any other corcern, of

Your very faithful and affectionate friend,

John Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER 62.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Oct. 24. 1808.

My dear Friend,

Nothing on this earth could be more unfounded, than your suspicion about the prolixity of your letter. When I receive a

* The Rev. James William Forster, LL.D., Vicar General of Limerick, and for more than six years, Commissary of the united dioceses. The addresses unanimously presented to Dr. Forster, on the close of his delegated administration, by the assembled clergy of Limerick and Ardfert, grateful as they naturally were to the feelings of his attached brother, have a still higher value, as testimonies to the wisdom with which, absent or present, in sickness no less than in health, the presiding mind of Bishop Jebb guided and governed the portion of Christ's Church committed to his charge. . . Ed.

letter from you, my first matter of inquiry, is, whether it is full; my certainty of the quality, ever making quantity, alone, my point of solicitude. No, my friend. Every particle of your letter was interesting to me.

I am very glad, as far as I can judge, of what you tell me concerning the two Forsters. The greater arrangement is clearly right; the latter consequent one, I hope will be the source of advantage to J. F.; and then it will not fail to give pleasure to you.

I could say many things, but I wish this letter to go to you by to-night's post; and I look forward to another mode of communication. I am sure your arrangement of St. James, is founded in fact; but, I am inclined to think, the same conformation, with more or less exactness, is every now and then occurring, in all the apostolic writings; and, I imagine, an attention to this particular might often be found of use, in ascertaining the sense of obscure passages.

Your collection from the philosophers and poets, I greatly like; and I conceive, it might be highly useful to keep the plan open for continual increase, in the way of, not a common, but a special place-book. I am sure it is a method of enriching one's own mind and memory, with materials applicable to the noblest purposes. Had not Leighton followed that method, his Prelections would not have been the elegant things they are; nor would any of his writings have had that depth and richness of thought, which all writers, that understand and feel him, agree in acknowledging.

My movements will be regulated by those of the Archbishop, from whom I have not lately heard, but shall probably see to-morrow, (when I mean to be in town) or Wednesday, at farthest. I had, some time since, the kindest possible letter from him; but I do not know what new arrangements he may have made, since. Therefore, till I see him, I can say nothing positively, except that, when I go, I must go round by Newtown Barry; where, however, I shall stay only a very few days.

Write to me, when you can, and as largely as you can. Be assured, I can never cease to value what you say to me; and shall never be wilfully negligent in replying.

Yours ever,

A. K.

LETTER LXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Oct. 27. 1808.

My dear Friend,

Your very kind letter has set my mind at ease. For the truth is, I was not inapprehensive, that my late pursuits might have appeared to you, either trifling in themselves, or too eagerly followed; or, perhaps even followed to the neglect of other, and weightier matters: and under this misapprehension, I could not help construing your silence, into a tacit rebuke. To most people, say what I might, this feeling would often yield incontrovertible proof of consciousness. But you know how to appreciate more tenderly, the weaknesses of a sensitively nervous man. I am happy to say, that, in the present instance, I do not condemn myself. It is my anxious wish and effort, that I may not be carried away by any hobby-horse; and I know that, at any moment, I would with joy put aside all the poets, philosophers, and fathers, for even the remote prospect of being able to compose a sermon. But, 'Quod possumus, non quod volumus.' Two years ago, you gave me a very sound and seasonable piece of advice, 'Use every thing, but do not let yourself become fond of any thing.' This, I hope, I never shall forget.

I am glad that you like the plan of my little philosophical collections; and, I have, in intention, anticipated your suggestion of keeping it open for further increase, as choice materials might present themselves. At a future day, when I have the proper books in my own possession, for it is uncomfortable to be dragging the folios of the library to my own apartments, I hope to collect, in a similar manner, from the fathers. Such a plan, I should conceive, is peculiarly proper for me. For whether it be from the natural temperament of my mind, or from whatever cause, my small literary movements differ from those of most men. All my little acquisitions, are made by short, but somewhat vigorous incursions. I am not able to carry on a regular siege; much less, to establish myself, in the territory I have invaded; and therefore, whenever I have gained a little booty, I am glad to retire with it into my fastnesses, and wait my opportunity for a fresh sally. Now, whatever is acquired in this predatory manner, is very difficult to retain; and, hence, there is an absolute necessity, of providing magazines, for the safe custody of one's spoil; lest the fruits of one incursion be lost, while we are out upon another. This allegory has grown into

greater length, and I fear into more perplexity than I had dreamt of; but you need not be told what it means. It is my object to secure the power of retaining, and applying those materials, which, from their miscellaneous nature, and the detached, not to say the desultory mode of their acquisition, would otherwise escape the memory, or fail of being applicable to any useful purpose.

I am thinking, at present, of composing a discourse, on that text of Saint Peter, 'The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.' If I can succeed, I intend it for next Sunday se'nnight. When I look back upon the whole time that has passed, since we parted at B——, it is enough to dispirit me sadly, that I have absolutely written but one sermon; and that, not at all to my mind. In this dearth, I have been reduced to draw, a very little, on Whitty; and, chiefly, on my old stock, for I cannot transcribe. All, however, is, I trust, for the best. I cannot charge myself with idleness. There has been an effort to lay up, 'quod mox depromere possum.' And I hope the obvious lesson, of diffidence in myself, has not been wholly neglected. Meanwhile, there have been, and are, feelings of a hopeful, and perhaps, even of a complacent nature. I think I have been gaining clearer views than I ever had, how the instrumental powers should be made use of; and, with the aid of Cicero and Quinctilian, I hope to find my way, to a more easy and graceful, as well as forcible management of language. To get rid of stiffness and elaborateness, and to attain simplicity and freedom, is, I believe, an elaborate process; but I feel it a duty to labor in this department. For, I do verily believe that I have little or nothing of an originative mind; but that, if they are duly cultivated, there are capacities in me, for giving to truth, however I may come at it, some of the graces of diction. This, I feel a presentiment, is to be my department: and for this, I am desirous to prepare. One object which I wish to keep in view, is, such an arrangement and disposition, both of words and sentences, as may appear the most natural, and even fortuitous; and, at the same time, may gratify the ear with a certain sweetness and harmony, that can be better felt, than described. Some one has remarked, that, in listening to an innumerous, and unharmonious discourse, people feel wearied and irksome, they do not know why; and that, let the matter be ever so excellent. This, I am sure, is an observation perfectly founded in truth and nature. For all men have ears. 'Unum est, et simplex aurium judicium, et promiscue ac communiter, stultis ac sapientibus, a natura datum', says Cicero; and says Quinctilian, 'Docti rationem componendi intelligunt; indocti voluptatem.' So that in this

respect, we are debtors, not only to the Greeks, but also to the Barbarians.

(*Unfinished.*)

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LETTER 63.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Nov. 3. 1808.

My dear Friend,

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

You know, before this, that my visit to you is postponed. I love home so entirely, as to make it somewhat of an effort in me to move. But those I love elsewhere, have too a strong hold upon my heart, not to draw me easily to them. There was, therefore, the prospect of real pleasure, in going; and there is a sensation of pleasure, in staying. My mind was perfectly ready for one, and is as perfectly acquiescent in the other.

Your text is probably, ere this, disposed of; but, at all events, you are interested, in all that can be said about it. It was probably spoken, under a strong feeling of the approaching judgments, on Judea, and Jerusalem; which, perhaps, were then confounded, by most christian Jews, with 'the end of all things,' in its fullest sense. There is, certainly, no reason to suppose, that foresight was the *peculiar* of St. Peter, and a purpose of divine Providence might be answered, in his unfounded apprehension. It might lead him to express more strongly, what ought to be felt, than a juster view of the fact would have suggested.

But how true is it, respecting us, individually, that the end of all things is at hand! 'In the midst of life, we are in death': or, as St. Peter himself wonderfully expresses it, *Τουτων ουν παντων λυομενων, ποταπους δει ὑπαρχειν ὑμας εν ἁγιαις ανασταφαις και ευσεβειαις.* Casimir's thought occurs to me:

> Te, licet multo pretiosus auro
> Gemmeâ vestem moderere zona
> Et super collo Tyrias amicet
> Fibula lanas,
> Jure Phœnissis vaga penna cristis
> Stare labenti dubitat galero:
> Jure, quo fulgis timidum refigi
> Palluit aurum.

This, you see, is *παντων λυομενων*, . . because 'these things perish in the using.' They have no solidity in themselves.

They are phantoms of bliss; except they are used exactly as they should be; that is, as St. Paul explains, 1 Cor. vii. 29, &c.

The direction, founded on the approach of the end of all things, strikes me as remarkably just. Be ye, therefore, sober: this refers to 'all things': 'and watch unto prayer': this refers to 'the end.' Because every thing is transient, evanescent, .. use every thing soberly; and because the end is coming, be watchful. It is, literally, 'take time, from your sleep, for devotion.' Though the finest interpretation, is that of our Lord. 'Let your loins be girded, and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves, like those who wait for their Lord; that, when he cometh and knocketh, ye may open unto him immediately.'

Still, however, the sobriety lies, in the manner of using what is present; and the watchfulness, in being prepared for what is to come. The shade thrown into the picture, by placing it in the night, is excellent; and it leaves room for the delightful beaming in, of a special and peculiar day: 'Ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that, that day should overtake you as a thief,' &c. Observe, how exactly historical facts are so arranged, as to accord with spiritual things. We are told in Exodus, that, when God sent, upon the Egyptians, darkness that might be felt, though the Egyptians saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days', yet 'all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.' Thus, even the night of the christian, is better than this world's day. Even their sobriety, has infinitely more hilarity in it, than the utmost gaiety of those, who live in pleasure; and their watchfulness, is that of those, 'who look for the morning.'

I greatly like your quotation from Ælian. Dr. Nash* was to have been employed yesterday evening, in tracing the meaning of *αληθευω*: but what the result has been, I cannot yet tell. But I can tell, that he was much pleased with your letter to him. My only objection to Ælian's quotation, is, that it inverts the order; Hierocles' order *Αρετη* and *Αληθεια*, accords accurately with the method pursued, by him, whom he explains; the exoteric first, then the esoteric. But Horace, who, I conceive, had exactly the same thought in his view, may be charged with the same inversion.

Quid *verum* atque *decens* curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

On another occasion, however, he hits more strictly on the right order.

* Richard Herbert Nash, D. D., formerly senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, now rector of Ardstraw, diocese of Derry. A scholar and divine, who deservedly possessed, and justly appreciates, the friendship of Bishop Jebb. .. Ed.

Curvo dignoscere *rectum*,
Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere *verum*.

In these quotations, I may be fanciful; but, beyond all doubt, the Αρετη and Αληθεια of Hierocles correspond, to the exoteric, and esoteric, of Pythagoras. And let Dr. M—— say what he may, there is a wonderful agreement between this gradation, and what is every where presenting itself in the gospel.

Farewell. Most cordially yours always,

Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER LXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Sunday Nov. 6. 1808.

My dear Friend,

Instead of being this day at church, I have been confined to my room; having sprained my back early last week. For the first two or three days, the pain was intense; but it is now much abated; and I hope very soon to be afoot again. At present, I wish to enjoy the pleasure of conversing with you, on a subject not unsuitable to the day.

Your hints on 1 Peter iv. 7. which, from my late accident, have arrived quite in time, were truly acceptable; and I hope to profit by them. I doubt, however, whether the apostle intended a night scene; and I will tell you my reasons.

1. After carefully examining more than twenty passages, where watchfulness is inculcated, I find that, wherever it is manifestly opposed to sleep, or connected with the idea of night, whether literally or spiritually, one or other of the verbs, γρηγορεω, and αγρυπνεω, is uniformly employed.

2. The verb, which, in this passage, we translate 'watch', is νηφω: for both the literal, and figurative meaning of which, see Schleusner and Parkhurst. It could not here be rendered, 'be sober'; that translation being pre-occupied by the verb, σωφρονησατε; and perhaps the present version gives the meaning, with as much precision, as the nature of the case will admit: 1 Thess. v. 6. and 8. αλλα γρηγορωμεν, και νηφωμεν, and ἡμεις δε ἡμερας οντες νηφωμεν. In the former of these verses, νηφω being added to γρηγορεω, must mean something distinct from mere wakefulness, and, therefore, we render it, 'be sober', and, in the latter, this duty, whatever it be, is made a duty of the day, 2 Tim. iv. 5. συ δε νηφε εν πασι. Here, I am disposed to think, our translators give a wrong rendering;

it being, I conceive, the apostle's meaning, that St. Timothy should oppose the soberness *της αληθειας*, to the *μυθοι*, spoken of in the preceding verse. 1 Pet. i. 13. Our version renders *νηφοντες*, 'be sober.' 1 Pet. v. 8. Here, again, we have the two verbs *νηφω*, and *γρηγορεω*, and am I fanciful in thinking there is, in this passage, a peculiar beauty and propriety? Our adversary the devil goes about, day and night; therefore, at each season, we should be upon our guard. By day, *νηψατε*, be sober; and by night, *γρηγορησατε*, be wakeful.

3. Your idea, 'take time from your sleep for devotion', is no less scriptural, than it is both beautiful and important. What fine practical illustrations of it are in the Psalms; and, in the New Testament, we have it clearly, St. Matt. xxvi. 41. *γρηγορειτε, και προσευχεσθε.* And St. Mark xiii. 33. *αγρυπνειτε, και προσευχεσθε.* And, more expressly, Col. iv. 2. *τη προσευχη προσκαρτερειτε, γρηγορουντες εν αυτη, εν ευχαριστια.* And most beautiful of all, Eph. vi. 18. *δια πασης προσευχης και δεησεως προσευχομενοι εν παντι καιρω εν Πνευματι, και εις αυτο τουτο αγρυπνουντες, εν πασῃ προσκαρτερησει, και δεησει*, &c., but I doubt it does not apply to 1 Pet. iv. 7. I feel as if the text could be best managed, by reversing the order. This, Archbishop Leighton has done aliquatenus; prayer, is manifestly the terminus ad quem, the end of the exhortation; watchfulness the habitual attention, to every thing within and without, which is essential to right devotion; *σωφροσυνη*, the state of mind and heart, which is to produce this habitual attention; and the conviction, that the end of all things is at hand, is the grand motive; the weight, which is to set all in motion. In this arrangement, you will observe, that I have aimed at being more systematic and consecutive than Leighton; but very probably I may, after all, be wrong.

Taking it, however, in this view, I would, I. enter at once, on the subject of prayer; its usefulness, its excellence, its happiness. Such being the value and pleasure of devotion, would we not imagine that all must abound in prayer? The fact, however, is directly the reverse: various impediments, within and without: hence, the necessity of, II. watching unto prayer; that is, of vigilantly guarding against whatever is unfriendly to devotion; of viewing every thing, with a reference to the effect it is likely to have on our prayers. This watchfulness respecting, not merely things wrong in themselves, but things innocent, useful, laudable; perimus licitis. What was it that kept the guests, in the parable, from the supper? *αγρον ηγορασα, ζευγη βοων ηγορασα πεντε, γυναικα εγημα.* What then is the remedy? Are we to renounce these things? By no means, but,

Οι εχοντες γυναικας, ὡς μη εχοντες ωσι,

Και οί κλαιοντ ε, ὡς μη κλαιοντες,
Και οἱ χαιροντες, ὡς μη χαιροντες,
Και οἱ αγοραζοντες, ὡς μη κατεχοντες,
Και οἱ Χρωμενοι τῳ κοσμῳ τουτῳ, ὡς μη καταχρωμενοι.

III. This is the remedy; and this is, precisely, the σωφρονησατε of the text; that is, a sound judgment, a sober estimate of all things, not merely in the head, but in the heart. And what practical conviction will most effectually produce this judgment and estimate? The text tells us, IV. 'The end of all things, is at hand.' You know what can be said in this branch; and it seems peculiarly favorable for a peroration, that may apply, and enforce, the whole of what has been said, throughout the entire sermon.

I am far from being sure that my arguments, against the text being a *night-piece*, are valid. But the truth is, I shrink from taking that view of the subject; having already given it in two or three sermons, all preached, more than once, in Cashel. And I wish, if possible, to break new ground. I shall be very glad to have your thoughts, on the proposed plan. Do not fear to object, for I shall have time to act on your suggestions, as the Archbishop intends holding a confirmation next Sunday; a sermon for which must, in the first instance, be prepared; and the present subject must lie over, at least, till to-morrow sennight.

Monday morning.

P. S. I thank you for your beautiful quotation from Casimir: let me try to repay you with another, from the same poet.

. . . . Cinis æquat omnes,
Et urna, quæ nos colligit, omnium
Mensura rerum est; demitte sarcinas,
Grandemque fortunam lacerto, et
Solliciti grave pondus auri,
Dum non onustus, sed moriar mens:
Jam nunc perennes divitias mihi
Nil concupiscendo paravi,
Nil nimium metuendo, pacem.

Is not this something very nearly approaching to σωφροσυνη? It is, indeed, infinitely less poetical, than your exquisite passage; but it is surely rich in moral sentiment. I dare say, the whole of this ode, the xvith, 2d book, may be much more familiar to you, than it is to me. But our taste must differ more widely, than I am willing to imagine, if, on taking down your little Casimir, and giving the entire poem a re-perusal, you will think your time misemployed. Some stanzas remind me, at once, of Horace's

'Otium Divos', and of that beautiful chorus in Seneca's Thyestes, the close of which, you know, Sir M. Hale, and Andrew Marvel have imitated. A propos, have you seen Seneca the tragedian? If not, I have an Elzivir edition of him entirely at your service; by accepting which you will oblige me.

The postponement of your visit is a sad disappointment. We had all been anticipating it with delight. But I am well convinced, that these matters are ordered for us, far better than we could order them ourselves; and therefore I, too, am cheerfully acquiescent. Major ——, who came here on Saturday, and sat with me an hour last night, is a sharer in our regret; as he had hoped to have seen you at N. B. and in K———. What a deep, sound, and efficient man is this! What weight must he have, and what good must he do, in a regiment, every officer of which, but two, he was able to keep entirely aloof, from all the dissipation of K——! This appears to me a new thing in the earth; and I must honestly own, that had I been in his situation, I should neither have had enterprize, nor energy, nor discretion enough, to effect such a revolution among a body of officers. The major gives a very pleasing account of ——. He is wonderfully tolerant and catholic, for a calvinist; and by no means anxious to force or intrude his own opinions, upon other people, not so ——. He has been very zealous in his efforts to make converts from our diocese; having fruitlessly attempted both —— and ——. He told the latter, that you are ruining and perverting the diocese of Cashel. I am happy to say, that every one of our clergy, hope and trust you will continue the infection.

I was much obliged, and gratified by the books. When they arrived, I was keeping my bed. Immediately I entered upon the life of Winter, which I soon read through. What a contrast to the piece of biography you brought me, this time twelvemonth. Yet this man and Robinson, began their career, under the same auspices. Assuredly, Winter was amongst the most amiable, the most pious, the most catholic, and the least pragmatical, of calvinists. The leaves that were folded down, did not afford me the least gratification, (I have caught myself in an ambiguous phrase, but you will know how to interpret it;) and I was pleased, especially, and I hope instructed, by some sensible observations on preaching and composition. My back now warns me to conclude.

Yours most truly,

John Jebb.

LETTER 64.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Nov. 9. 1808. 6 P. M.

My dear Friend,

I received your much valued letter this day, and will attend to the memorial.

I quite agree with your remarks on *νηψατε*: and the truth is I forgot, though, for a reason I could show you, I ought to have remembered that that was the word. I talked, on the supposition of its being *γρηγορειτε*, or *αγρυπνειτε*. To what you say, therefore, on this point, I wholly accord.

But I own to you, I do not subscribe equally to the inversion; as it does not strike me to be the order of nature. What is ultimate, comes first. This, most surely is, 'the end of all things.' There must be something to make us sober, some fact naturally impressive. Such is, the end of all things; accordingly, St. Peter says, 'be ye therefore sober', or, as you say it, 'the end, &c. is the grand motive, the weight of which is to set all in motion'; or as Gale quotes from Plato, *αρχιτεκτονικον τελος των οντων*. I, therefore, would certainly not reverse the order. 'The end of all things', in addition to all these authorities, being far more directly intelligible, than prayer; and some good portion of *σωφροσυνη*, being necessary, to make persons understand what would be said on the subject of prayer. This, then, I conceive, is not so properly the terminus ad quem, though, of *νηψατε* specially, it may be, as it is itself a means; the illative force of the *therefore*, extending to this, as really, as to any thing before it. The natural order, therefore, seems to be, 1. The impressive announcement, or rather urging and illustrating of the incontestible fact. 2. The immediate induction 'be ye therefore sober.' 3. The reducing this general feeling to proper practice, 'watch unto prayer', which is, in a word, devotional seriousness; an habitual commerce with divine, and eternal objects; never losing sight of them; often spontaneously turning the thoughts to them; and, at every due season, rising into direct contemplation of, and converse with, God. I must stop here, as I have more to say, and little time remaining.

I thank you for the passage from Casimir; it is fully what you state. If the major be still with you, my most cordial love to him.

I like, your liking the good Winter. The truth is, the church bell, which he had listened to in his childhood, was never wholly out of his ears.

I trust (confidently indeed) that —— will not be too fond of any —— man. I am sure —— is a good-minded, pious christian; but their errors are ever, and in all circumstances, a comparative blight, to the mind that imbibes them. They are, to rightly informed christians, what salted meat is to fresh. Putrefaction is escaped, but the native flavor is gone.

Mr. ——, says of me, what, on his principles, I most fully deserve; therefore I have no ground for the shadow of displeasure.

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 30. 1808.

My dear Friend,

I do not wish to let this month close, without offering some answer to your last kind and valuable letter. What you said on the text, was to me conclusive: but alas, indisposition prevented me from acting upon it. Meanwhile, I have not been wholly precluded from employment, of an interesting, and I hope, not unimproving nature. My 'special place-book', has been enriched with many passages, illustrative of our christian philosophy; and I have been much gratified by reading Gregory Nazianzen and St. Basil. The former, is far more of a platonist, than I had imagined; and though from many things, it appears, that he had not his naturally ardent temper under the best regulation, his aspirings, still, were truly sublime; whilst he felt, at heart, a deep humility; or, that I may borrow from his own panegyric on St. Athanasius, he was, *ὑψηλος μεν τοις εργοις, ταπεινος δε τῳ φρονηματι.* As to S. Basil, I have it in actual contemplation to make a sermon out of one of his discourses. This, I think, is to be done, partly, by free translation, with considerable omissions; partly, by exfoliating ideas, that are like rose-buds; and partly, by following any tolerable train of thought, that may be suggested to my own mind. On many accounts, a close version would not suit our pulpits: but, if I succeed in this attempt, I know not whether it may not open to me a new, a pleasant, and a useful field of exertion.

Many thanks for your good care of me, as to books. The assortment reached me in perfectly good condition, and a high treat it is. At leisure hours, I have read, with singular interest and delight, the first vol. of H. K. White. I have also read

the Life, prefixed to Robinson's miscellaneous works. What a turbulent, restless, I had almost said, terrific spirit, has got among these general baptists! We live in strange times; and may see stranger things than we have yet seen.

The more I reflect on the modes of reading and thinking, and the kind, also, of business, into which I have been gradually, and without any plan of my own, led forward; as well as the very trying incapacitations, to which I have been made subject; the more soberly I think, that mine is to be rather a non-descript function, than any ostensible routine of duty. My brother clergy come to me for information, and I lecture them; arrangements are desireable, and I sometimes plan them; and, besides, I am engaged in a sort of study and research, which, weak as I am, I may venture to say, no clergyman in the province, besides, can pursue. If it pleases God to spare my life, then my little avocations may come to tell; but they cannot be followed, unless there be a stated preacher here; and if his appointment do not take place, I fear that I must give up, what I see proceeding satisfactorily, without effecting the object of this relinquishment: for I am persuaded, that neither my health, nor my powers, qualify me for a stated working preacher; whilst I feel, that, by preaching to my brother clergy, in my own room, I may be made the instrument of good to many parishes. The other matter which I had to mention, is comparatively of slight importance; and may, therefore, well stand over. If I talk unreasonably, set me right. If otherwise, I know you will be disposed to help me. By thus speaking what I feel, 'liberavi animam meam'; and whatever may be the result, I am sure it will be most kindly and wisely ordered, by the kindest and wisest of Beings.

I have found two passages in Aristotle's Nicomachian Ethics, and one in Ephrem Syrus, which throw a light on *αλιθευειν*. No lexicographer or commentator, to whom I have access, has noticed them: at a future day, if you wish it, I will send them, with a few observations. Excuse incoherences, for I have written fast, my first thoughts, in the first words that presented themselves. Without making excuses,

Your most obliged and affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. My kindest regards to Miss Fergusson.

LETTER 65.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Dec. 3. 1808

My dear Friend,

I received your most acceptable letter this morning; and it gives me sincere pleasure, that my random dispatch of books was not unpleasant to you. I think it necessary to be well acquainted with the very worst that can be said, of the ground we take; and beyond Robinson, we need not go. His memoir of Saurin, and of Claude, are, in my mind, interesting; especially the latter. Do you observe, how studiously he calls the French Roman Catholics, episcopal; as if to identify us with them. I can only say, be it so, 'Hoc juvat, et melli est.' I am conscious of as real reformed feelings, as any one; but, most deliberately, I prize what the church of Rome possesses, so deeply, as to make me prefer their religion to sectarianism, in whatever plausible form the latter may appear.

You and I greatly agree about St. Basil. I was amused at reading what you said, just after having spent an hour, in finishing the reading of his homily on humility; and having felt, while I read, a wish to translate that discourse into English. I cordially agree with all you say; and do think such a study, as you speak of, most likely to be useful. I have little doubt, but that, among other causes of the Roman Catholic religion being kept up, one grand one is, the reverence they (perhaps too devotedly) feel, for the character and writings of the ancient fathers. What modern protestants, except odd geniuses, like yourself and myself, think of the fathers? Neither you nor I would bow down to the fathers; but to depreciate and vilify them, as certain protestants have done, is a very infatuated course. For, if we are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, we are also built on the intermediate ranges; and, though the foundation should be ever so sure, that would not stand us in stead, if bad materials came in between us and the foundation; for the dissolution of these, would be our downfall.

I beg you to observe, in the passage just referred to, how appositely our Savior calls himself, 'the chief corner stone.' Thus, you perceive, the building is to have *two fronts;* what are these, but the literal, and the typical?

I hope I have made no gross mistake, for I cannot read my letter. I can only add, I am ever yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER LXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 3. 1808.

My dear Friend,

How could I possibly suspect you of negligence? Assuredly, I had been accusing myself as the defaulter; and nothing, short of indisposition, could have kept me so long silent. That still continues; for I have not been once out of doors, since last Sunday; but, though not either very able, or willing, just at present, to hold converse with the old gentlemen in folio, it is a cordial to talk awhile with you.

The subject that engages you, is very important; and such remarks as you would make, must be seasonable, and may prove signally useful. When such wild opinions are abroad, and, I fear, rapidly diffusing themselves, it is surely most desirable to put people on their guard; and to provide them with such defensive weapons, as reason, philosophy, and Scripture will supply. I therefore most cordially wish you good speed. Your matter, as I am sure it always does, will both please and, instruct me; and as to the composition, I am not apprehensive. Only write as you did to Walker, and you may set criticism at defiance. The main point is, perspicuity; this, I have sometimes thought you a little lost sight of, in your anxiety for discriminative precision. The latter, I would by no means sacrifice, in a single instance; but I would wish always to effect it, salvâ perspicuitate. And to this point, I think all, or almost all the critical, perhaps too often, hypercritical observations of mine, which you have had the indulgent patience to tolerate, were especially directed. Involution of periods, and a multitude of particles, are, I conceive, to be guarded against; but any thing like scrupulous solicitude, I cannot wish for. I have been too great a sufferer by it, in my own small efforts. On the whole, there can be no doubt, that, if you proceed in the way most natural and easy to yourself, you will produce a valuable publication.

I have already thanked you for the books; and I see no cause to retract. Robinson is peculiarly such a work, as I ought not to be without. As to Crabbe, your decision was critically right. He is, indeed, sometimes very offensive; especially in the third part of his 'Parish Register'; and, as he professes to have yielded such implicit obedience, one cannot help regretting, that he did not make choice of some purer cen-

sor, than Charles James Fox; who, in two glaring passages of his historical fragment, has recorded for posterity the looseness of his sentiments. Crabbe is, however, on the whole, well worth having; he is so far removed from the sentimental sing-song, and the inflated bombast of the day. That singularly wild production, Sir Eustace Grey, is wrought up to a wondrous pitch of the σφοδρον και ενθουσιαστικον παθος.

Yesterday, I had a visit from ——, and his brother, a young officer of marines, entirely self-taught, and evidently possessing an ingenious and reflecting mind. But he has no less evidently injured himself, by a turn for metaphysical paradox; for that sort of acuteness, which loves to disport itself in the regions of unintelligibility. Feeling myself by no means well, I waved all merely abstract reasoning; but still thought it right to engage in such talk, as gave me a headache, and produced no slight degree of nervous agitation; after he left me, my whole frame was in a state of tremulousness, the pure effect of exertion; for no conversation could be less impassioned. I am repaid, however, for any temporary uneasiness; for he listened with attention, and replied with candor, while I placed before him some novel considerations; and I have since learned from his brother, that he was greatly interested, and declares, that he never heard religion put in such a light before.

Amongst other matters, I recommended a procedure, which had never before occurred to him. First, by a few solid arguments, to establish his belief in the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures; and, till this should be effected, not to puzzle himself with difficulties; afterwards, when difficulties do occur, to recollect, that he has already proved the Scripture, to be the word of God: and to be cautious of investigating those difficulties, in the way of abstract reasoning; it being generally indispensable, to have reference to the wants, the feelings, the circumstances, and the history of human nature. I strongly protested against examining in the abstract, and à priori, any recorded fact of God's providential dealings, or principle of his divine administration; it being ever necessary, to consider the subjects to be acted upon, to inquire, not what would be best in theory, but best, as suited to the condition of mankind. I suggested, that probably, in many cases, there may have been a reference, in the Divine mind, to other intelligencies, invisibly, but really, connected with our system. I said, that, for my own part, were a difficulty to occur to me, I should give it a proper share of consideration; and, if unsuccessfully, I should then quietly turn my mind to something else; satisfied, if it be matter of fact, that what God does, must be right: if of doctrine, . . that nothing, which is really the doctrine of Scripture, can

be in opposition to the real character of God: that difficulties have been left, for the wise and gracious purpose, of sharpening human industry, and rewarding human exertion; that the solution of that, or this, express difficulty, may be reserved for some future period; it being the divine plan, in revelation, as in the providential course of things in the physical and scientific world, not to discover all, at once; but to assign, to each age, its proper discovery, which shall be most nicely adjusted to the existing state of things; and most happily subservient to the progress, in the one case, of civil society, in the other, of divine truth. Lastly, that the knot which I cannot even cut, others may untie with ease; and that there are ultimate truths, far above human ken, concerning which, wise men have said, that to be willingly ignorant, is the highest wisdom. Here I had in view, a fine epigram of Grotius, and some noble lines from Scaliger; neither of which will be burthensome to me to transcribe, nor to you, I trust, to read. And first for Grotius.

Qui curiosus postulat totum suæ
Patere menti, ferre qui non sufficit
Mediocritatis conscientiam suæ,
Judex iniquus, æstimator est malus,
Suique, naturæque; nam rerum parens,
Libanda tantum quæ venit mortalibus,
Nos scire pauca, multa mirari jubet.
Nec primus error est pejoribus:
Nam qui fateri nil potest incognitum,
Falso, necesse est, placet ignorantiam.
Magis quiescet animus, errabit minus,
Contentus eruditione parabili;
Nec quæsit illam, si qua quærentum pigit;
NESCIRE QUÆDAM, MAGNA PARS SAPIENTIÆ EST.

And now for Scaliger.

Ne curiosus, quære causas omnium
Quæcunque libris vis prophetarum indidit
Adflata cœlo, plena veraci Deo;
Nec operta sacra supparo silentii
Irrumpere aude, sed prudenter præteri:
NESCIRE VELLE, QUÆ MAGISTER OPTIMUS
DOCERE NON VULT, ERUDITA INSCITIA EST.

Thus say Grotius and Scaliger; and, assuredly, neither of them were enemies to free inquiry.

In the course of our conversation, Capt. —— happened to observe, that the Unitarian views on the subject of atonement, appeared to him more consistent with divine benevolence, than the Orthodox opinion. This naturally led to a statement of *our* way of thinking: embracing the consideration, both of God's moral government, as providing for the well-being of innumer-

able orders of intelligencies; and, of his gracious accommodation of the great scheme, to the wants and weaknesses of man. My mode of talking on this latter topic, I wish to submit to you; for the purpose of knowing, whether it accords with what I have heard, and, I would hope, imbibed from you.

I laid it down as a principle, that, wherever the good God adopts, or permits, a mode of procedure, that may, at first view, seem productive of evil, it is for the purpose of keeping out some worse evil. This being premised, I argued, from a variety of circumstances, but, especially, from the universal prevalence of sacrifice, and the frequent occurrence of human sacrifice, that there exists in human nature, a deep principle, or feeling of superstition; a perturbed dread of some superior, powerful, and most vindictive being: no matter whence this feeling, at first, derived its origin, it clearly is in man. This being the case, was it not worthy of the Supreme wisdom, of a supremely benignant Being, to make provision for the ultimate extirpation of this superstitious horror; as well as for giving it the least injurious direction possible, till things were ripe for the great remedy? And what can be conceived more adapted to this twofold purpose, than the fact of the atonement; and the preparative institution of sacrifice?

Sacrifice, among the patriarchs, was of divine appointment. In after times, it passed, at the great dispersion, from the patriarchal posterity, to the different nations. And whilst, among the Jews, it received peculiar modifications, from the law of God himself; we find, that, among the more civilized Gentiles, animal sacrifice afforded the great vent, or outlet, to that superstition, which would, otherwise, have internally preyed upon individuals, and produced horrors, from the very imagination of which, the heart recoils. Among people less civilized, or rather more savage, the frightful malignity of the superstitious principle was evinced, by human sacrifice; by the most unnatural, and atrocious of all human sacrifices, 'the fruit of their bodies, for the sin of their souls.' And by this we are given to see, what superstition might, nay probably what it must have led to, not merely in exempt cases, but in a most numerous class of minds, had it not been for the divine expedient of animal sacrifice.

But not to speak of typical purposes, this further end was answered; that the fears of men, . . of Gentiles, no less than Jews, . . having been taught to move in this direction; to vent themselves, if I may so speak, through the channel of sacrifice; the world was thus prepared for the reception of that great fact, the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ: a fact, which was, from the first, designed to be the great remedy for superstition; the

ultimate exterminator of all such horrors as shock us, in the volumes of Cæsar, the annals of Mexico, and the living manners of Hindostan. A fact, which, wherever its belief has obtained, has not failed of producing this blessed effect; and which, in the nature of things, must be universal in its operation, inasmuch as it is, 'one full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world.'

By thus putting the case, I conceive, one objection is anticipated. It might have been urged, 'You say, the atonement has prevented a recurrence to human sacrifice.' But, did not human sacrifice arise out of animal sacrifice; which your most orthodox divines, not only admit, but argue to have been of divine appointment? To this I reply, granted. But, besides that human sacrifice is the abuse of an institution, originally merciful, it serves only to show, in their utmost deformity, the deep malignity, and the atrocious effects of superstition. That is, in other words, it lets us see, to what enormities the whole class of superstitious men, . . assuredly, a very large proportion of the human race, . . would have resorted, for their relief from a state of most perturbed anxiety, had not some expedient been devised: whilst the wise choice, and the happy success, of the expedient actually employed, are abundantly evinced, by the great prevalence of animal sacrifice, not only among Jews, but among Gentiles: and whilst we cannot but admire the fitness of this system, to prepare the feelings of mankind for the reception of that grand fact, which will finally cut up superstition by the roots. It remains only to notice the wonderful fitness of the fact itself, to counteract the evil at its utmost height. For, if men thought it needful 'to sacrifice their sons and daughters', 'God, also, has spared not his [own son.']

(*Unfinished.*)

——oo——

LETTER 66.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, Dec. 14. 1808.

My dear Friend,

My moving hither, and being ill since, have made me appear to verify your apprehension of overwhelming me with letters. But believe me, no thought could be conceived with less reason: at all times, and on every subject, I am gratified by hearing from you; and I particularly wish that you should, on every oc-

casion, do as you did in your last letter; that is, open your heart to me; and, as far as lies in you, disburthen it of whatever does not add to its comfort. I must be interested deeply, by whatever interests you; and, where feeling is concerned, I have enough of experience, to make me as sympathetical, as any honest heart can wish.

'Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.'

You have given me, in your late letters, several interesting things to advert to; but I must touch but briefly on any of them. I like all you say, about atonement and sacrifices; in fact, it is all what I think; except, merely, that I feel myself at a loss, as to the *manner* of their appointment, (*i. e.* of sacrifices.) That some intimation gave rise to them, I am sure; but what degree of distinctness was in that intimation, I do not know. For example, I know not that Cain's offering would have had any fault in it, if he had done well: that is, I know not, that the bloodlessness, was any defect. It strikes me, as possible, that man *might* have conceived the first thought of sacrifices; and that divine condescension might have recognized and sanctioned the practice, in the upright; where the devil perverted, and abused it, in the evil. I cannot think that any mere appointment, could account for a universal custom. It must be natural, I conceive, if universal. I own, however, that its being natural, no more contradicts its being appointed, than the fifth commandment contradicts the reality of natural gratification. But, in that case, the appointment is rather like our declaratory laws, than a positive institution. (I am using unnecessary words, but I hope you will catch at my meaning.) In short, I think it possible, that purturbation of conscience took a kind of natural vent, in that way; and that hence came the appointment, as well as the universal usage; instead of the universal usage, coming from the appointment. One thing, amongst others, which leads me to this supposition, is, the depreciating language, in which God speaks of sacrifices, on various occasions: though I own, at this instant, an answer occurs to this remark; to wit, that new moons and sabbaths, clearly positive institutions, are spoken of with like depreciation. Therefore, it follows, that, if the external act be not accompanied by the internal disposition, the former may be alike depreciated; whether spontaneous, or instituted. Still, my chief reason holds good; the insufficiency of mere institution, to account for universal practice; at the same time, I pretend not to be positive as to the actual origination.

The passages from Philo are very beautiful; and they strike me the more, because I have actually urged the different mate-

rials of the two altars, as an argument against those, who made atonement all in all. But I think you ask with reason, Do not the two altars mean more, than Philo was aware of? I believe they mean much more. But I a little vary from your idea. I do not conceive the two altars to represent *Δικαιοσυνη* and *Ἁγιασμος*; I rather suppose these represented, by the two divisions of the tabernacle, the holy place, and the Holy of Holies; while the altar of burnt-offering, standing before, in the open court, gave encouragement, by the expiations continually made, to all Israel to draw near; and, by the purifying application of the blood shed thereon, fitted the priests, in particular, for actual entrance into the tabernacle. (The purifying, extended to all; but, in a special manner, belonged to the priests.) Here, then, I think the parallel holds good, between what our Lord did once, for all; and what was done on the brazen altar. This great act, giving, as you strictly state, encouragement against their guilty terrors, to all; and also, I am convinced, producing a general *moral* effect, as far as it is known and thought of, which nothing else could have effected. But, to those who wish to enter the tabernacle, its effect is of a special kind. The mind applied to it, according to the purpose of divine wisdom, actually experiences, the *καθαρσις εις το λατρευειν Θεῳ ζωντι*, spoken of, in Heb. ix. 14.

And observe, now, whether I am right: but it strikes me, from this and other passages, that *spiritual* christians, are on a level with Jewish priests. They are not only a *γενος εκλεκτον*, but also a *βασιλειον ἱερατευμα*; and that *perfect* christians, are on a level with the Jewish high priest, *εχοντες παρρησιαν εις την εισοδον των ἁγιων, εν τῳ αἱματι Ιησου*. Or, in another view, the Holy Place, is the emblem of the heart of the spiritual christian; in which, there is wisdom from above, (the candlestick); devotion, or predominant religion, (the golden altar); and charity, represented by the table of show bread; and the Holy of Holies, the emblem of the heart of the perfect christian: in fulfilment of that promise, *Διδους νομους μου επι καρδιας αυτων, και επι των διανοιων αυτων επιγραψω αυτους*. But I must stop.

I will think of all you say; and will myself say more again. I thank you for all your Greek, but can now only add, that Ephr. Syrus's poetry is very curious.

Most truly and cordially yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER LXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 3. 1808.

My dear Friend,

I have always particularly admired that beautiful passage of the son of Sirach, which so naturally occurs, when I take up the pen to write to you.

Φιλος πιστος φαρμακον ζωης,
Και οἱ φοξουμενοι κυριον εὑρησουσιν αυτον.

Truly, truly, it is no common blessing, to have a friend, to whom one can 'open his heart, and disburthen it of whatever does not add to its comfort.' Ever since I last wrote to you, but especially since receiving your last welcome letter, I have been lighter and happier.

Whitty has been lately in town, and was sadly disappointed at not meeting you. He is really a most amiable creature, and what is pleasant, he has been greatly growing in wisdom. There does not seem to remain in him a single doctrine nodosity. The truth is, he seems like a man, that had been closely watching a set of most satisfactory experiments, corroborative of the principles laid down by you, last winter; and, from time to time, enforced, and illustrated, to the best of my poor ability. I own, all this deeply gratifies me; for one conclusion that a man draws for himself, is worth volumes of mere communicated wisdom.

What you say about sacrifice, is well worthy of being thought upon. I have not yet wholly made up my mind; but I certainly neither have, nor had, any notion, that mere appointment, was sufficient to account for universal usage. And here, I conceive, is the wisdom of the appointment; that, when the precedent was once set, it was readily followed, because it had a suitableness to what was in man. By the way, is it not true, that many errors have arisen in the theological world, by taking up terms without examination, and making them the foundation-stones of a system; whilst frequently, they have no correspondent reality in the nature of things? I more than doubt whether there be, throughout the whole compass of revealed religion, a single appointment, that can, with strict propriety, be termed a positive institution. The sabbath, circumcision, the passover, baptism, the Lord's supper, not to mention various other rites of religion, have all the most perceptible fitness; the most assignable ten-

dency, to some useful end; or the happiest congruity, to some principle, or feeling, of the human heart. They are not, then, positive; neither, I believe, was sacrifice. The notion of positive institutions, seems closely connected with a pre-conceived arbitrariousness, in the Divine nature.

As to the meaning of the two altars, I am happy to be set right. I like much what you say of the Holy Place, and Holy of Holies; only I doubt the parity between the high priest, and the perfect christian. Christ himself, being the high priest of the christian dispensation. I have noted several passages, which I accidentally hit upon, in which *αληθευειν*, occurs. We shall soon have a sufficient number pro and con, from whence to form our induction as to the meaning of the word. Ephrem Syrus, it seems, from the testimony of Theodoret, and other ecclesiastical historians, wrote many poems in the Syriac language. The two, of which I sent you specimens, were probably selected and translated, by the ancient Greek interpreter. And I begin to think they may, after all, be prosodical. The *λογος ἐπιασυλλαβος*, resembles the Anacreontic measure.

Take, for a specimen, the first four lines of Anacreon's first ode.

Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας,
Θελω δε Καδμον αδειν
Αβαρβιτος δε χορδαις
Ερωτα μονον ηχει.

The affair of Christ Church, I have heard a rumor, is disposed of. It is not surprizing that they should wish to keep M—— out; but surely the means are most unworthy; yet perhaps they congratulate themselves on their address. But a higher hand directs these things, as Pindar might teach them. Pyth. od. viii.

—— *Ει γαρ τις εσλα πεπαται*
Μη ξυν μακρῳ πονῳ, πολλοις σοφος
Δοκει πεδαφρονων,
Βιον κορυσσεμεν ορθοβολοι-
σι μηχαναις· τα δ' ουκ επ' ανδρασι κειται·
Δαιμων δε παρισχει
*ΑΛΛΟΤ' αλλον υπερθε βαλλων.**

If the aptness of this pun, does not qualify the pedantry of

* Alluding to the contemplated introduction of the son of a late dignitary, into the chapter of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, of which the father was himself a member. . . Ed.

Greek quotation, I hope that the weightiness of the moral sentiment, will atone for the levity of my pun; which, after all, Dr. Allot himself might smile at. But seriously, I am sorry, truly sorry for poor G——. My hope is, that this secular disappointment may be over-ruled to his advantage, in far more important things. Let us recollect the morality of that ancient tale, so beautifully versified by Parnel, in his Hermit.

I forgot to mention, that I am engaged in a pleasant correspondence with ——. He sought it; and professes himself, at once, interested, and benefitted by it. He puts queries, as to the clerical society, which evidently come from a mind, at once, ingenious and investigating. My last was perhaps too much of a dry catalogue, of liturgical references, to various authors; but he bespoke something of the kind, to help for his projected course of lectures. I have not yet had an answer. If this correspondence proceeds, as it has commenced, good may come out of it; for —— fills a very important post. I am hopeful, but, for fear of disappointment, guard against being sanguine. You can say, and perhaps no other individual could, just what I wish, and all that I wish, in my behalf, to the invaluable friends with whom you are at present. No ordinary compliments would serve my purpose; for what has the heart to do with compliments?

Your most affectionate,
J. Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER LXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, December the last, 1808.

My dear Friend,

I wish not to let this year close, without replying to your last kind and acceptable letter.

I am glad to tell you that I have Watts, and the same edition I think with yours, . . Baines', at Leeds. Any references, therefore, that you may have the goodness to send, illustrative of your interesting remarks, I can immediately turn to. Am I wrong in conjecturing, from the table of contents, that the third volume will furnish much to our purpose?

I have had by last post, a very long, very pleasant, and very affectionate letter from ——. He appears to take to correspondence with me; and to receive gladly all my references and hints, on liturgical subjects. I am disposed to believe, that he

is prepared to communicate with great freedom, and somewhat of reliance on my judgment. I know how weak I am, in myself; but it would truly rejoice my heart, if I could be made instrumental in giving just views to one, who fills so very important a post in society, and especially in the college; for I know from various quarters, that he is greatly, and I think deservedly, looked up to by the young men, and especially by the candidates for orders.

Am I romantic in supposing, that this correspondence with —— may be a providential commencement, of my own little labors, in my own small way? The 'secretum iter', I do believe, is to be my path. I have not that in me, which could ever attract crowds of auditors; and I flatter myself it is no mawkishness, (I want a better word, familiar to us both, but which I cannot now recall to mind,) that disposes me to rejoice in my exemption from the dangers attendant on popularity. So far as it may be safe to conjecture the nature of one's probable sphere, I am inclined to think, that, by keeping myself in the back ground, I may be employed to the best advantage, in supplying hints for those to work upon, who possess more both of popular talent, and public opportunity, than myself. It is pleasant to work for others, because self is so much out of question: and, therefore, it delights me, when people such as ——, ask questions, that I can answer not altogether unsatisfactorily. This is the line, in which you have been mostly, and most effectually employed, on a great scale.

> 'Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?'

I have been passing three or four days with my friend ——, in whom I have found much additional proof of solid worth, in his own way. Your own knowledge of character has long since told you, that such a man is not to be drawn out of his established habits, both of thinking and feeling: but he is a very useful auxiliary; and I have rarely, if ever, met a man not spiritual, with whom we have so many sentiments in common. And it is not an unpleasing reflection, that this man abounds in good sense, and has about him great right mindedness. He talks in the highest terms, and without any qualification, of you; and he requests that I will give him a book, or a letter, or any commission, which may give him an ostensible cause for visiting you when he goes to town, which will be very soon. He declares, that he never met a man, from whose conversation he derived equal pleasure and instruction; and that all his fear is, to betray his own ignorance, when speaking to

one so universally informed on all manner of subjects. This is to me most pleasant, on many accounts; but, especially, as a testimony to our ways of thinking; for assuredly, independent of them, you would not be a very extraordinary person. How many good people would think some parts of this letter insufferably full of incense to an *enfant gâté*. But they know nothing of that invaluable secret, which enables a man to stand out from himself; and consequently to view himself, as he would view another. If I did not know a little of it, I could not write as I do; and, if I were not sure that you know a great deal of it, I should not write thus to you.

Have you heard any thing about my memorial to the commissioners of excise? The remission of 12*l.* would not be unpleasant to my finances.

I must have done. Your most affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER LXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Jan. 27. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER admit the thought, neither indeed does it knock for admission, that you are a negligent correspondent. Of all men living, I, surely, have least reason for any such misgiving; and, as to not valuing my letters, I am no stranger to your kindly tolerance of my ineptiæ, and your disposition to overrate any of my less unhappy thoughts. It does, indeed, greatly delight me to hear from you, when your time, thoughts, and pen, are fairly disposable; but, be assured, that dearly as I prize and cherish every letter of yours, I should feel uneasy at receiving one, that broke a single link of your theologico-philosophical chain; for I well know, that such chains are not easily reparable.

Many thanks for your striking reference to Watts; and especially for your accompanying remarks. Need I mention my cordial acquiescence? I think I need not: for, though more and more convinced of my very bounded originative faculty, I more and more feel that my mind is so moulded, as almost entirely to accord with those thoughts of yours, which, in the first instance, I never could have myself originated. Therefore, it may be assumed, with a tolerable degree of moral certainty,

that whatever you throw out, on any point of consequence, will obtain my ready assent.

There are many things connected with the subject of your last, which I would gladly say, but they must needs be postponed, till a season of more clear-headedness ; for, just at present, a severe defluxion, with its attendant stupor, warns me to shun 'quid humeri ferre recusent' ; that is, in plain English, to avoid any thing which calls for thought or investigation.

I had hopes of seeing you, and my friends in town, next month; but I have almost, if not altogether, relinquished every thought of moving thither this year. The fact is, I have ordered from London several books of Lackington's catalogue. Among the rest, the Benedictine Chrysostom, and Augustine, John Wesley's Works and Christian Library, complete, &c. &c., and I have also dispatched an order to Jones for several works in his catalogue. Now, it is needless to say, that this cannot be done, by a person in my circumstances, without self-denial and sacrifice ; and I know not whether I may ever hereafter be so situated, as, with equal fitness, to relinquish that annual visit which is certainly one great enjoyment of my life. My health and spirits seem better able to dispense with it, than heretofore. Were I to go to town, I should, on my return, have only the recollection of many pleasant days with my friends, without having been of any professional use ; whilst, by remaining quietly at home, and by strictly economizing for this year, I hope to furnish myself with literary treasures, that may be a comfort during my whole life. And, if my health improves, as I trust it may, I shall endeavor to make provision for a pleasant and useful excursion, next year. I own, if I did not look forward to seeing you, in the course of next summer, in the south, I should ill brook the relinquishment of my customary trip. Come but among us, and I shall feel amply compensated.

My kindest remembrances to Miss Fergusson.

Ever most affectionately yours,

John Jebb.

P. S. In one of the discourses by Sylvester, I have happened on a curious little paragraph. 'Heart-awakening, and love-quickening truths, are to be duly and intimately considered. And this is indeed, in part, to *truthify* in love, if I may make an English word to express the valor of the Greek word, αληθευοντες εν αγαπη.'

LETTER 67.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, Jan. 31. 1809.

My dear Friend,

It looks as if I did not value yours of the last of December, to be only acknowledging it now. But that was far from my feeling: the reverse of the fact. But various things, indisposition, moving, many visit since, together with a little chain of thought, all concurred to make me thus comparatively negligent. Could thought have reached you, you would have heard from me often; and did I not love and value you, you would not hear from me now; for the same chain is still coiled round me; and its links would seem to multiply, as I attempt to advance on it.

A passage in Watts, which I wish you to look at, is in the third of the essays, annexed by way of appendix to 'the ruin and recovery', &c.: Works, vol. iii. p. 542; second paragraph of the essay. To me, these few lines, seem to contain much important matter. Observe first, the account of the real evil of sin. It is well called, real evil, for if this were gone, what could harm? If this be not gone, what can benefit? In a word, I think the statement a right sound one; the result of a good moral taste, and a distinctive mind. But observe, further, how he defines the relative evil of sin: its chief matter, actions, rather than principles; (though stated to be so, rather than in contradiction to the immediately preceding sentence;) its opposite, not God's nature, but God's law; and its consequences, not natural, but positive inflictions. I cannot give the doctor the same credit for distinctness, here. But, when persons leave what is natural, and betake themselves to what is positive, where they can have no aid from analogy, no clue, but figurative, and consequently, vague language, what can they do?

I do not mean to deny, that the general ideas may be substantively just: and take it altogether, I think it a fair definition, as far as definition can be relied on in the case: and it especially serves a useful purpose, associated with the foregoing definition. For, on laying them together, it is not clear, that the real evil of sin, is intrinsical as to our nature: and the relative evil of sin, extrinsical; and that, therefore, the former, alone, is strictly moral; and the latter, merely political. Yet, you observe, it is respecting the relative evil, that he makes the atonement efficacious; while he ascribes the removal of the real evil, exclusively to sanctification by the Holy Spirit.

Now, in this view, what is there in the removal of the relative evil of sin, which we cannot conceive done once for all, by the propitiatory interference of our Redeemer, as really and consistently, as for each individual penitent? Nay, set aside only particular redemption; grant once, that our Savior died for all; and does it not follow, that the relative evil is as much removed from them *collectively* as it can be, until the real evil is removed *individually?* Is not the offer of mercy, or, more clearly, is not the visible operation and progress, of a morally meliorative plan in the world, a direct and irrefragable evidence, that mankind *is* collectively delivered from the gripe of a punitive law; and that another state of things, irrepulsive, gracious, infinitely attractive, now prevails?

Only take the black bar of calvinism out of the way, and this seems to me to follow from Dr. Watts' statement, by inevitable consequence. For law must not be departed from, but on principle. But it is departed from, (supposing his notion of it just,) respecting the whole human race. For 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses.' Nay, it is more than departed from; for a plan opposite to that of punishment, a remedied and sanative plan, is steadily going forward, to the present happiness of individuals, and in sure and certain hope respecting the mass: therefore, Christ's sacrifice is, here, fully available; it has done all it could do; and consequently, resistance to, and deliverance from, the real evil of sin, is now the one thing needful.

Unfortunate is he, whose trust in the other [deliverance from the relative evil of sin] leads him to overlook [the deliverance from its real evil]; and pitiable is he, whose concentrated attention to this, is disturbed by speculative anxieties about the other.

I dispute not but that the other may have in it real fact. The universe is wide; and has, probably, a permanent nursery department. Here, law may be the indispensable instrument of manuduction. Hooker's view, which I admired (before I knew better) without bound, may have some foundation. But it is something better than law, whose voice is the harmony of the world. Yet where law speaks, it must not be gainsaid; and nothing must be suffered absolutely discordant with its tones. I find no difficulty, therefore, in believing, that our Savior provided against every possible embarrassment of this nature; and in believing this, I conceive I subscribe to the substance of Watts' notion, respecting relative evil; though, perhaps, in a more intelligible way, than he might have done himself. Is this topic then to be dwelt upon? In one case, I think it is; where a person doubts whether God will hear him. If there be such doubt, I humbly conceive the less it is dwelt upon the better;

inasmuch as it is a fact, which our thinking of, can make no surer; and which was really done, that we might not think of it primarily, but of the end for which it was done. When we have thought of this latter to purpose, we shall know better how to think about the other.

W—— has been here, quite to my liking. He read me an excellent sermon, which he preached in the Asylum. —— did not like it. He thought it too high, and that it rolled over the people's heads: this might be partly true, as I think it was over poetical, too lubricous. Still, I should rather roll *over* people's heads, than *under* them.

——oo——

LETTER LXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 1. 1809, 6 o'clock evening.

My dear Friend,

By some of the usual mismanagements of our post, I have but just received your acceptable letter; and wish to say a few words in acknowledgment of it, and that which preceded it.

The state of the weather, and of my head, for the last two or three days, has been such, that I could not pay the attention I wished, to the investiganda you suggested. Your quotation from Primate Newcome is extremely pleasant. It is certainly very well, that such a person should have seen, and pointed out the climax. But indeed I conceive that point to be so self-evident, that no reasonable person can withhold assent, when it is once fairly stated. The division of the 119th Psalm laid down by you, I entirely accord with, down to the 12th v. There, as I at present feel, I would propose an arrangement somewhat different. But I have not, hitherto, been able to investigate the matter so deeply as I could wish: I am well convinced, that, for the most part, I mean with very rare exceptions, aboriginal words are to be preferred; always, when the sense can be exactly given by them, and when it cannot, the most naturalized foreigners should be resorted to.

I will attend to what you say, about sameness of idea, and sameness of letter; especially, as I cordially concur in thinking we must make our sally, from the alphabetical poems. Of their importance, Bishop Lowth was aware; it is on them he bottoms his system: but he did not, probably, discern a tenth part of the use, that may be hereafter made of them. As to sameness of idea throughout a stanza; I had been led to remark on the short quotations at the end of Ps. cvii., that

the topics respectively close, with the close of each stanza: now, if this take place in the alphabetical stanzas, it will be a most important confirmation of my arrangement. By the way, I have drawn up, by way of specimen, an introductory analysis of the 107th Psalm*, with notes, both on the beauties, and proprieties, which flow from the structure of the poetry; and on the comparative excellence of its finest passages, and parallel ones from the antients. In a word, I have attempted to edit it, as a sacred classic, that you and others may judge, how far it might be desirable to proceed with other psalms, in a similar way.

To your observations on the elegiac versification, I cannot at present accede. I grant you, that grief is abrupt, rather than long-winded: but, surely, abruptness of sentiment, may very well coincide with length of line. The object of the elegy, is, to excite solemn thoughts, and melancholy feelings; and this, surely, is best effected by a long line. The elegiac measure, both of Greeks and Latins, is longer than the usual lyric measures; and our English elegiac measure, is, also, as long as our heroic. That the Hebrew elegiac line has a bimembral form, I readily admit; but so, also, had the metres used by Chapman, and those used by Drayton; and the division of them into shorter lines, was a modern invention. Nor do I think there can be produced, either from the Greek, Latin, or English language, an elegiac poem, written in short verse. For instance, 8th and 6th, in English.

But what I wish you particularly to advert to, is Rabbi Azarias's system, as given by Bishop Lowth. This, I apprehend, will throw much light on the point. I have, I conceive, discovered a strong confirmation of his plan, by simply putting two circumstances together. Josephus speaks in the following terms, of Moses' song: . . *Επειτα ποιησιν εξαμετρον αυτοις ανεγνω· ην καταλελοιπεν εν τω βιβλιω τω, ιερω, προφητσιν εχουσαν των εσομενων, καθ' ην γεγονε παντα, και γινεται, μηδεν εκεινου διημαρτηκοτος της αληθειας.* Antiq. lib. iv. cap. 8. § 44.

And Bishop Patrick tells us, that the Jews reckon this song to consist of seventy verses; each of which, contains two distinct and entire sentences. On reading the above two passages, I naturally took up my attempt at an arrangement of the song; when, to my great surprise and gratification, I found, that I had actually divided it into 140 lines, coinciding with the bimembral parts of the 70 lines, marked out by the Jews. Hence, I went to the Polyglot; and found, in a great majority of instances, that each of my lines, contained three Hebrew words; of course, six Hebrew words, coinciding with Josephus's account of the poem having been written in hexameters.

From hence, then, I am disposed to think, that, whenever a pure Hebrew text can be established, it will go to confirm Rabbi Azarias's scheme; and that the verses will then appear to be hexametres, pentametres, tetrametres, &c. &c.; and hence, too, I cannot bring myself to reject the long lines, whilst we have such authority for them as that of Josephus, backed by the tradition of the Jews themselves.*

The more I have considered these matters, the more I am disposed to think, that the precise number of Hebrew words must be taken into account, in order to determine the precise nature of the verses. Open Lowth's preliminary dissertation to Isaiah, p. 29. He there gives eight lines from the 19th psalm; all of which, he classes in the same order of versification. Now, it occurred to me, that the last couplet was shorter than the other three; and, on looking at the Hebrew, I find, that, whilst the first three couplets are uniformly pentametres, the last couplet is a tetrametre; that is, in the first six lines, each has five words, while the last two, have each but four.

This, it occurs to me, may be no unfair mode of trying your projected division of the elegiac line; I shall therefore copy two or three of them, from the specimen in the original.

בלה בישרי ועוי,
שבר עצמותי
בנה עלי
ויקף ראש ותלאה

Again, the remainder of your quotation, exhibits the following number of Hebrew words in each line, which I have not time to transcribe.

	3	2	1
		2	1
4	3	2	1
		2	1
4	3	2	1
		2	1
	3	2	1
		2	1

* The theory of a metrical character in Hebrew poetry, was afterwards completely disproved by the Bishop himself; who has fully shown, in his 'Sacred Literature,' that it was a poetry, not of words, but of thoughts. . . Ed.

I own I prefer the longer verse; and I beg of you to consider, whether, by dividing them, you do not militate against the scheme of the writer, who has acrostically commenced every longer line: if he had arranged after your plan, why not begin the long and short line acrostically? I have scarcely time to read over, much less to revise; so that I fear you will have many crudities to make allowance for.

Yours most affectionately,

J. Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER LXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 7. 1809.

My dear Friend,

For some time past, I have been wishing to write to you; but you will not wonder that the execution of my wish has been suspended per force, when I tell you, that it will have been precisely one fortnight to-morrow since I have stirred out of doors. It is one of my old attacks; and, after I had thought myself quite recruited, I incautiously brought on a relapse last week, by over-exertion in conversation. When quite recovered, which is not yet the case, I trust that this illness will have proved serviceable.

Last Saturday I suffered extremely, under the most dispiriting languor, and the most alarming apprehension that all intellectual power was forsaking me. In this frame, I took up my pen in search of relief, and wrote the lines, which you will read in the opposite page; it is needless to say that they do not claim the title of poetry.

O Thou, whose all enlivening ray
Can turn my darkness into day,
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,
And with thyself my soul illume.
Though gathering sorrows swell my breast,
Speak but the word, and peace and rest
Shall set my troubled spirit free
In sweet communion, Lord, with thee.
What though, in this heart-searching hour,
Thou dim'st my intellectual power;
The gracious discipline I own,
And wisdom seek at thy blest throne:
A wisdom, not of earthly mould,
Not such as learned volumes hold,
Not selfish, arrogant, and vain,
That chills the heart, and fires the brain
But Father of eternal light,
In fixt and changeless glory bright,

I seek the wisdom from above,
Pure, peaceful, gentle, fervent love!
Let love divine my bosom sway,
And then my darkness will be day;
No doubts, no fears, shall heave my breast,
For God himself will be my rest!

Yours ever,
J. J.

——oo——

LETTER 68.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Feb. 13. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I wrote the inclosed on Saturday, but it was too late for the post; I therefore, to make up for that, add something more.

My thoughts grow; new lights seem, every now and then, to open upon me; and to show some fresh object of admiration, in the great temple of truth; I cannot put on paper even a slight outline, of what has occurred to me within the last three months. What seems to me, is, that the New Testament contains a great deal more, respecting a hierarchical church, than any one *I* know of, has yet imagined; and that a more express, and circumstantial transfer of hierarchical privileges, from the Jewish nation to the Gentiles, may be traced, than, at first view, could be thought likely. On the most general supposition of such a plan, choice of place in which to begin the system, so as to insure imitation, and connected extension, would be a first object: and what place so thoroughly fitting, as Ephesus, the capital of Asia Proconsular, consequently of Asia Minor; of Asia unlimitedly, says Chrysostom, in his short, but remarkable preface, to his comment on that epistle. The next thing to be expected, would be some peculiar impressiveness of commencing circumstances. For this, turn to the 19th chapter of the Acts; and observe the unparalleled combination. The first persons addressed, 'John's disciples.' The number about twelve, . . then fully christianized, by baptism in the name of Christ, and by imposition of hands, followed, as at first, with speaking with tongues, and prophesying. Then, a schism with the synagogue, and a decided turning to the school, *καθ' ἡμεραν διαλεγομενος εν τῃ σχολῃ Τυραννου τινος*. Then, a signal authentication of all this, from heaven. St. Paul, at Ephesus, being equalled only by St. Peter, at Jerusalem. Compare the 11th and 12th verses of this chapter, with chap. v. 12. . . 16. I must not leave out of the detail the devil's repeating, as nearly as was possible, at Ephesus, what he had done at Jerusalem:

the statement, *Αναστας δε ὁ αρχιερευς, και παντες οἱ συν αυτῳ (ἡ ουδα αἱρεσις των Σαδδουχαιων), επλησθησαν ζηλου*, and the account of Demetrius and the shrine-makers at Ephesus, being curiously similar. But let me not overlook the still more curious difference, between the Apostles St. Peter and St. John being liberated by an angel, and St. Paul befriended by the Asiarchs, and brought off by the town clerk. In the first case, divine power, alone; in the other, secular instrumentality. The one, befitting the plan for merely forming the leaven; the other, no less suitable to that, which was to transfuse the leaven through the meal.

So much for the matters in Acts xix.: but how strictly correspondent, are following events. The commencement, (as far as relates to the Gentile church,) of regular episcopacy there, in the appointment of Timothy; a well chosen first bishop of a system, which was to be, transferred, enlarged, sublimated, analogical, judaism; he being maternally Jewish, and paternally Grecian; and of a system, which was to operate, chiefly, in an hereditary way; the faith, which he had, being derived from his grandmother, and mother; and (need I add?) of a system, which was to act through education, he having known the scripture from his youth.

The epistle to the Ephesians comes in with strictest harmony. In other epistles, the *μαρτυριον* is the ruling subject, in general, the only one. Here, it is eminently, almost wholly, the *μυστηριον*. This distinction may be new to you. But compare 1 Cor. ii. 1. with the 7th and following verses of the same chapter; and with Ephesians *passim*; and then judge, whether the *μαρτυριον* is not the object of *πιστις*; the *μυστηριον*, of *επιγνωσις*: the first, of course, to be communicated to all; the latter, to the perfect only. I could say something, in this connection, of our Lord's distinction, between the world believing, and the world knowing: St. John xvii.: but I hasten onward.

The superior depth of this epistle, has been acknowledged by all. Ignatius, quoted by Michaelis, and lying now before me, says to the Ephesians, *Ὑμεις δε Παυλου συμμυσται εστε ἡγιασμενου*. St. Chrysostom, in the above-quoted preface, states it as a received opinion, that St. Paul made special communications to the Ephesians. I have not that volume of the Greek; but the latin translation of Musculus, is, 'Dicitur et illis, tanquam jam imbutis profundiora spiritualium sensuum concredidisse.' I think, 'dicitur', implies what I say. St. Chrysostom then adds, as his own judgment, 'Est autem hæc epistola sublimibus reperta sensibus et dogmatibus': and again, 'abundat vehementer sublimibus et excellentibus sensibus.

Nam quæ fere nusquam locutus est, hic loquitur; utpote cum dicit, ut nota fiat principatibus, ac potestatibus cœlestibus, per ecclesiam, multiformis sapientia Dei.' I add to this ancient testimony, Grotius's more modern, but wonderfully strong one; 'Paulus jam vetus in apostolico munere, et ob evangelium Romæ vinctus, ostendit illis, quanta sit vis evangelii præ doctrinis omnibus: quomodo omnia Dei consilia, ab omni ævo, eo tetenderint: quam admiranda sit in eo Dei efficacia: rerum sublimitatem adæquans verbis sublimioribus, quam ulla unquam habuit lingua humana.'

What, then, does St. Paul communicate to the Ephesians, to bear out all these strong plaudits? This, I conceive, . . that christianity was to be an analogical judaism; acting on all human society, in proportion as God should extend it, as the Jewish dispensation acted, on that single nation: that thus, the christian church was, on a grand scale, to take the place of judaism; was to be, in a sublimer way, or for a nobler purpose, a similar apparatus; was, consequently, to be as appositely fitted to its great end; and, on the whole, was to be the sphere, in which, as well as the organ, by which, all the magnificent prophecies of the Old Testament were to have their final fulfilment.

The secrecy, on this subject, to others, throws additional light on what has been said to the Ephesians. But the most remarkable concealment is, that, in the epistle to the Colossians; wrote, as we have ground to think, at the same time; and curiously touching on the same topics. This has deceived many into a belief, that they really treated on the same points; but with an adroitness, not almost to be imagined, St. Paul does not, in any single instance, drop a word to the Colossians, which could light the train of thought he pursues, in writing to the Ephesians. In fact, he seems to do something amazingly of the same kind, but yet not of the same kind. For, to the Colossians, the mystery is 'Christ in you the hope of glory'; whereas, to the Ephesians, it is the *Ανακεφαλαιωσις των παντων εν Χριστῳ . . εις οικονομιαν πληρωματος των καιρων.* As a farther illustration, compare Colossians i. 21, 22, 23. with Ephesians ii. 11, 12, &c. &c. This last-quoted passage, I should observe, is that on which I found an analogical judaism.

Now, even to name this to the Colossians, would have been dangerous; as a tendency to gross judaism, was the epidemic of the day; and to have talked of an anological judaism to nine out of ten, would have been thought to sanction gross judaism. Another cause was, that they only, who could use this world without abusing it, could understand how the church could make the world its own; and to speak to others, of the church

mingling with the world, might be tempting the weak to commixture inconsistent with all safety. On the contrary, the Ephesians having, more than any other church, risen above worldly temptations, (mark Acts xix. 19.,) might be trusted above any church, with the whole. I can but just add, that the epistles to St. Timothy, wonderfully accord with that to the Ephesians themselves. The church is, in 1 Tim., the house of God, στυλος και εδραιωμα of the truth: mark, στυλος visibility, and εδραιωμα establishment: in 2 Tim. ii. 20. a great house, in which must be various vessels; some to honor, some to dishonor. But its being the pillar and ground of truth, is wonderful! A house, a great house, is the commencement often of a city; it was to be so here. Our Lord spoke of both a house and a city; St. Matt. v. 14, 15.: but first, of a candlestick and candle. And observe, the Apocalypse has them all. By that time, wisdom had builded her house, and hewn out her seven pillars. But Ephesus is the first of them all. 'I will remove thy candlestick', seems to be 'I will take away thy primacy'.

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 69.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Feb. 22. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I assure you, had you sent me your sermon, without assigning any reason, I should have thanked you for it cordially. In some respects, I like it better, than any I have yet read, or heard, of yours. I find no sentiment in it, which my head and heart do not accord with; and the peroration, I have read with the sincerest pleasure, as being exquisitely what it should be. What I most admire in the whole, is an unlabored fluency, which, I think, rises higher, than in any former instance.

Yet I must say, with this, that a firmer foundation might have been laid for this noble superstructure. The part where I think this might have been done, lies, in great measure, between the reference to Simplicius, and that to Paley. If I am to define the want here, I would say, that more of analogy might have been useful. The ground of loving God for his own sake, needs to be well, and clearly laid. When understood, it is self-evident; but it needs elucidation, though not demonstration. The next head, in which the reference to Paley occurs, is also a delicate business. What you say on it, is as indisputable to me,

as the meridian sun; but I doubt, if many in your audience could understand it; I doubt if any, but yourself, and any pious Methodist who happened to be there.

On what ground our friend might not have relished it, I cannot conceive. If his judgment comparatively, and quoad modum, dissented from what I have now been in a degree censuring; I should not blame him, nor would you. But I should be sorry for his own sake, more than on any other account, that his heart should have disrelished what he heard. I say, on his own account; for his place in God's great scheme, would not be, some way or other, unsupplied; but the loss to himself, what could make up?

But I persuade myself this cannot be. I know, and you know, that the mechanical part of our friend's mind is not strong; and I can deeply sympathize with one, to whose weakness, a little deficiency, might appear a great aberration. I can truly say, I have been frightened, at my own dread of hearing from you, in the Asylum, or College Chapel, an over-strong expression.

On the whole, you have much cause to thank God on your own account; for the day will soon come, when it will have been better to have written that sermon, than to have had the fee-simple of the solar system. And I do believe, you need not be unsatisfied, on the other ground; for, if even there should be a wrong warp, it will not remain. There are minds, that will not go wrong; there are others, who may go wrong, but will not remain so.

J. F. takes some matters to you. One is a light work, which I thought worth having, the memoirs of an American lady; the other, of my sending, is a wonderful treat, I mean the introduction. How, except in this way, could what I venture to anticipate, make its commencement? The first movements must be of a mixed quality; how could they be of a milder nature, than those manifested in this volume?

I greatly like ——. I think he will be a comfort to you and me; and I hope no one else will be a discomfort to either of us. But we neither of us build our happiness on frail man; therefore, sure I am, that, even in frail man, we shall be less likely to be disappointed. In as much, as, through God's grace, we shall not contribute to the occurrence of any such calamity.

Yours ever, in much hope and little fear,

A. K.

LETTER LXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 23. 1809.

My dear Friend,

Your most valuable letter I could not read till this morning; and I cannot postpone for two days, tomorrow not being a post day, expressing hastily the great delight it has given me: nothing can be clearer and plainer; and I see at once, that your point will be luminously made out; but I long to see the whole exfoliated.

As to the fitness of Ephesus, as a place, I have just found a very striking passage, too long for present quotation, in Castalio's comment: which, at another time, I will send.

Not only the depth, but the obscurity of this epistle has been remarked.

Erasmus says, 'Idem in hac epistola Pauli fervor, eadem profunditas, idem omnino spiritus, et pectus. Verum, non alibi sermo, hyperbatis, anapodotis, aliisque incommoditatibus molestior, sive id interpretis fuit, quo fuit usus in hac, sive sensuum sublimitatem sermonis facultas non est assecuta. Certe stylus tantum dissonat a cæteris Pauli epistolis, ut alienus videri possit, nisi pectus atque indoles Paulinæ mentis hanc prorsus illi vindicaret.' For this obscurity, Michaelis (p. 151.) does not even attempt to assign a cause. Erasmus, you see, has done so aliquatenus; but may we not add, that the obscurity was possibly designed, to prevent St. Paul's esotericks from being knowable to the uninitiated? You must certainly recollect, (I cannot now turn to books,) that, when Alexander complained to Aristotle, that he had done ill to give the world his esotericks, the philosopher replied: 'I have published them, and I have not published them; for none but the initiated will understand me.'

One thing more; have you remarked the quotation from St. Basil, in Michaelis, p. 143.; with his observations? The whole appears to me very striking; and very important, in a way that no German critic ever could have dreamed of. In my next, I shall have something to say about myself. This is not worth postage; but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of telling you, that you have poured in a flood of new light upon me, and I had it so many days shut up in a dark lanthorn! i. e. in my writing-box. There's a metaphor!

Yours ever,

J. Jebb.

LETTER LXXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Feb. 27. 1809.

My dear Friend,

It is curious and pleasant, that your criticisms on my sermon, harmonize exactly with my own. Not an observation did not pass through my mind, even before the sermon was preached. When the season comes for correction, your suggestions shall be carefully kept in view. All you say of our friend, is most just. And I am willing to hope that all will yet be right. —— and —— are here, and both of them exactly what could be wished.

I mentioned what Castalio says about the Ephesians, or rather, about Ephesus. It is, perhaps, nothing to your purpose, but such as it is, I will transcribe it. 'Ephesus fuit civitas mercatoria, admodum frequens ac opulenta, et sicut Plinius, lib. v., inquit, 'alterum lumen Minoris Asiæ.' In ea convertenda, Apostolus diu multumque, et cum ingenti periculo, sudavit, duabus potissimum causis, sicut et Corinthi, ita spiritu Dei eum regente motus, nempe quod cum ob mercaturam et magnitudinem, tum ob navigationis commoditatem maxima ibi semper erat hominum frequentia, ut et ibi multos docere et convertere et per illos conversos porro late per orbem terrarum spargere evangelium potuerit. Situ enim est in extremo littore Asiæ Minoris versus occasum, et ferme etiam meridiem, ut illic transeundum fuerit navigantibus ex Syria aut Ægypto, in Græciam, Macedoniam, et Pontum, ac contra; at item ex Asia minore Romam, et vicissim. Sicut et ipse Apostolus sæpe proficiscens in Macedoniam aut Græciam, et iterum rediens, illic transivit. Eisdem commoditatibus, ac occasionibus, verisimile est ipsum quoque Johannem Evangelistam motum, ut ubi diutissime, sicut omnes sacri his torici scribunt, docuerit, atque adeo etiam ibidem consenuerit, mortuusque sit.'

It strikes me, that some particulars in the above may be better accounted for, than Sebastian Castalio knew any thing about. On your hypothesis, there is a great cause for St. Paul's long, laborious, perilous labors; and for St. John's latest exertions, his old age, and his death, at the place, which was the metropolis of sublime, and pure, philosophical christianity.

Yours ever most affectionately,

John Jebb.

LETTER 70.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

March 8. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I say a word, in reply to your last, less expeditiously than I could have wished.

I have two additional observations to make on the sermon. I am not clear, that to speak of 'loving God for his own sake; and not primarily, on account of any benefits that we have received, that we do receive, or that we hope hereafter to receive, at his hands', &c. is, on the whole, an eligible, or even strictly tenable way, of exhibiting the truth on this great subject. I am well aware of the sanction of great names, and good hearts, which it has. But I see it has been greatly abused; and that, as I conceive, not by distorting it, but by pressing its liberality. I think every valuable end would be safely answered, by showing, that our love is not genuine, if it be on account of any earthly benefit; or even any supposed eternal benefit, which is not of a moral, or spiritual nature. This strikes me as the safest, and truest line; since, to delight in any thing, is, radically and essentially, to feel conscious benefit in it; the apprehension that it is good in itself, implying, I conceive, that it is, if not individually, generally good to us. I simply think, that the sense of good is fundamental to the apprehension of good; there must be the *αισθησις*, before there can be the *νοημα*. Abstract truth has nothing to do with feeling. Good can no more exist, without being felt, than light, without being seen, or sound, without being heard. But to feel good, is essentially to feel good *for me*. 'As reason', says Bishop Butler, 'tends to, and rests in the discernment of truth, so the very nature of affection, consists in tending towards, and resting on its objects, as an end', &c.; as he adds soon after, 'being gratified in the same way, as the appetite of hunger is satisfied with food', and therefore, says he farther, 'it is absurd to ask, in this case, what advantage a man hath in such a course? The advantage consists in the delight itself, which arises from such a faculty's having its object.' On this ground, then, it is evident, that there can be no idea formed of love, which does not contain the idea of benefit to him that loves. The delight of love, being the very wing on which it rises; and to be delightful, being, in moral intelligences, identically the same as to be lovely.

I know you did not mean to controvert one tittle of all this:

knowing this, therefore, I submit to you, whether it would not always be, both sounder in itself, and more intelligible to those that hear, to show the purity and sublimity of the benefit, in this case looked for and prized; than to throw benefit, even 'primarily', out of view. I like to hear Jonathan Edwards speak in this way to calvinists; because *their* extreme, needs another extreme, to produce a temperament: but, though it may be, occasionally and relatively, useful in controversy; I do not think it good for unsophisticated nature. This is taught, by all its instinctive, as well as reflective movements, to unite benefit and loveliness, in an indissoluble band. And, after all that the good mystics have done, to counteract nature, in this instance, the profound Butler comes, and, as I take it, silences them, and seals the indissolubility.

In fact, I know not a more practically pernicious error, (I enlarge, not because you need it, but because I like the subject;) I say, I know not any more pernicious practical error, (I have misplaced my two words, it does not signify) than unconditional pulling down of selfishness. The more I consider human nature, and the sphere of action in which it is placed, the more convinced I am, that we cannot be too selfish, if we are selfish in a right way. We cannot, I conceive, desire that which is supremely beneficial, with any excess of intensity; nor too much regard it, *as beneficial.* In this bright and blessed centre, lines, elsewhere remote, and more and more diverging as that is receded from, so essentially unite, that to seek such benefit, is to seek excellence; and to be infinitely selfish, is to be exquisitely pure and virtuous. I know well, *how* poor self-love has been stigmatized and execrated. But, if she were fairly heard plead in arrest of judgment, I think she would yet come off in triumph. It could be shown, that the evils did not rise from self being over loved, but from the love of external things being misplaced; from the narrow and scanty matters, being loved; so narrow and scanty, that he who solely possessed them, would be wretched, Æstuat in fœlix, &c., consequently, when claimed by many, what could they produce but wars and fightings among them?

> Fluctuat, heu, miser
> Alternâque potentum
> Mundus diripitur manu.
> Punctum est sors avidis quod secat ensibu
> Inter tot populos. CASIMIR.

This is the fact. Savages fight about their hunting grounds; but never about air or sunshine. Thus the supreme and infinite good, cures all the ills ascribed to selfishness; not by abating

its force, nor by contracting its range, but by satisfying it to the extent, and without a possibility of any jarring interest; there being infinitely enough for all, through boundless eternity.

The observation which I made about analogy, and was gratified by your approving, comes in here. There can be no analogy, as I conceive, between any common love on earth, and a strictly unselfish love of God; from which cause, mystics seldom convey a clear meaning, to the uninitiated. But there is a most intelligible analogy, between seeking a lower, and a higher happiness; between the gratification of our animal, and that of our spiritual nature; between endeavoring, in vain, to find satisfaction in the world, and the enjoying it, in its fulness, in God. In all this, while there would be impressive contrast, there would be, also, instructive parallelism; the benefit of which is lost, as it strikes me, when the idea of strict disinterestedness is presented.

I am sure you will understand, that I am not combating any sentiment of yours; for you imply all I contend for, when you speak of delighting ourselves in God, as the synonyme of loving him for his own sake. But, because I so well know your sentiments, I remark upon your language; in the persuasion, that, on a review of the passage, you will not greatly differ from me.

For instance, do you not think that there is some jar between these words, 'If, indeed, our love be no better than a refined selfishness, than a fond complacency in favors, heaped on us', and those which follow in the same paragraph: 'But, if we are brought to delight in God, chiefly, and supremely, for the moral goodness of his nature, then, nothing will satisfy us, but a participation of that goodness?' I allow, 'no better than' and 'fond', have a reconciling tendency; but still, to delight, I imagine, has self, essentially, in it; and 'not to be satisfied but with a participation', is selfishness downright: 'refined selfishness', I grant; nobly and blessedly refined; but still, selfishness, the quintessence of selfishness; and yet, without wrong to any fellow-being in the universe: a soul-exalting selfishness; which, as it gives glory to God in the highest, teems with peace upon earth, good will amongst men.

When Young says, in his Night Thoughts,

> 'My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
> As misers to their gold, while others rest,'

does he not speak the strictest language of nature? And when our Redeemer speaks of treasure in the heavens, of being rich toward God, of a pearl of great price, of one thing needful, of rest, of a well of water, &c., does he not adopt a like analogy, and build on the same basis of nature; that is, on selfishness,

not weakened, much less extinguished, but refined and sublimated, by a transfer, from baseness to excellence, from the imprisonment of the carnal mind, to the immensity of uncreated good. Surely, not to be satisfied without a participation of this, is a thirsting ejusdem generis with any loan-taker's appetite for wealth, or with any opposition-man's rabies for power; with the difference, only, of a lower, and higher appetite; a degrading, and an exalting object: φρονημα, equally, in both cases: but φρονημα της σαρκος, in the one; φρονημα του πνευματος in the other.

Now this I take to be in strict congruity with the analogical system. And it is accordingly remarkable, that the great discoverer of this system, is also the detecter of the mistakes about selfishness; that is, he shows, that selfishness has exactly as great a place, in the exercise of love to God, and benevolence to man, as it has in our love to, or pursuit of, any other external object; and conversely, may have as little room in our pursuit of a common external object, as in our love of God, or of our neighbor. 'There have been persons', says he, 'in all ages, who have professed, that they found satisfaction in the pursuit of what is just, and right, and good, as the general bent of their mind, and end of their life; and that doing an action of baseness or cruelty, would be as great violence to their self, as much breaking in on their nature, as any external force.'

The selfishness, therefore, which you protest against, I do not take to be 'refined selfishness'; for, on Butler's principles, I conceive this a radical ingredient, in all that is interesting, or exalting: but a self-deceptious substitution of a lower, and indeed, imaginary good, in the place of the highest, and all perfect good; in the mistaking an animal complacency in the one, for spiritual delight in the other.

If, in reading these remarks, you should find anything that startles you, or seems to jar with any moral truth; remember, I am not describing what is actually felt, but I am attempting to analyze the metaphysical matter of the feeling. If selfishness were to be as much in view, as it is in existence and operation, it would defeat its own instinctive object. There could be no love of any thing; all would be cold calculation. ''Tis not because we love ourselves', says Butler, 'that we find delight in such and such objects; but because we have particular affections towards them. Take away these affections, and you leave self-love absolutely nothing at all to employ itself about; no end, or object for it to pursue, excepting only, that of avoiding pain.' Reflective self-love, then, would be absolutely self-obstructive, if not self-destructive. On the other hand, rightly directed self-love, is regulative. In a word, my notion is, not that the

evil you guard against, (of an imaginary love of God, on low and sordid accounts) is not a real case, as well as real evil; but that it may be better corrected, by exposing the falseness of the object, than by condemning the nature of the feeling. In the former, the mind would be set right, if it could be set right. In the latter way, it will be, in all probability, taken out of its depth; and, to a moral certainty, not benefitted; for, in whatever mind, it is subtle thought which is thus excited, rather than sound feeling. When I say, 'by exposing the falseness of the object', I mean, 'exposure by contrast, as well as by direct detection.'

I hope I am not tiring, nor teazing you, by, perhaps, going out of my own depths, and pretending to draw the bow of Ulysses; but I own I am excited on this subject by ——'s last charity sermon. I forget whether I told you of it, but I think I did. With him, selfishness was, in such a manner, all vice, and affection to our kind, all virtue, as, apparently, to leave things in possible good condition, though there were but our own coterie in the universe. Atheism is a terrible thought; and, therefore, I do not like to throw on any man's theory, so foul an imputation; especially, when, in fact, far from that man's thoughts. But, in the talk I refer to, there was no explicit pointing to God, on the one hand; nor any direct, and decided reprobation of that embodying and embruting of the soul, which is the true antipode to pure and undefiled religion, on the other: but such a crude condemnation of selfish feelings, as to bring even devotional pleasure into suspicion; and such an exaltation of benevolence, as to make it not only the sole heaven upon earth, but the very heaven of heaven.

And why all this? 'Because,' said he to me a day or two after, 'I do think, I exercise more religion in kissing my child, than in all the fine feelings you talk about: for, if I even feel these in my closet, I am not three minutes in the world, till they are dissipated.' So then because —— finds no difficulty in kissing his child, but a great difficulty in retaining devotional feeling; the latter is to be voted down, and the former to take its place. If this were not so easily detected, I should be ready to call it one of the depths of Satan. How —— will emerge, I know not, or what resting place he will find; but I suspect his long visit to Dublin, and living with his old friends, unbraced the habits he had seemed to acquire at ——. This ought, eventually, to do him good, if he could be brought to see his real deficiency. 'Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' On which, how well says Basil, *Ὡς μεν ουν υἱος φυσικως κεκτηται τα του πατρος· ὡς δε μονογενης ολα εχει εν ἑαυτῳ συλλαβων, ουδενος*

καταμεριζομενου προς ἑτερον, εξ αυτης τοινυν της νίου προσηγοριας διδασκομεθα, ὁτι της φυδεως εστι κοινωνος· ου προσταγματι κτισθεις, αλλ' εκ της ουσιας εκλαμψας αδιαστατως. I believe it ever has been, and ever will be made good: on the one hand 'He that gathereth not with me, scattereth'; and on the other, 'I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture': *Και εισελευσεται, και εξελευσεται, και νομην εύρησει.* What a depth of meaning there is in these words! What a plenitude of liberty, and certainty of provision! The two symphonious words clearly mean, what no merely conscientious person, nor even, I should think, a sectarian religionist, can understand; for the merely conscientious christian, does not go in; and the sectarian religionist, does not come out. To find pasture, seems to me to signify, (what is perfectly accordant) that such a one is not, like the merely conscientious, at a loss for pasture, without finding it, or understanding the want: nor, like the sectarian, dependent upon place and person for being fed; but he finds pasture for himself, and finds it, more or less, every where.

> 'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

But in whom was this ever verified, but in a Catholic christian?

I must, however, trouble you a little farther, on selfishness. I am, not only now especially, but, at all times, habitually on the alert, against the unanalogical view; because I see, that it has served an evil purpose among one class, as effectually, as the grossest antinomian calvinism has done in another. Even in the hands of the amiable Fénelon, what anodynes does it not enable him to give, to slothful, self-indulgent, I would almost say, semi-christians? I mean not to judge, what I can only conjecture; and I do not mean to question, that, in Fénelon, there are fine observations, proceeding from noble feelings, every where occurring; but when I hear him say, in one letter, 'Vous savez qu'il faut porter la croix, et la porter en pleines ténèbres. Le parfait amour, ne cherche, ni à voir, ni à sentir. Il est content de souffrir, sans savoir s'il souffre bien; et d'aimer, sans savoir s'il aime. O que l'abandon, sans aucun retour, ni repli caché, est pur, et digne de Dieu! Il est lui seul plus détruisant, que mille et mille vertus austères, et soutenues, d'une régularité aperçue.

'Soyez simple et petit enfant. C'est dans l'enfance qu'habite la paix inaltérable, et à toute épreuve. Toutes les régularités où l'on possède sa vertu, sont sujettes à l'illusion, et au mécompte. Il n'y a que les âmes desappropriées par l'abnégation évangélique, qui n'ont plus rien à perdre. Il n'y a que ceux,

qui ne cherchent aucune lumière, qui ne se trompent point. Il n'y a que les petits enfans, qui trouvent en Dieu la sagesse, qui n'est point dans les grands et les sages qu'on admire.'

I say, when I read this very amazing talk in one letter; and in another, 'Cherchez à vous amuser à toutes les choses qui peuvent adoucir votre solitude, et vous garantir de l'ennui, sans vous passioner, ni dissiper, par le goût du monde'. Or, as elsewhere, 'Il ne faut pourtant pas tellement se taire, que vous manquiez d'ouverture et de complaisance dans les récréations, mais alors il ne faut parler que de choses à-peu-près indifférentes, et supprimer tout ce qui peut avoir quelque conséquence. Il faut, dans ces récréations, ce que St. François de Sales appelle, joyeuseté; c'est à dire se réjouir, et réjouir les autres, en disant des riens.' Without putting any severity of construction on these latter passages, I seem to myself to see, nay am confident I do see, a depth of self-deception, and serpentine seduction: for observe, the tastes of our higher nature must be all rooted up; while the tastes of our lower nature are still suffered, in a certain degree, to grow. No pleasure must be sought in piety; because, to be content to love, without knowing that one loves, is the height of perfection; and because, 'c'est dans l'oubli du moi, qu'habite la paix'; but, at the same time, pleasure may be taken, and very frivolous pleasure, (en disant des riens!) in things of the world, because this is needful for human weakness, and 'pour vous garantir de l'ennui.' From this, then, what can follow, according to every law of nature, but radically growing heart-attachment, to what *does* give actual pleasure; and more radically growing heart-detachment, from that which gives none?

After hearing such things, how refreshing that right and sound sentiment of Saurin. 'Heureux le fidèle, qui dans les combats que lui livrent les ennemis de son salut, peut opposer plaisirs à plaisirs, délices à délices; les plaisirs de la prière, et de la méditation, aux plaisirs du monde; les délices du silence, et de la retraite, à celles des cercles, des dissipations, des spectacles! Un tel homme est jeune dans ses devoirs, même parcequ'il est homme; et qu'il ne dépend pas d'un homme, de ne pas aimer, ce qui lui ouvre des sources de joie: un tel homme, s'attache, à la religion, par des motifs semblables à ceux, qui portent les gens du monde à s'attacher aux objets de leurs passions; parcequ'elles leur procurent des plaisirs ineffables. Un tel homme, ne peut jamais succomber entièrement, sous les tentations; parceque, selon l'énergique expression d'un apôtre, la paix de Dieu, qui est au-dessus de tout entendement, garde, c'est à dire, préserve les sens, et empêche, par les délectations dont elles l'inonde, qu'ils ne l'entrainent dans le crime.'

I must return to Fénelon; that I may mention something, perhaps not unconnected with those strange quotations.

Voltaire concludes his chapter on quietism, in his Siècle de Louis XIV., with the following curious statement.

'Après avoir été vaincu sur des disputes de l'école, il eût été peut-être plus convenable, qu'il ne se mêlât point des querelles du jansenisme; cependant il y entra. Le Cardinal de Noailles avoit pris contre lui, autrefois, le parti du plus fort. L'Archevêque de Cambrai en usa de même. Il espéra qu'il reviendrait à la cour, et qu'il y seroit consulté: tant l'esprit humain a de peine à se détacher des affaires, quand une fois elles ont servi d'aliment à son inquiétude. Ses désirs, cependant, étoient modérés comme ses écrits; et même sur la fin de sa vie, il méprisa enfin toutes les disputes; semblable, en cela seul, à l'évêque d'Avranches, Huet, l'un des plus savans hommes de l'Europe; qui, sur la fin de ses jours, reconnut la vanité de la plupart des sciences, et celles de l'esprit humain. L'Archevêque de Cambrai (qui le croiroit!) parodie ainsi un air de Lulli:

'Jeune, j'étois trop sage,
Et voulois trop savoir;
Je ne veux en partage,
Que badinage,
Et touche au dernier age,
Sans rien prévoir.'

'Il fit ces vers en présence de son neveu, le Marquis de Fénelon, depuis ambassadeur à la Haie. C'est de lui que je les tiens. Je garantie la certitude de ce fait. Il seroit peu important par lui-même, s'il ne prouvoit à quel point nous voions souvent avec des regards différens, dans la triste tranquillité de la vieillesse, ce qui nous parut si grand, et si intéressant, dans l'age où l'esprit plus actif est le jouët de ses désirs, et de ses illusions.'

Did the crafty wiliness of this son of the Serpent, ever more cordially disport itself, than in recording this *peu important* anecdote?

Mark how every sentence, and almost every word, is made to tell in favor of his infernal purpose. I have seen this little poem disputed by some one; on the ground of its being incredible, that such a thing could have been written by Fénelon. It *is* incredible, that he should have written any thing, with such a meaning, as Voltaire would attribute to this; and as the words seem to warrant, if interpreted au pied de la lettre. But, that he might have written these lines on some occasion, at a less considerate moment, would appear probable, from their strange agreement with some of the sentiments quoted above. For

example, with the first two lines: 'Il n'y a que ceux qui ne cherchent aucune lumière, qui ne se trompent point'; with the next two, 'Se réjouir, et réjouir les autres, en disant des riens': and with the last two 'Il est content d'aimer, sans savoir s'il aime'; therefore, necessarily, 'sans rien prévoir'. Is not this very curious?

I do not know whether William Law, may not be thought to have outdone Fénelon, in depth of spiritual apathy. His little work on regeneration, (that is, against Mr. Wesley's view of regeneration) contains most extraordinary protests, against seeking for any thing in religion, but implicit abandonment of every thing.

'The sacrifices', says he, 'which we make of worldly goods, honors, or pleasures, are but small matters; compared to that sacrifice, and destruction of all selfishness, as well spiritual as natural, that must be made, before our regeneration hath its perfect work.

'There is a denial of our own will, and certain degrees even of self-denying virtues, which yet give no disturbance to this selfishness. To be humble, mortified, devout, patient, to a certain degree; and to be persecuted for our virtues, are no hurt to this selfishness; nay, spiritual self, must have all these virtues to subsist upon; and his life consists, in seeing, knowing, and feeling, the bulk, strength, and *reality* of them. But still, in all this show, and glitter of virtue, there is an unpurified bottom on which they stand; there is a selfishness, which can no more enter into the kingdom of heaven, than the grossness of flesh and blood can enter into it.

'To know no more, and to seek to know no more of our salvation, than we can know by an implicit faith, an absolute resignation of ourselves to God, in Christ Jesus, is the true saving knowledge of Christ; and such as keeps us in the highest degree of fitness to receive our perfect salvation.

'I believe that, to repentance and faith in Christ, salvation is made as secure, and as absolutely assured, as paradise was made sure to the dying thief. I believe that my own sins, were they greater, and more, than the sins of the whole world, would be wholly expiated, and taken away, by my faith in the blood and life of my blessed Savior.

'But, if I now want to add something of my own to this faith; if this great and glorious faith is defective, and saves me not, till I can add my own sense, and my own feeling to it, at such a time, and in such a manner; is not this saying, in the plainest manner, that faith, alone, cannot justify me. Is not this making this faith in the blood of Christ defective, and insufficient to my salvation, till a self-satisfaction, an own pleasure, an own taste, are joined

with it? Might it not better be said, that faith could not justify me, till it had works; than that it cannot justify me, without these inward workings, feelings, witnessings, of my own mind, sense, imagination? Is there not likely to be a more hurtful self-trust, a more dangerous self-deceit, in making faith to depend upon these inward workings and feelings, than in making it depend upon outward good works of our own?'

In this last passage, you will observe some things objected to, or implied to be objected to, in Mr. Wesley's system, which, doubtless, admitted of animadversion: but, into what a wonderfully opposite extreme does he run? And how completely is the whole tenor of Scripture lost sight of? Assuredly, if these doctrines be true, our Redeemer, and his apostles, taught a far lower kind of religion, than that discovered, and taught, by Mr. Law. In truth, there are no teachers, on whom Mr. Law's denouncements would fall more heavily, than on those who teach us in the Bible.

What is curious, is, that thus, Law and Walker come to speak, substantially, in unison. After severally circum-ambulating the globe, they meet at length, and take their stand on the same meridian.

'Believing on him', (the Lord Jesus Christ) says Mr. Walker, 'with the heart trusting in him, as he is exhibited in the Gospel, the Savior of his people from their sins, the Scriptures warrant me to trust in him, with the fullest confidence; to trust in him, as my righteousness and strength, and to know, that eternal life is mine, as the gift of God in him; and this, without any supplementary revelation, or new voice from heaven, to announce to me that I am justified. A voice, indeed, there is, but it is in the word of God; which, through all its sacred pages, in the Old Testament and in the New, gives the divine testimony to the Son of God and man, as the only, the all-sufficient, the faithful Savior of all, who believe upon his name. By that precious faith of him, the christian is called to walk; not by sight, not by sense, not by feeling.'

In another place, Mr. W. says, (no less in unison) 'In every religious system which has self for its fundamental principle, the world can find something to approve, and something which it understands. But the Gospel, which proposes a foundation for the sinner's hope, altogether *out of* himself, is, on this account, peculiarly offensive to the world, and peculiarly unintelligible.'

I add no more in the way of quotation; as this last one states the case for the whole genus, fairly and well. And to what, finally, does it come, but to this; that common sense, is felt to be the common enemy of all such transcendentalists;

and that, whether they feel it or not, in attacking common sense, they attack all substantial, solid virtue; all that can make Holy Scripture intelligible, principles steady, life regular, reflection useful and comfortable; all, in a word, which either elicits, or feeds those thoughts, a few of which, as Burnet so well tells us, 'spread strength into the mind, by which it is made capable of doing, or suffering, the hardest things; through that life which they give, and that calm which they bring.'

I have said quite enough on one point; I now briefly touch on another. You say, it is a remarkable circumstance, that there is not any stated, periodical time appointed, in the New Testament, for private prayer, and you assign an, apparently, probable reason for the omission. That such a reason had no share, is what I will not affirm. But there certainly was another reason, of a different kind, namely, that the habit of private prayer, had already ample precedents, to direct and regulate it. Into this reason, we have to resolve several other omissions; and, on the whole, we see it a general rule, that things of the same nature were to go on, under the christian, as they had gone on, under the Jewish dispensation. Now, we know David, or the Psalmist, says, 'In the evening, and morning, and at noon-day, will I pray.' And, if possible, still more decisively, are we told of Daniel, that he 'kneeled upon his knees three times a day; and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.' What these hours were, is matter of mere curiosity; but one of the three, (the middle one of course) is fixed, by St. Peter going up to the house-top to pray, at the sixth hour. Most probably, the other two times, had corresponded to the morning and evening sacrifice. In Daniel's case, we cannot doubt it; for the same motive, which led him to have his window open toward Jerusalem, would, self-evidently, lead him, as it led Elijah on Mount Carmel, to recognize those justly interesting seasons. And, to this keeping time with the sacrifices, we cannot hesitate to refer, Cornelius's praying in his house, (an expression implying statedness,) at the third hour. We find, however, from St. Luke i. 10. that it was the incense, rather than the sacrifice, with which the act of prayer was connected; and it is a curious circumstance, that the moment of offering the incense within, was notified to those without, by the tinkling of a little bell, just as is still done in the service of the mass. But it is more interesting to observe, that the connection between prayer and the incense, is sublimely alluded to in Apoc. viii. 3, 4. The sacrifice was no doubt, also kept in view, though less immediately, in those stated devotional acts; for David connects both, in his elegant simile, 'Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight, as the incense; and let the lifting up of my hands, be as the

evening sacrifice.' Meaning, as I conceive, to refer to his morning devotion, in the first member of the couplet; and to his evening devotion, in the latter: and to introduce the two great public acts connected with devotion, so as to intimate, that, though there was a connection with both, it was closer with the one than with the other. Somewhat in this way, our establishment expresses its connection, with both the great divisions of the christian church, at large, by using collects from both, in its morning and evening prayer; but intimating a closer connection with the Greek, than with the Latin church, by giving precedence to the Greek in the morning, and, yet, to do equal justice, giving like precedence to the Latin church, in the evening. And when David describes the public service, by the incense, in the morning, and by the sacrifice, in the evening; he, too, gives a preference, but without doing any injustice.

The practice of praying at the time of incense, in the private, though public manner, which that verse in St. Luke intimates, and writers on Jewish usages describe, (the deep silence then prevailing through the courts, being particularly noticed by them) would naturally form a habit of praying at the same time, when at a distance; and the facts already referred to, advance this supposition into matter of certainty. The New Testament dispensation would take away the motive for being thus regular, as to the morning and evening hour; and yet, I think it likely, that, in adjusting the times of daily public worship, the Jewish hours would not be wholly out of view. But, whatever might be the attention, or inattention, paid to this circumstance, the practice of praying thrice a day, after the example of David and Daniel, would hardly be overlooked, by those who were taught to find lessons of piety, no less in the Old Testament, than in the New; and particularly to consider the Psalms, as formularies for the christian church, no less than for the Jewish.

I think I will stop here: though I had one or two remarks (not a bit connected with the sermon, but a little with some of these latter observations) to have added. But if I do not pause now, I cannot send this to-day. And the matters I had in my thoughts, will do just as well for another occasion.

On the whole, a very little matter indeed, and that too, in expression, rather than in any thing else, has occasioned a longer letter from me, than you have had for a long time. I fear it may be rather ill-connected, for I have been interrupted continually. But my object has been to give you, at once, not merely my objection, but the whole of my grounds for it; that you might have before you all that was in my thoughts. The truth is, I so much rejoice in our peculiar property, (given to us by him who gives all) of reducing every thing to principles of common sense,

(and yet not with injury to, but thorough confirmation of, every catholic verity) that I own myself jealous of every inch of our 'fair ground, and goodly heritage.' And will you wonder, that, where you are concerned, or where there can be a question respecting your plan of proceedings, involving, ever so slightly, a better, and a less good method, I should be on the alert to assist you in fixing your eye, on whatever shall deserve to be considered as the more excellent way.

Farewell, my dear Friend, and
believe me ever, cordially yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER LXXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, March 10. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MOST cordially thank you for your valuable observations; especially for your ample illustrations of mystical absurdity, and your very curious and satisfactory proof, that mysticism and calvinism, after 'many a long-long wandering', meet at last. As to the passages in my sermon, they certainly require modification: the expressions were not sufficiently guarded; and some of them were by no means literally tenable. Calvinism, low christianity, (which, though people do not suspect it, is, in fact, low calvinism,) and especially Dr. Paley, (see for example his second sermon,) were chiefly in my view. And I did not, at the time, sufficiently advert to the opposite errors of mysticism; which, you will readily believe, is, and was, most abhorrent, both from my thoughts and feelings. But this, you will admit, was somewhat natural: as the latter errors rarely meet me; while the former perpetually stare me in the face. I cannot but add, that, however low and mercenary christianity may revolt me, it has some reference to real existence; to what is actually in man's constitution; whilst mysticism is at open war, with all natural feeling, all substantial good, and all common sense: it is in the clouds.

Not a syllable in your letter has 'tired', or 'teazed', or 'startled' me; or 'appeared to jar with moral truth.' Most completely the reverse. I do soberly think, that self-love necessarily enters into the composition, of every thing great, and good, and admirable in man; that, in self-love, there never can be excess; that, without self-love, there can be no rational, or deep love of God; and that self-love is intrinsically more noble

and excellent, than benevolence itself. If this last be not the case, why should the best and wisest of all teachers, make self-love, the measure of love to our neighbor? The measure, surely, always gives the idea of something more perfect than the thing measured; the archetype, than the resemblance. We are to be perfect, as God is perfect; we are to love our neighbor, as ourselves; the perfection of God, is not more absolutely made the rule of our perfection, than the love of ourselves, is made the rule of our love to our neighbors: therefore, the love of ourselves, has both the priority, as to existence, and the supremacy, as to value, over the love of our neighbor.

Still, however, I must beg leave to doubt the propriety of your expressions, 'that we cannot be too selfish, if we are selfish in a right way'; that, 'to be infinitely selfish, is to be exquisitely pure and virtuous'; that there is 'a soul-exalting selfishness', &c. Observe, that I cannot discover in myself 'the shadow of the shade' of dissent, from your principle; that I most deeply concur in believing and feeling 'that we cannot desire that which is supremely beneficial, with any excess of intensity; nor regard it too much, as beneficial.' I am disposed to except against your expressions, in what appears to me a deficiency of philological, and, by easy inference, both of philosophical, and practical precision.

My notion is, that the words, selfish, and selfishness, should never be used in a good sense. I must endeavor to give my reasons. It is universally allowed, that the Saxon word ISH, [ɪȝc] when joined to an adjective, denotes diminution, a small degree, an incipient state of any quality: 'When to substantives', says Johnson, 'it imports similitude, or tendency to a character.' (Observe, not the very nature of that character, for I do believe it never denotes any thing higher than approximation. Hence, the obvious difference between brut*ish*, and brut*al;* slugg*ish* and slugg*ard* or slugg*ardly*, &c. &c.) But my chief observation, and which seems wholly to have escaped Johnson, is this, that all words, (patronymicks excepted, such as Irish, English, Spanish, &c.) into whose composition the ISH enters, invariably give us the idea of something mean, trifling, contemptible, unworthy, or hateful. I cannot find a single exception, (can you point one out?) whilst corroborative examples are most abundant. Childish-ness; foolish-ness; thievish-ness; mawkish-ness; garish-ness; clownish-ness; sluttish-ness; sluggish-ness; waspish-ness; peevish-ness; snappish-ness; bearish-ness; lavish-ness; sheepish-ness; boorish-ness; churlish-ness; &c. &c. &c. This universal usage can, I conceive, be accounted for, only by the irreversible meaning of the word or particle, ISH, limiting it to a bad sense. Whilst the other

terminative particles, al, ive, ful, ous, eous, ly, &c., are of common use, being of common meaning, e. g. we say hateful, and graceful; full signifying repletion and a repletion of good or bad, being equally possible; not so, with the termination ISH; which, according to my hypothesis, must mean something diminutive, contemptible, defective. Now, if there be any justice in all this, why should the words selfish, and sefishness, make any exception to the general rule? I wish I could ascertain from Skinner, Wallis, or Junius, the precise meaning of ISH. For a precise meaning, it surely must have.

Thus much is certain, that it is the general practice, in accordance, as I conceive, with strict philological propriety, to annex a bad meaning to the words selfish, and selfishness; and I should be loth to run counter to the current, from an almost certain conviction, that I should be overwhelmed by the prejudices, misapprehensions, and alarms, of by far the greater part of those, with whom I might have occasion to talk. To speak of a right selfishness, and a wrong selfishness, a noble selfishness, and a base selfishness, is, in my humble apprehension, to talk obscurely. I would say, that all self-love is right; all selfishness wrong: that all self-love is noble; all selfishness, base: and that selfishness is not more decidedly opposed to the love of God, and the love of our neighbor, than it is to the love of ourselves. My great caution and guardedness, on this point, would be, never to use either term, without letting it be clearly seen, what is my precise meaning. This, I conceive, would be to speak luminously, and without leaving any probable room for misapprehension. Let a person use the terms, self-love, and selfishness, promiscuously; and, though his own sentiments and conceptions be ever so just and clear, it is an hundred to one, that he will send away his auditor, with a perplexed, unsatisfied, and fluctuating mind. Let the same person, with precisely the same opinions, use the terms distinctively; and I can hardly question his giving complete satisfaction, to any hearer of candor, and of decent apprehension.

So far, then, as self-love is concerned, I cordially agree with you, 'that the evil of an imaginary love of God, on low and mercenary accounts, may be better corrected, by exposing the falseness of the object, than by condemning the nature of the feeling'. That is, I would, in no case soever, condemn the feeling of self-love; but expose the universal odiousness of selfishness, by exposing the uniform falseness of its object. But what need I seek for expressions to convey my thoughts, when you have yourself most exquisitely expressed them? 'I know well', you say, 'how poor self-love has been stigmatized and execrated; but, if she were fairly heard plead in arrest of judg-

ment, I think she would yet come off with triumph. It could be shown, that the evil did not arise from self being loved, but from the love of external things being misplaced; from too narrow and scanty matters being loved; so narrow and scanty, that he who solely possessed them, would be wretched. 'Æstuat infelix', &c. &c. It appears to me, that your very words might admirably serve for a definition of selfishness. It may be called, 'a misplaced love of external things, from which we expect to derive pleasure or advantage; an inordinate love of matters too scanty', &c. &c.

The objects of selfishness admit of competition, of jarring interests, of exhaustion, of decay. Those of self-love, to use your own ideas, are like 'the air or sunshine', &c. But I differ from you so far, that I conceive it most desirable, 'to abate the force, and contract the range of selfishness.' Whilst I again agree with you, 'that the supreme and intimate good, satisfies, not selfishness, but self-love, to the extent, and without a possibility of jarring interest; there being infinitely enough for all, through boundless eternity.'

The distinction between self-love and selfishness, which I have here, perhaps crudely and unsatisfactorily, endeavored to unfold, I certainly had in view, when I wrote my sermon; and this led me to use the words, 'refined selfishness',* fond complacency in favors', &c. &c. too unguardedly, I grant, but still, on my principles, not jarringly with my subsequent expressions; 'nothing less will satisfy us, than a participation,' &c. It never having been my intention to exclude self-love; and self-love necessarily seeking its own satisfaction. But, is not this mere talk about words? I humbly conceive, not; inasmuch as, when there is a right, and a wrong, it is of essential importance to have a definite term for each. I clearly perceive, that I was too abstract, too unqualified, too little illustrative. Still, I think I had some advantage, not in what I wrote, but in what, with a hint from you, I might have written, by having a distinct, and opposite meaning, for the terms in question. This, I am in great hopes, you will not dissent from. The distinction, once well laid down, may save many a troublesome periphrasis, and perplexing obscurity of words. And I am the more anxious to recommend it, because I soberly believe, that selfishness is the very antipode of self-love.

Poor ——! I entirely disapprove, I truly lament, but I do not greatly wonder at his wanderings. It is impossible, almost, to conjecture where they will end. I would far rather burn all

* On my principle, though all selfishness is wrong; it may admit the distinction of gross and refined, as we talk of gross and refined sensuality.

the sermons I ever wrote, than that, through the means of any one of them, I should, in any measure, sanction or promote, even so far as my poor influence could go, errors such as pervaded that sermon, which you did not mention to me before. God has been gracious and merciful to me, by placing in my way a religion of common sense; and by giving me a friend to watch over every tendency to aberration, from that good and plain path; a path too, abundantly strewed with flowers, as well as supplied with every suitable provision, and necessary accommodation.

A few words, as to the omission of any positive institution, in the New Testament, of special times for private prayer. Every syllable that you mention, about David, Daniel, St. Peter, the Apocalypse, incense, &c. &c., and Jewish habits of private devotion, was completely in my view, when I wrote the sermon. (This is to me a pleasant coincidence, and will not be displeasing to you.) Why, then, did I not mention them, in the sermon? Because I had not room within its limits; I therefore discarded my prepared thoughts, and some written notes too; and was compelled to substitute what I say, about stated hours of prayer having been 'uniformly resorted to, by all pious and spiritual members of the Jewish, and the christian church'; of which, I added, 'scripture examples were numerous and striking', &c. Now, when I wrote these words, what I had in my mind's eye, was precisely what you have thrown out in your letter.

As to want of authoritative appointment, I do not think, however, that your reason will do; inasmuch as it only throws back the crux, from the New Testament to the Old. Why were there no positive appointments of stated times, under the earlier dispensation? Why were good men left to establish precedents? Clearly, I conceive, for the reasons assigned by me. Authoritative appointments would have chilled the spirit of devotion; while elective imitation of good men, whose choice of hours, again, was guided by an association with all that was grand, affecting, and lovely, in the public service of God, infused a charm and a gracefulness into the private devotions, of both Jewish and christian churches, that at once excites my admiration, and wins my heart.

My chief employment, for the last eight days, has been a little poetical excursus. You told me, more than a year ago, that I had a narrow escape of being a poet; and little did I then imagine, that I should ever again have scribbled verses. But so it happened, that I was excited unawares; and, as my constitution seems to require recreation, sometimes for days together, I did not choose to tie on a bandage. I had been reading

Cowper's translation of the Epitaphium Damonis; and it appeared, in many instances, absolutely erroneous, and, in most, miserably defective; insomuch, that I believe Cowper could not have written even his first draught, con amore; and could never afterwards have retouched it, with his masterly hand. Almost insensibly, I was led to make an effort myself; and yesterday I found myself advanced more than twenty lines, not despicably executed; and, unless I am a gross miscalculator, in some respects preferable, either to Langhorne, or Cowper. When finished, I will send you a copy, if you think it worth your while to read idle verse. Towards the evening of yesterday, I was beginning to ask, 'Do you take sufficient care, my good sir, not to let your poetic jade run away with you, and fling you?' Happily, your letter relieved my doubts; for I have employed myself, ever since the receipt of it, in matters remote from the muses, and employed myself right pleasantly. The fact is, I have come recreated to my business. This, I hope, is no bad test. Was I wrong in accounting my small poetic interlude, a sort of providential remuneration, for having given up, (I am persuaded on just grounds,) my trip to town? I stated to you, chiefly, things prudential. Some other, and perhaps higher motives, concurred in fixing the relinquishment. Pray, have you ever looked into Benson on the Epistles? This man appears to me to have more heart, than any of his Arian brethren; and sometimes beautifully, as well as ingeniously, illustrates, both the manner, and the spirit of St. Paul. In particular, his comment on the Epistle to Philemon, is one of the neatest specimens of sacred criticism, and most cordial testimonies to St. Paul's great qualities both of head and heart, that I ever read. I wish you would borrow the book, and judge for yourself. I think you will be much gratified.

It occurred to me last night, that there might be a most useful essay written, on the characters and teaching of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John, and St. James. It should proceed, however, from a person, with views such as ours; and who would prepare himself fully with matter, both from the New Testament, and other sources. The natural temperament and character of each should be first deduced, from an induction of facts; and from such imitations, whether direct or indirect, as occur in their writings, as well as from the general complexion of their style. The correction, modification, and new direction, should be next illustrated, in the same manner. And, lastly, their mode of teaching, should be considered with reference, not only to their own peculiar habits of thinking and feeling, but, also, to the special occasions on which they wrote, and the specific exigences, which required a specific remedy.

There would be, in such a work, a noble opportunity of adverting to different species of workmen, or witnesses; to the foundation of grace, and the superstructure of holiness. And, at the same time, the prevailing tendency of insisting on some peculiar mode, might be directly, but powerfully counteracted. At present, it is notoriously evident, that one party as pertinaciously requires an imitation of St. James's manner, as another party does of St. Paul's. While few, or none, advert to the natural distinctions of character in the two Apostles, and to the emergencies which gave rise to their several epistolary writings.

Many less observable particulars, also, might be pointed out. For instance, the suitableness of the means used for St. Paul's conversion; a spirit so vehement and daring, could not, probably, have been subdued, by a milder process. Again, St. Paul and St. Peter, both, betray a little wrongness; which is recorded, probably amongst other reasons, to inculcate the salutary lesson, 'that we should not be high-minded, but fear': they go wrong in different ways, conformable to their different characters: the former being hurried into a momentary ebullition of passion; and the latter betrayed into a timid compromise: just as we might have expected, in the one case, from him who had been a violent persecutor; and in the other, from him who denied his Divine Master. Is it not a peculiar instance of fitness, that St. John, who was of an aspiring temper, and wished to attain the highest dignity in the Messiah's temporal kingdom, should be the advocate of christian perfection? And, again, that St. Peter, who had himself so deeply experienced the mischief of pride, and the efficacy of humble repentance, should be the person to exhort christians to be 'clothed with humility', because 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble?' Is it not a striking exemplification, too, of the transforming energy of divine grace, that the apostle chosen, or, at least, providentially excited, to inspire his brethren with fortitude under persecution, should be that very St. Peter, who, through fear of persecution, had denied Christ?

These thoughts have been thrown on paper rapidly, and almost at random; they may either be trite and obvious, or fanciful and visionary, for aught that I can tell. With some slight exception, I do not recollect having met with them elsewhere; but of this I am well assured, that your mind is stored with valuable ideas, which would far better illustrate the subject; and what I wish, is, that you would undertake an essay, or essays, such as I have been rudely and imperfectly sketching the outline of. It would be a most seasonable work; and I soberly think, that in few ways could the views we love be put forward, with better prospect of attracting the notice, and per-

haps conciliating the good will of the religious public. In pursuing such a plan, it would be easy to support our opinions, in a popular and uncontroversial style, from the example, the feelings, and the reasonings of the apostles: whilst the biographic form, would give an interest, and intelligibility, to all that might be said, which could not, perhaps, be so readily attained, in any other mode. If you would engage in this undertaking, you might reckon upon me as an under workman, in making any researches, or in any branch that you could employ me. But should you decline it, I myself would willingly endeavor to turn my thoughts and studies this way; provided you would furnish me with hints to be enlarged upon; and lead me to such sources of information, as I am not acquainted with. Some sources, not very commonly explored, I have within my reach, and would gladly resort to; others, I have already applied to, not without satisfaction; and above all, by communication with you, I got hold of a clue, which I have hitherto found a satisfactory guide through labyrinths, in which multitudes are bewildered. My first wish, however, would be, that you should write.

If you think the plan a wild, or unpromising one, do not hesitate to give your opinion freely; it is a child but of a day's growth; and has not yet so entwined itself about my affections, as to prevent my resigning it with perfect composure. Or if, thinking the work might be serviceable, you question the expediency of my engaging in it, be equally candid. My illnesses have, at least, this good effect; that they keep me, I trust, diffident of my powers; and ready to be dissuaded from any disproportionate undertaking, by those who know better than myself,

> . . . . quid ferre recusent,
> Quid valeant humeri.

At the same time, I honestly own a feeling, that some continuous work in prospect, would give a stimulus, and zest, and unity to my studies; and would, I think, aid me in the composition of sermons, by suggesting trains of thought, which might be worked up into discourses. If I had matter, (and that is, perhaps, not out of my reach,) and if my health should be spared, I see no reason, why I might not hope to clothe my ideas in language, at least equal to that of my visitation sermon.

When your eyes permit, I shall be most happy to hear from you; but do not think of writing, till you can do it with safety; I hope I have not now tired or injured you, and am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged
and affectionate Friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

March 1809.

* * * * * * *

I MUST now return, for a moment, to the subject of selfishness. Dr. Johnson defines it, 'attention to one's own interest, without any regard to others; self-love.' To the last word of this definition, of course, I greatly object. But this is not the only fault I have to find. For whilst I hold, that attention to ourselves, to the exclusion of others, enters deeply into the essence of selfishness, I am far from thinking that all such attention, even though amounting to the utmost pitch of exclusiveness, should be stigmatized as selfishness. For instance, if I am placed within reach of a plank, on a stormy sea, along with a fellow-sufferer, who has been washed overboard; and, if that plank can receive but one person; surely, here, to preserve myself, is but a fair exercise of self-love. I should rather describe selfishness, as 'an undue and excessive pursuit of earthly, and unspiritual objects, in which we hope to find advantage or enjoyment; and in pursuit of which, we are regardless of others.' This is my unblocked thought: it might, doubtless, receive a far better shape; but, when finished off, it might possibly answer the purpose.

The reason why I wish to have selfishness always considered as a wrong passion, is this; that numbers of good people, have stigmatized it, and do what we may, will stigmatize it, to the end of the chapter. But they rarely do it on right grounds; rarely without involving poor self-love in the censure and disgrace. Now, I can conceive no such effectual mode of cutting up their error by the roots, as at once admitting selfishness to be wrong; then, fully defining, illustrating, and describing, what it really is; and then, claiming those fair, and just honors for self-love, of which it has been long most iniquitously deprived. This seems to me to accord with truth. And as to expediency, can it be doubted, that to use the same term, sometimes in a good, sometimes in a bad sense, must inevitably leave occasion for eternal misconceptions, misrepresentations, nebulosities, and logomachies? Or, on the other hand, can it be questioned, that a steady use of definite terms, adequately exfoliated and expanded, must, in due time, produce, at least a great approximation and unity of sentiment?

Now, as to the point from whence all this discussion started;

I am disposed to think, that the pure love of God may be very satisfactorily, and perhaps most satisfactorily explained, without directly adverting to selfishness at all. The more we simplify, the less we implicate the foreign matter, the more thoroughly shall we be understood. When fair, and needful occasions arise, I would talk in my own way, of self-love, and selfishness; but I believe occasions should not be created; and far less should we go an inch out of our way, to create them.

And now I may venture to tell you, that even my poetical interlude, has had another little interlude inclosed within it. On Sunday night as I lay in bed, half awake, and half dreaming, a thought arose, that it would be right to show some little mark, at once of my respect and feeling, on the occasion of Miss ——'s marriage. And what should this mark be? A copy of Cowper's poems, with a little inscription on a blank leaf. To work my mind immediately went, even in its morphean state; and I produced a stanza; and the next morning I completed my inscription; and then I wrote to Archer, for a copy of Cowper; and last night I received the said copy; and just now I have finished my transcription; and you may read my lines on the next page.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF COWPER'S POEMS, PRESENTED, ON HER MARRIAGE, TO MARY, VISCOUNTESS BERNARD.

Lady, were Cowper's spirit here,
  That sainted spirit sure would breathe,
A fervent wish, a vow sincere,
  And twine them with thy bridal wreath.

He would not of thy goodness tell,
  For purest virtue courts the shade;
He would not on thy features dwell,
  For beauty's short-lived flower must fade.

No, lady; cease thy modest fears,
  More pleased his artless muse would feel,
To consecrate the filial tears,
  Which from thy trembling eyelids steal:

To cherish, on this joyful day,
  The glistening tribute of thy heart,
For years, of mild paternal sway,
  For cares, that made thee, what thou art!

Then would he pray, that white-robed truth,
And purest peace, and joy serene,
(Blest guardians of thy vernal youth,)
Might shield theo thro' life's various scene.

But Cowper lives in realms of light
Where kindred seraphs ceaseless sing;
Far other hands this wreath unite,
Far other hands this offering bring!

Yet, lady, wilt thou kindly deign
('Tis all the unpractised muse can give,)
Accept this rudely warbled strain,
And let it, bound with Cowper's, live?

These volumes too, I fondly ween,
May for their author's sake, be prized,
When thine own hearth shall match the scene,
By Weston's bard immortalized.

For sure, thou lov'st domestic joys,
And hours of intimate delight,
And days retired from vulgar noise,
And converse bland that cheats the night.

Such joys be THINE, be HIS! and still,
In h art united, as in hands,
Blessing and blest, may each fulfil,
The glorious task your place demands.

Lights of the world, may each dispense
New lustre through your ample sphere,
And, very late, be summoned hence,
To shine thro' heaven's eternal year.

P. S. Perhaps it may be fair to say, that, whatever is for the real good of a person, is to him the legitimate object of self-love: whatever is not really good for him, the object of selfishness.

——oo——

LETTER 71.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT say more than a word or two; but I know you will wish for a prompt acknowledgment of your last communication.

I believe I may say, unreservedly, that I subscribe to every word you have said; your philological remarks are conclusive.

In short, as usual, we are in unison. But I must, at the same time, fairly confess my ignorance, and acknowledge, that the indubitable force of *ish*, if it had ever been before me, was not present to my mind. 'Terminatio *ish*, adjectivis præcipue addita (et non raro substantivis) *diminutionem* innuit.' . . . Wallis.

How capital a grammarian, and how indifferent a divine!

I assure you, while I was writing about times of prayer, I was questioning whether I might not be uselessly employed; on the ground of your certainly knowing, all I could say on the subject.

But let me call your attention to one thing; I was not supporting the legitimacy of the term, selfishness. At least, I meant no such thing; I was certainly not aware of the clearly depreciating meaning, which the justest etymology stamps upon it. But neither did I desire, that it should be honorably mentioned. I observed, that I was not *describing* feelings, but *analyzing* them; and in pure ignorance, I used the term selfishness, not from regard to the term, but merely because it was explicit. Still, I think, true and strict as the etymology is, what you say in your concluding paragraph on the subject, is not more just, than important; that the 'pure love of God, may be very satisfactorily, and perhaps, most satisfactorily explained, without directly adverting to selfishness at all; and, that the more we simplify, the less we implicate with foreign matter, the more thoroughly shall we be understood.'

You will just advert to my sentiment, that to be reflectively selfish, is to be incapable of love. This, I conceive, is as accordant with all you say, as it can be; for, on your very clear principles, self-love is the just and fair sensation; but selfishness is that reflective movement, with which no extrinsic love is compatible; and indeed, by consequence, no comfort, no pleasure.

If any end was necessary to be answered by my remarks, it is answered most completely.

Your Epithalamium is very beautiful; so thinks Dr. M—— also, to whom I read it. I should be more surprised at the poetic vein beginning to flow fresh, after so long a stagnation, were I not accustomed to wonderful things. It has just struck seven*, and therefore I cannot explain: but you will make no bad conjecture at my meaning.

Hannah More's new book, Cœlebs, an odd sort of redivived religious courtship, is not exactly what it ought to be. I have it from the author; and am puzzled how to speak about it. It is

* The post hour. . . Ed.

as low as it well can be. The thing you might suppose from the high praise of ———.

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 72.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St. March 17*. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I long to hear some remarks from you, on the introduction to the Cath. Apol., which I sent by J. F.

Easter being now at hand, it is natural to think about it. Will you, therefore, turn to the 7th verse of the 5th chapter of 1st Corinthians, in your Greek Testament; and judge, whether there is not as express a recognition of the christian Pasch, there, as could be conveyed in language. Judge, also, whether our translation does any justice to, or even makes sound sense of the passage. There are various reasons, from internal evidence, to conclude, that the Apostle wrote in, or about, the paschal season. He takes occasion, therefore, from the exactness of the Jews in ceremonial matters, to urge upon the Corinthians a like attention to moral expurgation. And, as an apposite motive, he says, *Και γαρ το πασχα ἡμων ὑπερ ἡμων εθυθη Χριστος, ὡστε ἑορταζωμεν*, &c. What is this, but 'For our Passover, also, was sacrificed for us, even Christ; therefore let us keep the feast?' That is, let us be as spiritually diligent, as they are, ceremonially: for we have our Passover, as really as they. As to the construction, compare St. John iv. 45., last words of the verse.

I must say no more, but that I am ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 73.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, April 24. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I sent you *meo periculo*, by J. F., the four published volumes

* Mr. Knox's birth-day... Ed.

of Edwards's works. You say nothing of them, but I cannot doubt your liking to have them; and, if you were of somewhat another mind, I could soon reason you out of it: Jonathan Edwards being really one of the grandest of our allies. He doubtless pushes his voyages of discovery, up into the antarctic ice of metaphysic; but his own heart had a warmth, that no intellectual climate could chill; and therefore, he not only lives, but glows, where any weaker moral vitality would have been frost-bitten.

What for the present I wish to point your attention to, are those parts, which seem eminently fitted to meet existing errors. For instance, vol. iii. 296, 7, 8. 497. . . 502. 541, 2, 3, 4, 5. 549, 50, 1, 2. I also think the following 'Reflection (iv.)' is worth reading; as giving Jonathan Edwards's ideas of Calvinism. Had he been better read in ecclesiastical antiquity, he would have adopted another appellation; his plan being really, not calvinism, but augustinism; and his leading principle, (p. 550) 'that the grace, or virtue, of truly good men, not only differs from the virtue of others, in degree, but even in nature and kind'; being, not even augustinism, but the sentiment of Basil and Macarius, and, I am sure I might say, of all the catholic fathers, as really, as of Augustin. Probably he would have refused to admit, what I conceive those referred to, hold; that the lower goodness predisposed, or might at least predispose, for the higher. But, as for the thing itself, it seems to be no more than St. Paul's distinction, of the righteousness of the law, and the righteousness of faith.

But, in the parts of the volume I am bidding you turn over, will you not find something also, tending to show, that the sublimest truths, need to be cautiously, . . circumferentially guarded? Look, for instance, at what Brainard says, in the 501st page, and at what Edwards himself says, in the 1st paragraph of the 3d section of the Reflections, (p. 539.) and judge, whether there is not a verging towards mysticism? Brainard slightly; but Edwards, I conceive, more decidedly. In fact, Brainard learned it from Edwards; being, at the same time, peculiarly predisposed to it, both by the virtues, and the defects of his mind.

You will observe, I am not censuring these sentiments, in the connection in which I now find them: because I think it morally impossible, that thorough-bred calvinists, could have become the adequate correctors of their native errors, without passing into this species of extreme. But still, especially as Edwards expresses it, an extreme I must hold it to be; and an extreme terminating (as shown in the parallelism between Law and Walker) in an error of the very sort, which Edwards is anxious to extirpate. 'His joy', says he p. 539. 'was joy in God, and

not in himself; not so much the consideration of the sure grounds he had, to think that his state was good, but the sweet meditations, and entertaining views, he had of divine things, without himself.' Now, in Brainard and Edwards (and in Richard Baxter, who, in his account of his own later feelings, talks in the same way) this might be, and was, perfectly safe. But let the truth of this principle be generally admitted, and what room may it leave for minds of an equally subtile, but less delicately moral cast, to let the ground of their hearts run wild, while they themselves were occupied in transcendental contemplations? I humbly hope, both you and I possess an advantage above Edwards, Brainard, Leighton, and many others; namely, that we have no original incongruities. This is the point. He that has been the captive of any one error, during the former part of life, can hardly avoid making alliance with some opposite error, when the dangers, attendant on his first unmixed theory, present themselves to his view. Yet this, no doubt, has its use, beyond the individual; it appears to be necessary for the more extended expelling of the error. The fact of Brainard and Edwards running, from the abuses of their own system, into almost an opposite abuse, being evidently more impressive, than all our temperament of truth. I believe I have a peculiar jealousy of every thing, that can, in any respect, imply sickliness of mind. I feel so deeply, that revealed religion is adapted to the full organ of our inner man, that I dread the idea of a single stop being out of order. And I believe, that, if there be a mind on this earth, which rivals mine in this feeling, it is your own; for which reason, when any occasion suggests such thoughts, as I have been now expressing, they naturally, and almost necessarily, take vent to you.

Did I desire you to read Chrysostom's exposition of the 9th verse of the 10th chap. of St. John? What he says on going in and out, is very remarkable.

You know from ——, that I got your little poem printed. Shall I send you some copies? I do not think it would have been quite the thing for yourself to have done; but when a friend did it ex mero motu, you might give a copy to one that might wish to have it, and state the simple fact.

Mrs. Forster (James F.'s mother,) got a copy from me to send to ——. The reply was, 'I thank you 1000 times for the pretty lines on ——. I am sure she is a sweet creature; and I trust the good advice and wishes, contained in the few last lines, will be granted.

* * * * * * *

Ever yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER 74.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 29. 1809.

My dear Friend,

You shall have a line or two from me this afternoon, Deo placente, be the same more or less.

I was gratified at your so fully agreeing with me, respecting those passages in Edwards. But the most important work of that extraordinary man, has not yet come forward in this edition. I mean, his History of Redemption. I consider that work to be one of the most valuable, that have come from an uninspired human pen. Though I really think, that, in such works, there is a secondary inspiration: such as the later Jews used to call, *Bath col.* 'The daughter of a voice', I think, they translate it.

Two reformations were necessary: one in the individual view, in opposition to unphilosophical dogmatism; the other, in the collective view, in opposition to sectarianism. The book on the affections, wonderfully provides for the one; that on redemption, as wonderfully makes way, and furnishes means, for the other. I own it amazes me, to find a calvinistic champion, famous in the congregation, and one of renown, so affording materials for demolishing the system, of which he himself seemed to make a part, and by the individuals of which, he is virtually canonized.

A propos to canonized. This day I was at a book-auction of a deceased priest; and there was such a phalanx of sacrifical bidders, as, in one or two instances, to distance poor me. For instance, I wished to have 'Nicole sur l'Unité de l'Eglise', a duodecimo volume; and it went off against me, at ten shillings. In truth, there was a great zeal amongst them to catch what they liked. But, when a large paper Elzevir Colloquia Erasmi, came forward, I got it at a third of its value; not one of them having a word to say on that subject. This was very knowing, and very proper, provided they were not afraid of one another; but the silence, in the midst of such eagerness, was amusing.

Mercier remarked to me on their zeal to purchase; and so did Jones; therefore, it is no fancy of mine. But it is a great confirmation of my fancies; for, if they will read, they will think; and if they think, in this reformed land, light will come

in upon them, in spite of themselves. I grow in all my notions, . .

Parva metu primo, vires acquirit eundo.

Who can doubt, that a reading and thinking R. C. clergy, will, at length, come to 'the unity'* ; of which, I humbly conceive, we are the first fruits.

It is wonderful what provision is made for disabusing them, as soon as they shall be capable of thinking, I was led to examine St. Cyprian, a few days ago, on the points between us, and the Church of Rome ; and what I found there, exceeds my expectation. I have always thought, there were just two points of real difficulty : the supremacy of the pope, and transubstantiation. On both, St. Cyprian gives deep satisfaction. Respecting the first, read Epist. lxviii., in Fell's edition. Mark, particularly, in the 2d paragraph, 'Iccirco enim, &c.' ; and observe, also, that remarkable expression, in the last paragraph, 'Etsi pastores multi, unum tamen gregem pascismus ,&c.' ; and above all, lower down, speaking of the heretical Gallic Bishop Marcianus, 'Nec sic agat, quasi ipse indicaverit de collegio sacerdotum, quando ipse sit ab universis sacerdotibus judicatus.' I cannot but deem this last, a brain-blow ; if a second is necessary, we have it in the end of the lxxii. letter (to *Brother* Stephen, also). 'Qua in re, nec nos vim iniquam facimus, aut legem damus, cum habeat in ecclesiæ administratione voluntatis suæ arbitrium liberum unusquisque præpositus, rationem actus sui domino redditurus.'

As to the other point, I only say, read carefully the lxiii. Epist. to Cecilia ; and weigh, especially, the 4th and 5th paragraphs.

If things be practicable, I shall like the English expedition much,† and in the mean time, am

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LXXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 31. 1809.

My dear Friend,

Two or three lines, to thank you for your letter, and for thinking

* Ephes. iv. 13. . . Ed.

† A long-contemplated joint visit to England, (see Letter LXXXV.) which took place this year. . . Ed.

about me, at the book auction. I should be glad to have any decent copy of St. Basil secured. To get the best editions of the fathers, is, I fear, hopeless.* Are there any other books that I should have, in the collection of the deceased priest? If so, I would thank you to tell Jones to secure them for me. I see, from the papers, that Mrs. Colbert is to publish, to-morrow, a priced catalogue. Could you get it, and send it me by post; and indeed if, on looking it over, there appears any thing in my way, would you have the goodness to order it?

I shall go to the Library, for the purpose of reading the passages of St. Cyprian that you quote. Meanwhile, I cordially agree, that Cyprian, and men like Cyprian, have been canonized to good purpose; for I have not the shadow of doubt, that they will yet, by their writings, serve to catholicize the romanists, when they come to think; after having had sufficient training in the way of study. Unquestionably this is, with them, the age of reading. It is astonishing, how much they publish, and re-publish. The day before yesterday, I bought, in Clonmel, 'Hawarden's Church of Christ'; first printed in London, 1714. Now reprinted, Dubl. by Coyne, 3 vols. 8vo., with 158 ecclesiastical, and 128 lay subscribers, nine of whom have subscribed, for 210 copies; so that here are 486 copies of this work, disposed of by subscription, besides all that may be sold to non-subscribers. For my own part, I am pleased to see works printed and read in Ireland, though against protestantism; or even what I love far better than protestantism, the Catholic Church of England.

Hawarden is well read in the protestant divines; and in his third volume, is a treatise against Dr. Clarke and the Arians. Probably you have the work already; if not, I conceive you should send for it forthwith.

I have this morning been reading the preface to the tract on the Invocation of Saints, in the second volume; and was much struck by what is said § viii. Does not this give a glimpse of the manner, in which they will ultimately come to the unity? In the tract itself, p. 311, § v. 'Jure matris impera filio', was as hyperbolical, as that the blessed Virgin is 'the mother of the whole Trinity.' And if such expressions as these, had ever been approved by the whole church, and used dogmatically (neither of which is true,) *the reformation would have been commendable.* § vi. 'But we say ten Ave Marias for one Paternoster. Is this required by the terms of our communion? If not, you may say ten, or if you please, ten thousand Paternosters, either

* A few years after, the Bishop, when rector of Abington, made nearly a complete collection of the Benedictine editions, which he lived to perfect... Ed.

for one Ave Maria, or for none at all. And, if ever the controversies, between the two churches, be reduced to this, all good men will easily join, in a common petition to their pastors, that there may be no hyperboles, in any church office.'

I soberly think a trip to England, or at least an excursion somewhere, greatly expedient for me. My mind is sodden, by a full twelve month's absence of any thing that can be fairly called society; save and except a few days with ——. But things may not be practicable; therefore I shall, I trust, make up my mind, if not cheerfully, at least with full acquiescence, to disappointment; and rest assured, that even present inconvenience will work for my permanent advantage. This has been the case hitherto; and I humbly hope, will be so to the end.

Yours ever,

J. J.

——oo——

LETTER 75.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 3. 1809.

My dear Friend,

My present letter must be brief indeed, as I am on the wing returning to B—— with my friends, who go in an hour.

As to England, if you clearly make up your own mind to it, I am at your service. It is quite in my power; and, though I have no wish, abstractedly, to move, (though I dare say, I, too, am not out of the need of it,) yet I could not really form to myself an idea of doing any thing more pleasant, than taking such a jaunt with you.

I have a very decent Basil for you; and I shall beg your acceptance of my Fleury; having got a complete set at this late auction. I think you will easily get the supplementary volumes, from the same Frenchman; Dulau, I think, his name is.

I send you a curious pamphlet, which I got a day or two ago from London.

But I have to add, what I had almost forgot, that I am struck, within this day or two, with a motive for not going to Cashel, as soon as I had intended. It is this; the Methodist conference takes place, the first week in July. Ought I to be out of town, at that time? I soberly think, I am gaining deeply on some leading Methodist preachers. One, here in Dublin, is a perfect admirer of our views; so, I may say, is another; if this

could be made to grow, what might not follow! I own this impresses me; and makes me fear I should leave a providential opportunity behind me; if I should go, till that is over. At all events, let me have your thoughts. Thanks for all communications. I could talk of myself, but must say only, that I am, ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LXXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 5. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I am deeply gratified, at the prospect of our taking together, our long-projected jaunt to England; which, you may recollect, was in agitation precisely ten years ago. After close calculation, I believe I may venture on it, without any thing that properly deserves the name of imprudence; and, where health, and especially the mens sana, is at all in question, I conceive that a little additional expense is not to be started from. This morning, therefore, I have 'clearly made up my own mind'; and having done so, I stated my purpose to the Archbishop, and asked his permission, and received his most ready consent. Along with this affair, I coupled your notice for delay; which I think you will not disapprove of. The fact is, the Archbishop had mentioned, two or three days ago, his having some thoughts of giving Ballispellanwater a trial; but the time, he said, must depend on your plans, for the summer campaign; also, he told me, that he must, very shortly, pass a couple of days at Sir W. Barker's. This led me to ask his Grace, whether your coming this week, or somewhat later, might be most convenient; and he was disposed to think the latter. I then produced your letters, and read about the conference; and he decidedly agrees with me, in thinking your presence may be of importance. Then, I suggested the notion of our going to England, immediately after conference, and returning by way of Waterford; so as that your visit might be paid, after his Grace's return from B. Spellan; an arrangement, with which he seemed perfectly satisfied, as most desirable and convenient for all parties: giving *us* the finest part of the year in England, and leaving *him* the prospect of uninterruptedly enjoying you at Cashel, towards the close of summer. I conclude, therefore, that you will postpone your journey hither. The Archbishop will go next week to Sir

W. B.'s; the week after, on the 22d instant, will be the visitation; and should nothing intervene, on Monday the 25th, if you do not forbid me, I meet you in Dublin; and we can settle matters for sailing, immediately after conference. This is a dull, heavy, prosing statement, full of 'said he's,' and 'said I's'; for which a confused aching head must be my excuse. It will abundantly answer my purpose, however, if it conveys my meaning; but especially, if you do not disapprove of the manner, in which I have arranged matters with the Archbishop.

I have but a moment to thank you, for your most kind and invaluable gift of Henry, as well as for securing me Basil.

Yours ever,

J. J.

——oo——

LETTER 76.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

June 13. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I must be very brief; but I do not wish to let an opportunity pass, of giving you all the fixedness of feeling I can, relative to our movements. I like all you say, except the return by Waterford. That, I own, I revolt from; but shall be ready to hear your answers to my objections. One, however, may not be possible to answer; I feel myself bound, by your going, to give Miss Fergusson the gratification of being of the party. I need not tell you, that it will make it much more pleasant to us; and, to her, it will be, please Providence, one of the highest recreations a human creature could enjoy. Hers is just the mind, for drinking in such a pleasure; now I need say nothing more, to explain the difficulty. It will be plain I must reconduct Miss F. home, before I can go any where. I should not be sorry, I own, to see her at Cashel, but that would not become me to intimate; and, in fact, I never wish to be promovent in any thing. The 26th, I purpose being in Dublin.

It is curious, how active the R. C.'s are in publishing. It seems as if they wanted to bring forward all their force; in order to that force being brought to a final trial. There are interesting, and important things in Hawarden. He was far from illiberal, considering his belief. What a noble saying that is, at the end of the first paragraph, Vol. I. Preface, page xi.

But oh! how much is to be settled on all sides! among protestants, no less than among R. C.'s! I own to you, I seem to

myself to be continually rising on that fair hill, which Providence has set me upon, and given me the ambition to scale. And I almost think, that, as I rise, the horizon grows wider, and, in some degree, more luminous.

I must say not one word more; as Mrs. B., who carries this to town, has summoned me.

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER LXXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 16. 1809.

My dear Friend,

This night, I received your short, but most pleasant and acceptable letter. I rejoice in the acquisition to our party. Our pleasure will be greatly heightened; and not least, I trust, by being witnesses, and to the best of our power, promoters of Miss Fergusson's enjoyment, in, I believe, her first visit to England. As to Waterford, it is very far from essential to the scheme, on any ground that I know of; that, and all other matters of detail, we can settle when we meet. All I wish to be laid down, is, that we return to Cashel together; and I hope that the whole party will be united, in the finale of the jaunt. If there be no providential impediment, I hope to leave this on Tuesday, the 27th instant.

I have had a kindly letter from worthy Mr. Kerr, of the Methodist book-room. Take care that your kindness has not made you relinquish in my favor, what you ought to retain for yourself. You may guess that I gladly sent a request, that the invaluable 'Christian Library', might be reserved for me. But remember, if you wish it, that you are the rightful owner. I procured from London, 32 vols. of Wesley's works; and also 7, of psalms, hymns, and sacred poems. The Christian Library, to my no small disappointment, had been sold, before I wrote to Lackington.

Farewell, my dearest Friend,

J. J.

LETTER 77.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 20. 1809.

My dear Friend,

Your letter, which had lain a day or two in Dublin, reached me here last night. While I was reading it, I had pleasure in thinking, that, before that time, you had mine in your hands.

* * * * * *

I presume you will, about this time, be in possession of the Edinburgh Review. What a set of rough riders they are! And yet how much substantial truth do they throw out. I laughed over the critique on Mr. John Stiles, as much as I have done in reading any thing. The attack on Cœlebs is coarse and indiscriminative; bespeaks gross ignorance of facts, and unkindly feelings to all religious strictness, however wisely adopted, or philosophically justifiable. Still, there is truth spoken. They do catch the secret of Methodism, in every page of the work; and the antipathy which is thereby called forth, is not wholly and solely, enmity against goodness, let the aggrieved parties think as they may. The ground of the dislike is fully laid open, in the philippic against Mr. John Stiles; and who, that can judge, will say, that the vulnerable parts are not adroitly hit; or that the inductions are not, in several deeply important instances, as irresistible, as they are revolting.

Yours ever,

A. K.

P. S. Will you have the goodness to look for, and bring with you, my letter to you, containing the outline of the New Testament hierarchical establishment; the Ephesian business, you know: I succeeded pretty well in putting down my thoughts compendiously; and I wish to copy, what I then wrote.

——oo——

LETTER 78.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 21. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I write a single line to say, that you ought to put up, when you are coming off, as many sermons as you can conveniently

stow; that is, about half a dozen: not that you would have a call for such a number; but that you might have choice, if you should any where be called upon.

Mark that curious commencement of the article on Morehead's discourses. I am not disposed to give the Edinburgh Reviewers, a bit more credit than they deserve; but still, when they speak truth, they deserve to be listened to; and when they accord with us, we have some reason to wonder, as well as be gratified. In the paragraphs I refer to, however, there are awful, as well as important truths. And the remedy for the evil, which they point out, is astonishingly hit off; though they are far, from either understanding, or loving, the substance of that system, which they endeavor to bring into notice. Of this, their mode of talking, generally, would be a sufficient proof; but they directly evince it, by suppressing some of Burnet's strong expressions. And an additional evidence arises, from their critique of Taylor's Plato. Their views of the later platonists, are, I dare say, not wholly unjust; but their representation of Plato himself, is clearly erroneous. He does put forth positive principles; and does put them into the mouth of Socrates. For instance, in the Phædo.

Yours ever,
Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER LXXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, June 23. 1809.

My dear Friend,

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

As to the success of certain ways of thinking, no one can feel, more thoroughly than I do, that it must be altogether *ουρανοθεν*. Providence, it is true, may, and doubtless will, raise instruments to promote what is true and good. But what mortal can presume to decide, upon what is the chosen instrumentality? Here, the utmost in our power, is, to speculate with modesty, on present probable co-agency: and to do so, not only with great sobriety, but no more than is necessary for our own immediate guidance, I feel to be, if not an absolute duty, at least the more prudent, safe, and comfortable course. Man, or men, can in truth do nothing; nothing of themselves. But it is the grand consolation, that, whatever of important truth has, hitherto, been appre-

hended, will never be suffered to perish. Attributing, as from my heart you know I do, great wisdom and rightness to certain favorite principles, I have the firmest conviction, that, if you, and all who in any measure think and feel with you, were to be this moment swept from the face of the earth; the same principles, the same sentiments, the same feelings, would, at the properest time, be committed, by Him who best knows how to promote his own cause, to the most suitable instruments and agents; by them to be improved, matured, systematized, promulgated, and finally made triumphant over the face of the whole earth. With this *συντελεια των αιωνων* in view, how can we be, with any justice, uneasy, about the intermediate process? What though 'shadows, clouds, and darkness,' were, in a great measure, to obscure the intervening space; it is surely, a great thing, to behold the sun-gilt eminence, in our horizon, distinctly marked, and exhibiting, at once, the boldest, and the loveliest features: and, it is still greater, humbly to trust, that we are, individually, in progress towards that holy mountain, where none shall hurt nor destroy. If, indeed, we may hope, that we are to be employed, in any degree, in promoting the great consummation, it is surely cause of unspeakable thankfulness and joy. But even if we should clearly be set aside, there would be no just ground to repine, or even strongly to regret; for our own individual rightness being secured, (which, after all, is *our* great business, the rest flowing out of this,) it surely matters little, whether the great scheme be materially advanced, now, or fifty, or a hundred years hence. THE END WILL SET ALL RIGHT.

I know not whether all I have said, may be clearly intelligible: but, so far as I can understand myself, it is not only my deliberate judgment, but my settled practical feeling. Doubtless, from bodily, or mental malady, this train of thought and sentiment is frequently diverted; but, on the calmest reflection, I am happy to think, that, whenever I am myself, it returns; and I seem even to perceive, that it returns with considerable addition of strength, flowing from the temporary diversion; as when a deviating branch returns to its parent river, recruited by fresh streams. Discipline, is the nurse, if not the mother of wisdom.

Yours entirely,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I have just received your short letter; and shall attend to your direction about sermons. I have not seen a No. of the Edin. Rev. since the 25th, and am, therefore, at least two Nos. in arrear; but it is curious, that, even from former Nos., H. W. and I have been disposed to view them as allies; irregular skirmishers, to be sure, and with an odd war-whoop of their own,

but still allies. One strong example is, what they said, some Nos. since, about missions. It is a pleasant thing, for the congruities to be brought out, between good sense without religion, and good sense with religon; inasmuch as this may give us a purchase, by which we may gain over people, from irreligion, to religion. This observation, I made this evening to the Archbishop, before receiving your last. He instantly accorded. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is a δος που στω:'—was not this well?

——oo——

LETTER 79.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Dec. 6. 1809.

My dear Friend,

I am looking particularly at L——'s Bampton Lectures; in the notes to which, there is a great deal of interesting matter. The point is clearly made out, that Cranmer had the Lutheran confession of faith in his view; and adhered to it, whenever moderation did not require that it should be dropped for a time. But L—— does not enough see, that our reformers were not founders of a church. He does not enough see, that, in recognizing the right of the church to decide in controversies of faith, there was an allegiance to the church catholic, acknowledged by our church; which reduces all that was done about articles and homilies, to such a municipal rank, as to make it, of necessity, but subordinately and conditionally obligatory, even on subscribers. In such a subscription, the rights of the church catholic were self-evidently saved, by the simultaneous acknowledgment of those rights: it being, not the church of England merely, but, *à fortiori* at least, the church universal, which ought to be listened to. If, therefore, the church of England, has unwittingly attested any thing, contrary to the voice of the church catholic, she has placed herself under correction, by the paramount principle which she has acknowledged; and all her specific propositions are, of course, to be limited, by her primary concession.

Yours unalterably,

Alex. Knox.

P. S. How near was I forgetting, what I ought not to forget. You are to know, that an early day is a great object, at the Asylum, for the charity sermons; accordingly, with difficulty, the third Sunday in February has been taken possession of. I do

not know how this will suit you; but I venture to say, that the day cannot be well altered. I therefore tell you in time; that you may think, and act accordingly.

——oo——

LETTER LXXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Dec. 6. 1809.

My dear Friend,

You may naturally begin to wonder at me; and, in truth, I wonder at myself. I have not, however, been so negligent as I must appear; for I have now on my table, a letter written to you, dated the 22d November; which, by some oversight, I neglected sending to the post that day, and afterwards intended to replace, by something fuller. Since my return, a smart cold has kept me pretty closely confined to the house. Some time was necessarily given to unpacking, more to arranging, and most of all, to looking over my books, so as to form an acquaintance with them. They have all arrived in high preservation. The expences of them, from London, somewhat exceeded 10*l*. I took one liberty, which I know not whether you will think justifiable; namely, with very slight alterations, I preached your Whitsunday sermon, which improved on me, as I became better acquainted with it. What I chiefly admire is, that it familiarizes a subject, which is too seldom familiarly treated; and gives definite and rationally intelligible views, instead of vague and rapturous declamation. Last Sunday, I preached a sermon, which I wrote in the preceding week: if it be not one of my best, (and I think it is not,) neither is it, by any means, one of my worst. There is some flow in it; and to have done any thing, is rather encouraging.

You will be pleased to hear, that I rather enjoy my nest; that the bird's wings do not begin to flutter for another flight. Naturam expellas furca tamen usque, &c.; before I was sixteen, I scribbled verses in praise of solitude; and, even then, occasional seclusion was my best medicine, when any thing wrong within, ruffled my mind, or depressed my spirits. It is, therefore, not wonderful, that, after having been near five months in uninterrupted society, retirement should be felt to have some charms, and, I trust, some advantages. I have been taking a full, and certainly not a morbid retrospect of my deportment, during our never-to-be forgotten journey; and I must take shame to myself, for having too often indulged a cavilling, disputatious

spirit, when it should much rather have been my delight to listen and improve, and thankfully avail myself of the uncommon advantages with which I was blest. This, I say soberly, deliberately, and after making every fair allowance for the state of my health. You well know, that 'bad nerves, bad health, and naturally bad spirits,' were insufficient to disturb the sweet benignity of Benson. And I, too, though far from the 'templa serena', which this good man had happily reached, might have borne up better, if I had more diligently sought the best aid, and improved the means of self-discipline, that were within my power. I am now most conscious, that, in almost every instance, where we differed in opinion, I was wrong; particularly, on different occasions at Mr. Stocks*; at B——, when we talked of Cowper's imitation of Horace; and in the conversation about Hannah More, the last day I dined with you. Your patience and forbearance, now surprise me; and I have recalled to my mind many instances, in which you took the kindest pains to save me from little uneasinesses, though I am sure many more such instances, will never be known to me, at least in this life. If I were sure that what has passed, may not have lowered me, both in your esteem and affection, I should not greatly regret it. The tendency and temper were manifestly in me; and was it not, on the whole, desirable, that they should show themselves? It is hard to combat with a hidden foe; and an unsuspected ambuscade, is next to inevitable. I now know the quarter on which I am exposed, as well as the enemy I have to guard against. I shall, however, make no professions; for professions are dangerous things. Let me simply add, that, even if truth had been on my side, I too often expressed myself in a manner, not to say in terms, that truth itself could by no means justify. François de Sales has furnished me with two maxims, which I wish never to forget, and which I have placed like a motto, fully intelligible only to myself, in the very front of my scrap book.†

'Il faut mieux taire une vérité, que de la dire de mauvaise grace:
Le silence judicieux, est toujours meilleur, qu'une vérité non charitable.'

As I was finishing the last sentence, your most welcome letter was brought in to me; the subscription of it, 'yours unalterably,' was peculiarly consoling to me, amidst fears, which I could not help entertaining, that I had given but too much cause

* Thomas Stock, Esq., of Bristol; whose friendship Bishop Jebb ever esteemed, as among the most valued blessings of his life. In justice to the Bishop's memory, the editor cannot omit this name, and must only throw himself on his excellent friend's indulgence for thus inserting it.

† The Bishop's scrap books of which he left several, were all formed in the spirit of this motto. . . Ed.

for alteration. I shall now be more disposed to hope, that all may yet be well. By the way, tell my kind friend Miss Fergusson, with my best regards, that I feel it an act of justice, not more to the memory of François de Sales, than to my own poor judgment, to retract, as I now do most fully, whatever of a depreciating nature I may have said, of that bien-heureux. He was not only one of the best, but most judicious of human beings; and I rejoice in having so much of his remains. I wish you, very particularly, to look at Saint Augustin de doctrina Christiana; Lib. iv. cap. 20.; and to begin with the words, 'in illis autem apostolicis verbis, dictio temperata est, &c.'; and to end 'hæc inde non transtulit.' There is something, in all this, wonderfully accordant with our views of Hebrew poetry. If you think with me, and would like something of the same stamp, I will transcribe, in my next, some very remarkable passages of Erasmus.

I had been anxious to hear about your health. I rejoice in having an account, on the whole, so favorable. The weather has been, indeed, trying. I have had my own share of indisposition; and I trust a change will do us both good. I believe we should both do well to walk, but you have more inducements.

Farewell, and believe me ever,

Your most cordially attached,

John Jebb.

P. S. I happened on a little sentence or two, in Clemens Alexandrinus, that pleased me mightily. *Αγαθος μεν ὁ Θεος δι' εάυτον, δικαιος δε ηδε δι' ἡμας, και τετο ὁτι αγαθος.* And again, *πριν γαρ κτισιν γενεσθαι, Θεος ην, αγαθος ην· και δια τετο, και δημιυργος, και πατηρ ηθελησεν.* Tom. i. ix. p. 150.

I make a little use of my books. St. Augustin will have his share of my attention and regard. What think you of what follows? I take it from my scrap book. 'Festinemus itaque ad illud bonum, quod neque locis grassatur, nec tempore volvitur; et unde speciem formamque accipiunt omnes locales, temporalesque naturæ. Ad quod videndum, mundemus cor, per fidem domini nostri, Jesu Christi; qui ait, Beati mundi corde, quoniam ipsi videbunt Deum. Non autem eos oculos ad illud bonum cernendum præparari oportet, quibus cernitur lux ista diffusa per locos, et non ubique integra. Sed aliam partem hic habens, alibi aliam verùm illum aspectum aciemque purgemus, quo cernitur, quantum in hâc vitâ licet, quid sit justum, quid pium, quid sit sapientiæ pulchritudo . . quæ, quisquis cernit, præponit longè omnium localium spaciorum plenitudini; et sentit, ut ista cernat non per locorum spacia diffundi aciem mentis

suæ, sed incorporâe potentiâ stabiliri.'—Lib. Cont. Epistol. Manich. chap. xli.

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LETTER 80.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Dec. 9. 1809.

My dear Friend,

Though I can say but little by this post, I must say something. Words cannot express, how much I have your well-being at heart: therefore, I rejoice with all my soul, in every sentiment of yours, whether fully warranted by past facts, or not, which implies energy in the mental 'vis medicatrix naturæ'. You more than do justice to my movements toward you; and you are, at least, not a bit indulgent to yourself. But severity to one's self, is a good side to err upon: I must, therefore, say, I never did receive a letter from you, which gave me such deep comfort and satisfaction.

Your being able to write a sermon for last Sunday, and the account you gave of it, are highly gratifying to me.

As a subject [for the Asylum sermon] I have thoughts of 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'* The first words teach us, how we should feel, towards sinners through ignorance, . . misguidedness, . . unhappy combination of circumstances. The latter words show, how such objects of commiseration are to feel, when once favored with sufficient light, and bettered circumstances. How you could expand these topics, I cannot pronounce. I would say, that this voice of our Savior was in wonderful unison, with his own scheme of providence; in which he beareth with the wicked daily: a fact which is astonishing, considering how much is daily done to provoke God. But why does he thus forbear? Evidently, because 'he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever.' He looketh over all the earth; and he sees, that the majority of sinners, allowing full atrocity to be in their sins, are really objects of compassion; because, in the majority, there is ignorance, misguidedness, and, very often, infelicity of circumstances. This, the more the case is impartially looked into, will be found to be the truth. But is it

* See 'Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical'; Sermon X.: the most highly wrought of all the Bishop's discourses. The editor possesses the original draughts of the exordium; which was transcribed, if his recollection serves, at least thirty times, before his friend felt satisfied with the effect; it being his object to make this discourse a model for himself, and a specimen of the capabilities of the English language, for rhythmical composition. . . Ed.

not a dangerous truth? No: for it is thus limited. He that, from knowing it, can apply it to his own ill-founded comfort, has no right whatever to make the application. That ignorance, which constitutes the apology, ceases, the moment that light enough, to reason upon the case, has entered the mind. This, then, is the beauty of our Savior's gracious language, that, while it teaches us to make the most extensive allowance for others, it gives us no warrant to make flattering inferences for ourselves. He knew all that moved within the bosom; therefore, *he* could safely acquit: we do not know what moves within the bosom; therefore, *we* cannot safely condemn. Probably, we are ignorant of other men's minds, that we may not be severe upon them. Certainly, we know ourselves, in order that we may exercise, on ourselves, salutary severity.

But it was not mere suavity of nature, that made our Lord speak. He did not condemn, because he came to save. He hated the sin, but he loved the sinner; and therefore, all he said and did, was pointed to one end, . . the making mankind better, individually and collectively. Why, then, did he say, 'neither do I condemn thee?' Was it, that he did not reprobate the deed done? By no means; but that he might win this soul to himself, by the attraction of kindness. He saw this to be possible; and he teaches us, by this proceeding, that it is still equally possible, in similar cases. He gives us his divine example, too, as to manner. He instructs us, that, even in the most desperate cases, gentleness and tenderness are to be used, so long as they can be used. That even gross vice, is not, in the first instance, to be encountered with menaces and fulminations; but that a fair trial is to be made, whether, under the most unpromising appearances, there may not be some latent spark of virtuous sensibility, which may be roused and enkindled, by the soft breath of charity; while the opposite method, may not only 'break the bruised reed,' but 'quench the smoking flax.'

But, as was said, all this applies to us, in our conduct towards others. The only part that an individual can apply to himself, is, 'go and sin no more.' Here, the gentleness passes into inexpressible awfulness: Go, that is, forthwith: commence a new course, and let that course be uniform. You have now escaped, because Divine goodness saw something to excuse. But that is over: you cannot now sin, as you did once, through ignorance, or inadvertency. Your future crimes, if you are guilty of crimes, will be sins against light, against experience, against tried and tasted mercy; therefore, sin no more; lest, if the unclean spirit should enter again, he might take with him seven devils more wicked than himself.

Who that hears, may not stand in this danger? It might be wished, to confine such a warning, to atrocious instances. But it may not be. He said to that paralytic, against whom no charge was made, 'Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee'; that is, he spoke to him, even more alarmingly, than he did to the adulteress. God judgeth not of faults, as man judgeth; therefore, who can tell, how oft he offendeth? Uniform, unremitting vigilance, over every part of conduct, inward and outward, is the only sure way to avert this menace of infinite goodness. We can, then only, be assured, that we are safe from sinning no more, when we are growing in grace, and in the knowledge, &c.

The institution embraces both parts of our Lord's gracious dealing. It does not condemn; but it does say, 'sin no more.' How glorious the example! how benignant the object! This is an emulating of angels, because it is an imitating of Christ.

You were as welcome to my sermon as you could be. I am sincerely gratified by your liking it. Send me all manner of scraps. Miss Fergusson sends her love.

Most cordially yours,

A. K.

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LETTER 81.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevûe, Dec. 27. 1809.

My dear Friend,

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Pray have you Dr. Watts's works? If you have not, I think you will do well to have them. They contain more to our purpose, than I once thought likely. In fact, they exhibit a very singular spectacle, of a mind, partly free, and partly fettered. And, though the incongruity, arising from this inward variance, is striking, yet, so many just remarks are made, so many important concessions occur, and so many useful lessons are to be deduced from the entire case; that I cannot but consider Watts, as occupying a place of moment, in the concatenated scheme. At an earlier stage, I consider Baxter and Owen, as opposite *inter se*. Baxter drawing off all that was sentimentally and philosophically pious, into one reservoir; and Owen, all that was dogmatically doctrinal, into another. Now, it seems to me, that this very distinction is carried on, with an eye to refined usefulness, in Doddridge and Watts.

In Doddridge, Baxter is filtrated, and in a manner sublimated. I do not mean as to thought, but as to pure piety. In Watts, Owen is subtilized, exfoliated, and untwisted. But with not the very effect, I think, that the latter worthy theological chemist intended. It seems he hoped, with no small confidence, that something would be made of calvinism, which would quadrate with improved intellect, and enlarged philosophy: for, most surely, his own intellect sought improvement; and he wished to unite christianity with philosophy. But I conceive, that, in exact proportion to the respectability of his own thinking and reasoning faculty, he evinces the utter impossibility of accomplishing what he aimed at. If the theory of christianity could not be made out, in some better manner than he has exemplified, it would stand in perilous circumstances; and the christian would be much to be pitied, when he had to plead his cause at the bar of unsophisticated reason. All this appears the more, as Watts was a clear and candid reasoner. Not strong, not succinct, not luminous, most certainly; yet, on the whole, one would think, highly capable of having done every thing better, if his views had been more just. But, then, he would not have shown, what he shows now, the intrinsic impossibility of calvinism being reconciled, with the least movement of unfettered thought.

Farewell, my dear friend; for it is past one, and I grow sleepy. Every blessing to which this blessed season leads the thoughts, I wish to you,

And am, most cordially yours,
Alex. Knox.

P. S. When I say Watts was not luminous, I mean strictly to distinguish that word from lucid; for this, I think he was. I see his meaning ever; but it is, in great measure, a moonlight meaning, though the heart of the good man was far from cold.

——oo——

LETTER 82.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., April 6. 1810.

My dear Friend,

Little or much, I will say a word to you to tell you that the Bristol box has made its appearance, and all your books are safe.

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Miller was brilliantly attended yesterday.* The Chancellor, Archbishops of Dublin and Tuam, Chief Justice, Commander of the Forces, various Bishops, some Lords, Attorney-General, and Sir Edward Littlehales; two military generals, besides Lord Harrington; Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Isaac Corry: and had ladies been admissible, there would have been the two Duchesses†, cum multis aliis. For, had their Graces led, who would not have followed? It was a good lecture; but too recapitulatory to be particularly striking to those, who had been constant auditors.

I have discovered a queer little fact; that my old friend, Maclaine, has, in various instances, without I suppose intending it, misrepresented Mosheim's meaning; by giving his own idea of the fact, instead of literally adhering to the purport of the original.

For example; Maclaine says what follows, respecting the settlement of the church of England by Elizabeth: 'Thus was that form of religion established in Britain, which separated the English, equally, from the church of Rome on the one side, and from the other churches, which had renounced popery, on the other.' But Mosheim's own words are 'Hac ratione, *illa quidem veteris religionis correctio*, quæ Britannos, æque a pontificiis, atque a reliquis familiis, quæ pontificiis dominationi renunciarunt, sejungit, firmata et stabilita.' Again, Maclaine says, 'if we consider the genius, and spirit of the church of England, during that period, we shall plainly see, that the doctrine of the gomarists, concerning grace and predestination, could not meet, there, with a favorable reception; since the leading doctors of that church, were zealous in modelling its doctrine and discipline, after the sentiments and institutions, that were received in the primitive times; and since those early fathers, whom they followed with a profound submission, had never presumed, before Augustine, to set limits to the extent of the divine grace and mercy.'

What a paraphrase is this, and something more than a paraphrase, of the following sentence?

'Atque hoc, ut acciderit, necesse pœne fuit, quum Angli ecclesiam suam, ad primorum seculorum instituta, sententias, et leges, componi velint. Patres autem, quos nominant, ante Augustinum, a decretis Dordracenis plane abhorruerint.'

These, I consider as a fair specimen of the Doctor's manner of rendering his original. I need not call your observation, to the entire leaving out of 'illa veteris religionis correctio,' in the

* On the delivery of the conclusion of a course of lectures, upon the philology of modern history... Ed.

† The Duchesses of Richmond and Gordon.

first passage; that being too palpable not to manifest itself: but I would point out to you the curious interpolation, in the second, of 'during that period.' You see, clearly, that Mosheim does not single out that period; but speaks of the Anglican church, in its rooted character. The wish to keep it primitive, not being the peculiar temper of that age, but the uniform spirit and feeling of all the Anglican divines; yet Mackaine would seem to wish to put the Anglican church, on irresponsible ground. He appears to insinuate, that the English church has no fixt belief, but is, what the prevalent party may choose to make it. But is this the idea of Mosheim?

I must end.

Farewell, my dear Friend, and believe me
ever most affectionately yours,
Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 11. 1810.

My dear Friend,

From a mistake of my servant, I did not receive your most acceptable letter till yesterday; to which I cannot now say more than a few words in reply. My health has, on the whole, been not such as I have reason to complain of; but the fluctuations of the weather, and the easterly wind of the last few days, have affected me. I trust it may blow over.

The Archbishop desires me to say, that he will hold an ordination for Mr. Jellett* and Mr. Torrens, either on the Sunday before Easter, or on the Tuesday immediately succeeding; therefore Mr. J. had better manage matters so, as to be here in the course of Easter week. My examination, in this case, will be to me only a pleasant morning's conversation.

I took the opportunity of reminding the Archbishop, of my letter written last year, as to the appointment of a preacher: and I suggested Jellett for the situation. More and more do I feel, that this is not a fit sphere, or a congenial scene for me. I am damped and paralyzed, by the pressure of duties, which I cannot discharge, and from the absence of opportunities and stimuli, which I cannot create. However, for the present, I must only acquiesce in what is the will of providence. Shall I just now urge the appointment of a preacher, and of Jellett as

* The late Rev. Morgan Jellett, M. A.

the man? There might easily be made a salary of 75*l.* The Chapter give 50*l.*, I would readily give 25*l.* myself.

Two persons are talking beside me; and have been so, as I wrote this scrawl, which I am writing against time.

May I hope for a line by return of post?

Believe me, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER LXXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 11. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE very hurried letter that I wrote this morning, under a great pressure as to time, and with much of nervousness about me, must, I am conscious, not add to your comfort: could I, at this moment, recal it, I would gladly do so; but, 'volat irrevocabile.' The only expedient left, therefore, is, that I should immediately follow it, by something less incoherent. That there are certain uneasinesses and awkwardnesses, attached to my present situation, I cannot, indeed, but feel; that situation, is, however, I am well assured, a wholesome discipline: and I am hopeful, that the day may arrive, when I shall far more distinctly perceive its providential bearings, and more unmixedly feel its beneficial results. As it is, it gives scope for those interior vicissitudes, which, perhaps beyond all other circumstances, give us a measure of self-acquaintance, and self-management:

> 'The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
> Give all the strength and color of our life.'

In the quiet of my little book-room, which Providence has enabled me to furnish so richly, and especially at this hour of the night, I often experience a species of enjoyment, which would be ill-changed, for all that mere change of external circumstances could afford; though that change were to place me, in the most enlarged intellectual sphere. And who can tell, whether, in such a sphere, I could enjoy my books and my fireside, as I sometimes do? Might I not be too much exteriorated? Might I not live too much upon the pleasures of society? Might I not be led to put myself forth, in premature, and consequently, in abortive efforts? The world has great allurement, and I am conscious of great weakness. It is there-

fore, I dare venture to conclude, both most wisely, and most kindly ordered, that I should be kept back, till I have attained greater strength.

Many thanks for the interesting matter from Mosheim. It came opportunely; for I shall, I trust, avail myself of it in an ordination sermon, now rolling in my thoughts. I rejoice in Miller's celebrity; putting out of the question love of the system, and kindly feeling towards him, it is truly pleasant to see solid ability working its way, by mere weight of metal.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XC.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 14. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE a few hasty lines, to accompany a little paper of ——'s, of which, if you think as I think, you will forward it to the editor of the Christ. Obs. I wish particularly that this may be done, because this little matter, that grew out of a conversation, evinces, to me at least, a capacity of writing with ease, on practical subjects; and of passing, with a very happy facility, from obvious matter of fact considerations, to deep metaphysical, and philosophical truths, which ——, by all means, ought to cultivate; and which he might be deterred from cultivating, if this effort were nipped in the bud. A propos, have you yet seen the No. of the C. O. for January? You may remember, it did not reach you in due course. On opening it, I was not a little surprised to see, in the front of it, my cviith Psalm. I suppose Mr. —— thought I had empowered him to use it as he saw fit. Had I known his intention, I should have begged to make, at least, two corrections. One, of the mistake as to the two semi-choruses. N'importe. Both will pass muster.

I have another letter to write, and the post soon goes out. Therefore, I can only say, that I am ever, most affectionately yours,

J. JEBB.

LETTER 83.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., April 16. 1810.

My dear Friend,

Lest you should misconstrue my silence, I say something, however brief.

I need say no more I believe, for the present, about ——, than I said on Friday. Your feelings, and wishes, must ever be too interesting to me, to imply the shadow of a shade of teazing. To whom should you tell your whole mind, but to me? And should I be annoyed by your communication, I should deserve neither eyes to see with, nor ears to hear with. What you say, will ever be felt and weighed; and my head will give its best service to my heart, in furnishing an answer. What you yourself so well and wisely say, added to thoughts of my own, makes me look up, in all this, to a higher hand. You and I are both machines of a construction, not certain to go on well, with common treatment. Deeply do I feel, that circumstances have been exquisitely adjusted, to my peculiar case. And I doubt not but time will show, that a like management has been used in yours.

You wished me to mark authorities, corroborative of Joseph Mede's notion of the primitive spirit of our church. In reading the original passages from Mosheim, I meant to do something of the kind, as well as to communicate a curious fact. I now wish to point out another still more powerful authority, which I need only refer to, if I were sure that you had Limborch's Epistolæ Virorum Illustrium et Eruditorum. The passage I am going to give you, occurs in a letter from Bishop Overal to Hugo Grotius; in which the following remark is made, respecting a new publication of the latter.

'Credo pauca esse, in libro tuo, quæ Eliensi, aliisque ex doctioribus nostrum, non probentur, nisi forte in illis hæreant, quæ judicium de rebus fidei definitivum laicis potestatibus tribueri, et potestatem ac jurisdictionem veram pastorum Ecclesiæ negare, et episcopatum in non necessariis ponere videntur. Tenent enim nostri judicium de rebus fidei definiendi Synodis episcoporum, aliorumque doctorum ministrorum Ecclesiæ, ad hoc delectorum et convocatorum, deferendum esse; secundum consuetudinem veteris ecclesiæ, *ex sacris literis*, per consensum veteris ecclesiæ, non privatum spiritum neotericum, *explicatis*, terminandum?' There is more to the same purpose, but

this is the most material. Should you have the book, the page is, 486.

Ever yours,

Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER XCI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 16. 1810.

My dear Friend,

I am greatly pleased with what you tell me of the Archbishop of Dublin. That he should criticize my sermon, and object to particular passages, or even to my view of the text, I do not at all wonder; but, though I should be gratified by his approving, I really think the sermon a minor consideration. What I like, is, his copying the letter. This is to have done business; his object, indeed, may be only to have the facts there stated; but he will also have the principles before him: and who can tell, what effect they may ultimately produce? At all events, it is no trivial matter, that his Grace should be under the impression, that a sober, broad, and intelligent view of things, can be taken in our school. If I am hereafter to grow better in health, and more ready with my pen, does it not look as if I were permitted and enabled, (as they do in legal cases, when they are not fully prepared for a trial,) from time to time to put in an appearance, by way of keeping the cause alive? There has been rolling in my mind, for the last ten days, the scheme of an ordination sermon. I have not been sufficiently well to write a word as yet. One thing I have done, indeed, which at least is gratifying as a recreation. I have collected some very decided, and very beautiful testimonies, that our church reverences christian antiquity, next to the sacred Scripture.

I wish you would look into your Griesbach (I cannot revert to him, having made a present of my copy to the Archbishop,) at Ephesians, v. 9. There is a various reading, ὁ γαρ καρπος του φωτος, which I believe is the true reading. Wetstein quotes numerous authorities. The Alexandrine, Beza's, and three more uncial MSS. Three other MSS. of good note. Colindus' edit. The Vulgate, Syriac, Coptic, and Ethiopic versions. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Lucifer, Hilary, Jerome, Pelagius, Augustine, Castalio, Erasmus, Grotius, Mill and Bengel. To which testimonies, I would add, Ambrose, Theophylact, Marcellinus, Antherus, Zezenus, Thomas Gale, Hammond, Mat-

thew Poole. Probably Griesbach may furnish still more. The internal evidence, I conceive, is strongly in favor of φωτος, not only from the preceding verse . . 8; but, also, from the antithetical clause, v. 11., τοις εργοις τοις ακαρποις του σκοτους, finely opposed to the καρπος του φωτος, not at all to the vulgar reading. Observe, too, how the idea of light is adverted to, v. 13. and 14. In Galatians, v. 22, we have, indeed, καρπος του πνευματος, but then it is opposed to εργα, (not as in Ephesians, του σκοτους,) της σαρκος. By the way, how exquisite the propriety of expression in both epistles!

$$\text{καρπος} \begin{cases} \text{του πνευματος} \\ \text{του φωτος} \end{cases} \quad \text{εργα} \begin{cases} \text{της σαρκος} \\ \text{του σκοτους} \end{cases}$$

καρπος, on the good side; εργα ακαρπα, on the bad.

Doddridge, with his usual love of indistinctness and ambiguity, says, 'The sense is the same; but the number of varying manuscripts, seems not sufficient to confirm that reading (φωτος). Yet I have had some regard to it in the paraphrase, as in some other instances of a like nature.' I humbly conceive, that the sense is very different. Some, we are told, bring forth fruit thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold; now, is it not probable, and it is not perfectly accordant with the schemes, respectively, of the two epistles, and the condition of the two churches, that the passage in the Galatians, should relate to δικαιοσυνη; that, in Ephesians, to ἁγιασμος; the former to αρετη, the latter to αληθεια; the former to inchoate, the latter to perfect christianity? But, after all, I fear it is impertinent, or at best supererogatory, to throw out these criticisms to you, who have made yourself a master of the epistle to the Ephesians.

I regret that you should have so much trouble about my books; but I presume that it would be the best plan, to get them back from the lodging house, at which they were left. If Keene or Mercier have got any thing that I ought to have, or if the 30th No. of the Edin. Rev. be out, I would thank you to send them by Mr. Jellett; also to get me a 12mo paper book, bound in red morocco, of the best yellow-wove paper, and send it, also, by the same opportunity. My scrap-book is almost filled, and I wish to have another to succeed it.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

And believe me ever,

most affectionately yours,

John Jebb.

LETTER 84.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, April 18. 1810.

My dear Friend,

Whatever I can put upon this paper, between the present moment and the latest post hour, you shall have, though it cost me three pence sterling.

I give you the fac-simile of Griesbach :—

ὁ γαρ καρπος του ^{h}φωτος εν πασῃ αγαθωσυνῃ και δικαιοσυνῃ και υληθειᾳ.

^{h} πνευματος.

^{h}ABD*EFG 6. 10. 17. 47. 67.**Barb. 1 Syr. Erp. Copt. Sahid. Aeth. Arm. Vulg. Il. Greg. Thaumat. Lucif. Ambest. Auct. de singular. Cleric. Hier. Aug. Pel. πνευματος φῶς. 71. ap Birch.

If you can make out his meaning, I shall be glad ; but I am incompetent, not having studied his scheme. But I guess he is with you ; though the small letters in the text, and the large in the margin, would seem to imply that the alteration was hesitatingly made. For many reasons, I deem the Vulgate, strong authority. It is, to my mind, equivalent, to undisturbed possession for so many years ; which is a good title, until a better can be opposed to it.

I have time only to add, that, from full examination of Collier's Eccles. Hist., I have determined to secure one, in the present sale, for you, it being a work you ought to have ; and to mention a saying of Ridley, in one of his very latest letters, which, probably, you are already possessed of. In speaking of Knox's opposition (at Frankfort) to private baptism, he asks, 'What would he, in that case, should be done? Peradventure, he will say, it is better, then, to let them die without. For this, his *better*, what word hath he in Scripture? And if he have none, why will he not rather follow that, which the sentence of the ancient writers does more allow? From whom to dissent, without warrant of God's word, I cannot think it any godly wisdom.'

There was a golden saying! That is the right principle, the safe path, as well expressed as it could be in human language.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER XCII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 18. 1810.

My dear Friend,

I must write a few lines to say, that though, from the severe weather, far from comfortable in body, I could not have been, at present, so sickly in mind, as to misinterpret, or misconceive your silence. Your letter, however, has been most acceptable; as, indeed, it always is a cordial to me, to read your hand-writing on a superscription.

Many thanks for your interesting quotation. It just falls in with some of my late inquiries; and shall be added to my collections. I have just read the letter at large. Pray, are you aware, that in the year 1571, in full convocation, and with the sanction of Elizabeth, the following canon was passed. De concionatoribus?

'Imprimis verò videbunt, ne quid unquam doceant pro concione quod à populo religiose teneri et credi velint, nisi quod consentaneum sit doctrinæ Veteris aut Novi Testamenti; quodque ex illa ipsa doctrina, catholici patres et veteres episcopi collegerint.' This is one of my strongest authorities; but I have others, too, very curious.

Do you know, too, that, in giving the college library the original Rambler, you give it a very valuable document. Mr. Chalmers, in his late preface, having stated, that there are no less than 6000 cerrections, chiefly in point of style, made in the work, as afterwards collected into volumes. Mr. C. has given an entire paper, as it stands in the original; and I have been amusing myself, this morning, by collating it. The alterations, are just such, as I should have myself been likely to wish for. Compare, e. g. the following passage of No. 180, as it originally stood, with the present copy. 'Such, however, is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious whisperers of greatness, are to be collected from these seminaries, which are appropriated to the study of wisdom, and the contemplation of virtue; in which it was intended, that appetite should learn to be content with little, and hope to aspire to honors, which no human power can give or take away.'

Could you tell Mr. Jellett to get me, at Keene's, Adam Clarke's Succession of Sacred Literature, and bring it with him. I gave mine to H. Woodward. I must have done.

Ever most affectionately yours,

John Jebb.

LETTER XCIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, April 24. 1810.

My dear Friend,

I have barely time to say, that I am now about to enclose your character of Jellett to the Archbishop; not being sufficiently at leisure to call with it myself. I have prepared the way, by telling the Archbishop; and I believe there will be no objection to taking J. on trial, though he is, for the present, to know nothing of such an intention.

I enclose you a half note for 50*l.*; and, when this is acknowledged, shall send the other. I hope that you have not been inconvenienced by the loan; could I have replaced it, you should not have been so long unpaid.

My sermon occupies my mind fully; especially, as I have transferred not quite a page to paper. A train of thought and inquiry has been opened by it, which, however I may fail, for the immediate object of this ordination, I should like to pursue for some months, if I were left completely my own master; and to lay the result before the public.

Yours ever, my dear Friend,
most affectionately,
John Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER 85.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, April 27. 1810.

My dear Friend,

I have time only to tell you, that I received yours, here, yesterday.

I am very glad things are in such a train about J.; but still more glad, that there is a prospect of your being relieved from a burthen, in which I have most truly sympathized; understanding, well and thoroughly, what it could not but imply.

I came here on Tuesday, and must return on Monday; so that you may direct to Dublin. I shall be curious to know the nature of your train of thought.

I did not tell you how very much I admire H. W's paper. There is a style of thinking in it, which to me appears master-

ly; and which, I hope and trust, will be exercised with equal strength, on ampler, and more momentous subjects. If so, he may absolutely do great things.

Farewell, my dear friend; your health, and comfort, and studies, and thoughts, will ever be most interesting to him, who is,

Most truly yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER XCIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 21. 1810.

My dear Friend,

The business of the ordination, &c. being over, I can now write you a few lines. And first, let me say, what I know you will be rejoiced to hear; the Archbishop authorized me, last night, to acquaint Jellett with his appointment, as assistant preacher: I have done so this morning; and, after giving him next Sunday's law, he is to proceed. I like him greatly. In examining him, I could not help thinking, that he was perfectly qualified to discharge the same office towards me. I got him to write a little paper for me; which was drawn up with great neatness, elegance, and perspicuity; condensing much important thought, and pious feeling, into a very narrow compass. He has opened to me greatly in conversation, both as to his opinions, and as to himself; having given me a most interesting little sketch of his life. I am sure he will be a great acquisition; and the Archbishop, I believe, thinks so too. I showed his Grace your letter, which gave him full satisfaction.

I am in too great a state of mental exhaustion, to form any sound judgment upon my sermon. It may be positively bad, as a sermon; and it may, for ought I know, be more than tolerably good. The range has been so wide, and so much matter has been brought together, that I cannot attempt giving a sketch of my plan; but I hope, next week, to copy and send it to you. There will be little or nothing new to you: yet it cost me a prodigious deal of laborious thinking: not, thinking, to originate argument, but to arrange, to methodize, to give condensation, consecutiveness, and if possible, unity, to a mass of materials. The Archbishop has asked to borrow it, but passed no manner of opinion. By the way, has the Archbishop of D. made any further observations? If so, no matter how unfavorable, I should like to hear them: at any fair opportunity, you might tell

his Grace, that I feel *both* the words he has objected to are incorrect; and that I should alter them, were the sermon to be preached over again. I love to have special objections made. General disapprobation, often mortifies, without ever conferring benefit. But there seldom is a definite objection made, that, whether founded, or unfounded, does not lead one to discover something wrong; some nicer shade of expression, that might be improved; some word, that might be retrenched; or something explanatory, that might be added.

I am delighted at your high approbation of H. W.'s paper; and I hope you have sent it forward. Have you secured the Collier, and what have you paid for the Chrysostom? My letter must now be closed, but I hope to write at length, this week, or the next.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
and believe me ever,
most faithfully and affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XCV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, May 14. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE harsh easterly winds effectually prevented me, from having, long since, dispatched a large packet to you. I have been able to transcribe a very small portion of my sermon: which, together with certain literary projects that it has given birth to, I greatly wish to submit to your judgment; intending to conduct myself, implicitly, as you recommend. J——'s appointment leaves me, as I conceive, at liberty to pursue my own plans; and assuredly, it is very remote from my wishes, to eat the bread of idleness. At the same time, I have little doubt, that my plans would not be quite to the mind of our excellent friend. He would like to have me at details, to which I am incompetent; but, if I had the sanction of your judgment, I should not suffer myself, on that account, to be prevented from taking a wider range, more suited to my taste, and at least, not more disproportioned to my powers. Before this week closes, I hope to lay the whole before you. By the way, I have just been highly gratified, by reading your review. It is, in all respects, what I could wish: and, if you could, now and then, endeavor to indoctrinate the more hopeful of the semi-evangelicals, through the Chris.

Obs., by similar productions, you might do a great service; rather, indeed, if you would engage in publishing a volume of essays.

Jellett, I greatly like; and, what is of more consequence, he has greatly pleased the Archbishop. He entered on his duties yesterday se'nnight, with an excellent sermon, on 'faith which worketh by love.' You have seen it, as it originally stood; but he made very considerable alterations, before he submitted it to my inspection. As he preached it, I question whether there ever came from the pulpit, so fully matured a first essay. The subject matter, omni exceptione major; the illustrations happy; the language peculiarly well chosen; and the style exquisitely chaste and simple. He has a fine voice, too; and, with great modesty, was perfectly at home in the pulpit. The Archbishop was delighted; and I am sure thought Jellett's mode of preaching, the very thing he had been wishing for. I am sure he is qualified to do, what I never could effect: to branch out important principles into detail; and to pursue them through their consequences and results; thus or thus : my power is of the opposite kind, to combine, and to trace ramifications to their root and principle; thus or thus . Each mode is useful in its way: but I believe the Archbishop has no relish for the latter. I preached an old sermon yesterday, that I might give J. a little law. He has been hard at work; and desires me to mention this, as his apology for not having written to you. Indeed, at this moment, he is composing a sermon in my other room.

The books have safely reached this. When I asked, could you distinguish our several properties, I had a view to strict distributive justice, against which, I must inform you, you have erred; inasmuch as, I have no title to the three following articles; viz. 'Winder's Hist. of Knowledge,' 'Sparrow's Rationale of the common Prayer,' and 'Drexelius de Vitiis Linguæ.'

I had an application by letter, from Mr. Stewart, the Methodist preacher of this district, through the master of the Charter School, for aid for the fund of decayed preachers; so I called this morning on the latter, and gave him two guineas: at the same time, declining to become an annual subscriber; and telling my mind fully, about the dissenting overt-act of the last conference. This was new to Mr. Watts, who is a thorough churchman. He took in excellent part all that I said; and I went pretty much at large into the evils of dissenterism. Was I wrong in all this?

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever your most attached and affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 86.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 14. 1810.

My dear Friend,

I could wish to write a long letter to you, but it must be a short one. Your last gave me the most heartfelt pleasure; and I have been looking out for the sermon, which has not yet arrived, with avidity; yet I do not wish you should make the transcript more expeditiously, than will be completely comfortable.

Alas! I could not get the Collier: for the Archbishop of C. was your rival. I think Ottridge could get it for you at once. It went off at forty shillings.

I got the Chrysostom this day, at seventeen guineas and a half. An order from London rose to seventeen guineas; and I was obliged to give the half, to prove that all was fair.

I have very much to put on paper, in writing to you; but I am occupied. How, you shall know ere it be long.

Wilberforce's speech, against receiving the petition from the ——, delights me. I am very glad of his taking such a part; and what he has done, he appears to have done ably.

Adieu, my dear Friend, ever yours,

A. K.

P. S. I got Lightfoot, in good order, for 1*l.* 5*s.* Strype's Annals for Henry, Edward, Mary, 59*s.* and ½. A little Aquinas, the date 1497, 11*s.* 4½*d.* Baronius's Annals, 3*l.* 12*s.*, and St. Cyril of Jerusalem, 1*l.* 4*s.*

——oo——

LETTER XCVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

May 17. 1810.

My dear Friend,

The accompanying sermon has been transcribed, under the influence of an easterly wind; and, I consequently fear, much may be illegible.

You will observe that the close is huddled up. I had neither time, nor space, to complete my plan. It had been my intention to show, both the light, and the shade, of our Church of England, as those of the church at large: and to specify, that,

analogous to heresies which uncatholicized, were popery, on the one hand, and dissenterism, on the other; by a conflict with which, our church had its character formed, from the Reformation, till the Revolution: that, from that period, the foes were more of the household, analogous to errors, which did not uncatholicize; the dread of popery being removed, by the expulsion of the Stuarts, and the fierceness of dissenterism mitigated, by the act of toleration. Thence, within the pale of the Church of England, her true sons kept the mean, between rationalizing christianity, on the one hand, and dogmatizing doctrinality, on the other. The former, the offspring of Hales, Chillingworth, and the remonstrants; the latter, the genuine descendants of those doctrinal puritans, who, after the Marian persecution, did not separate from the church; and who, before the revolution, had been employed against the common enemy, . . the dissenters and the papists. And I should have attempted to suggest the beneficial results to our church, of these collisions.

The plan which I now have in view, is to divide the sermon, as it now stands, into two parts. The first, before; the second, after the Reformation; and into the second part, to introduce the above train of thought. These two sermons, I should like to preach in the College Chapel, next year; and, in the interim, to prepare materials for, and even enter on the composition of, dissertations, which would grow out of the discourses; and which, with them, might form a not unsystematic volume.

I am anxious not to eat the bread of idleness; and think that this work may be particularly suited to my habits and relishes. It may, indeed, be too great for my powers. But consisting of dissertations, each of which is to be a whole, I might make short stages on my journey. I wish for your opinion, whether to give myself to this pursuit, or to relinquish it. Premising, that, if this be relinquished, I intreat you will point out some line of occupation; for my trains of thinking, and my habits of mental movement, are altogether alien, from sermon-making for a common congregation. I shall be happy to have your thoughts, and to abide by your decision. But, as I am writing against time, I can now only subjoin the titles of such subjects as have occurred to me; for every one of which, you will see there is, or may be, a hook provided in the discourse.

---

1. On the commission of our Lord to the apostles, as recorded by the four Evangelists.
2. On the plan of individual conversion.

3. On miraculous power in the first three centuries; with reference to Middleton, Farmer, and to the whole sadducean system.
4. On the persecutions: with reference to Dodwell's scheme; and to Gibbon.
5. On national christianity, as a continuation and expansion of judaism.
6. On the character of ecclesiastical historians; and on the best manner of extracting from them, a just view of christian doctrine and practice, in the different ages of the church.
7. On the influence and bearing of special events, upon the general system.
8. On the uses of heresies.
9. On the principle of our English reformation. Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus; illustrated by our Articles, Homilies, Liturgy, by the canon of Queen Elizabeth, by Ridley, Sir D. Carlton, Overal, Grotius, Casaubon, Jewel, Mede, Hammond, Beveridge, Bull, Leslie, Mosheim, &c. &c. &c., with an analysis and defence of Vincentius against Lardner.
10. Same subject, with reference to the works of Barbeyrac, Daillé, and Whitby, against the fathers. On the right use of the fathers.
11. Difference of the Church of England, from other branches of the Reformation.
12. On the Liturgy.
13. On the spirit of our church, as an establishment.
14. On the balance of parties in the Church of England.
15. On dogmatical doctrinality.
16. On rationalism.
17. On methodism.
18. On the characters of our chief Divines, in the church of England.
19. On the present state of the church.
20. On the studies of clergymen, and particularly on the philosophical character of Scripture; with a view of Heb. poetry, in the New Testament.
21. On the best mode, in which clergymen of our church may co-operate with the great providential system.

These, my dear Friend, have been thrown down with the utmost rapidity; but I hope they may put you tolerably in possession of my meaning. You may either encourage me to proceed, or place an extinguisher.

I shall be greatly gratified to know, when you have leisure, how you have been occupied. No person living, perhaps, takes such an interest in your occupations. —— said to me, 'Mr. Jebb, did you ever read any thing more beautiful than the review of Taylor?' I replied, that I liked it exceedingly, but that I had read what pleased me as much. I had no time for further explanation, but shall recall the subject to-day. You know my cordial, and decided opinion of the review. But we are both fond of being appropriately discriminative in our approbation. I think I shall satisfy —— ; but I hope to see, from you, many papers equally good, and some more beautiful than the review; which, be it observed, I think better executed, than either of your former articles in the Eclectic.

I felicitate you on all your good bargains; but St. Chrysostom above all. Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 87.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 17. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BE it much or little, I must write to you, in reply to yours received yesterday.

I suppose ——'s essay will most certainly appear in the next C. O. Governor M——'s note, of May 7th, is as follows :—

'I was much gratified, a few days since, by receiving a note from you, accompanying a very useful, and well written paper, on the subject, &c. &c., which is now in the hands of the printer of the Chris. Obs. * * * I assure you, sir, I, and the members of the circle in which I usually move, retain a very lively recollection of the pleasure which we derived, from your society, and that of Mr. Jebb; and as we are separated by so envious a distance, we should be glad to receive, occasionally, some proof, both of your remembrance of us, and of your wish to contribute to our enjoyment and edification.

P. S. Mrs. H. T. has just been delivered of a fine boy. Mrs. H. M.'s health is much mended.'

I am gratified by your unqualified liking of the review; I must give you an extract from Parken's* letter to me.

* In 1809 (when they met in London,) this gentleman drew a description of Mr. Knox's person and manner, together with the character of his eloquence in conversation; the fidelity of which, will at once be recognized, by all who knew

'It is impossible I should speak of the remarks on Taylor in terms, that would not expose me to the suspicion of flattery. The beauty of the critical opinions, the elegance of the style, the unquestionable accuracy, as well as depth, of many observations, will probably protect the passages which bear hard upon the systematic theologians, from any great severity of censure. Hitherto, I have heard nothing but approbation expressed. But I cannot doubt, that many zealous, good men, who preach the primary truths of religion, and deal in controversy, will give me their opinions in a different tone. In deference to them, as well as from a wish to print nothing I thought capable of injurious misrepresentation, I have presumed to qualify one phrase; which is the only instance of alteration, I believe, in the whole article. Instead of 'those who had never wandered,' it reads, 'those who, in some sense, had never wandered'.'

I will not fall out with him, for that single qualification.

Butterworth has sent me my letter of 105 pages, written in 1807; and, along with other kind things, he says,

'I have frequent reason to advert to your sentiments; and I think substantial benefit has been derived from them. My son (who is, at this moment I am now writing, gone to church for confirmation, after much previous thought, prayer, and counsel) has been reading your letter with deep attention, and much pleasure. It is, my dear sir, a matter of no small consolation, that a boy of seventeen, is directing his thoughts to these subjects.'

I fear, I shall be too late.

Ever yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 88.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 29. 1810.

My dear Friend,

I am this afternoon at liberty to say something to you; every hour which I could command, being employed, till now, on the object of which I gave you a vague hint. The truth is, I was not easy, till I had completed my plan. I was not uneasy; on the contrary, my work was highly pleasant to me; but I could

him: it possesses, in truth, the realizing properties of portrait-painting. This felicitous sketch will be found, in the Introduction to Bishop Jebb's edition of Burnet's Lives. . . Ed.

not be at ease, in going to any thing else. This day, the last of my manuscript went to the bookseller; and therefore I can, at this moment, follow my inclination.

I have, in short, now lying before me, forty printed pages of a defence of the R. C.s against Dr. Duigenan's two positions, of constitutional incapacitation, and moral unfitness; the one, founded on the articles of union with Scotland; the other, on the doctrine of exclusive salvation. I have replied to both; and I cannot but hope, that you will approve of the course I have taken. I found a necessity for notes. I have allowed myself to be so copious in them, that I suppose the different size of the type will alone prevent the hinder parts of the peri-wig, preponderating against its front.

Possibly, by to-morrow's post, I may send you the body of the pamphlet; its eleven satellites must be waited for; for so many are my notes, and some of them little essays. I do not know how I shall be read; but I do know, I have wrought pleasantly; and I never sent any thing to the press, with more harmonic concurrence of my head and heart.

Time for me, now, to thank you for your ordination sermon.* Every thing, (I believe I may have marked some little matter, to be taken ad referendum, but substantially every thing,) I approved of; and the latter part, greatly and deeply liked. Vires acquirit eundo. You walked with a strong, but very distinct step, through the former part; but, toward the close, you stretch your wings, and fly. I cannot but like your plan of enlargement. Every point in it, we have passed through together, either conjointly, or sympathetically. The latter curiously, in the case of Vincentius Lirinensis, and Lardner. I assure you, within this month, I read, with much motion of my spirit within me, what Lardner so densely and dully says, against the quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus.

I must stop, for my labor (Kempis says 'easy businesses are hard to the weak') has tired me. Tell Miss ——, my next thought will be to write to her. But that will probably not be, till I have witnessed the establishment of —— in D———. If I am able, I go there on Friday. He is not yet come; but I reckon on his being here on Thursday. Tell the Archbishop, when you see him, that he is never long out of my thoughts. Many times, I am sure, I think of him, every day of my life. Tell Jellett, and Jas. Forster, I remember them. In truth, I forget nobody that loves me.

Ever yours,

Alex. Knox.

* See 'Practical Theology', Vol. I. Discourse vii. . . Ed.

LETTER XCVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, June 2. 1810.

My dear Friend,

I had been in hopes of hearing from you before I left Cashel, at the beginning of this week; and on coming here, gave directions, that any letter of yours might be forwarded to me by a special messenger. I am well convinced, that there is no voluntary omission in the case. Your mind may, most probably, have been fully engaged about other matters; and, whenever it is so engaged, 'in commoda publica peccem', if I should wish, for a moment, to divert your thoughts. But let me say, I am not without apprehensions, that not approving either my sermon, or the scheme founded upon it, or both one and the other, you have felt somewhat at a loss what reply to give. If this be so, it is my most cordial wish to free you from any difficulty, which kindness and delicacy may have imposed. In laying my thoughts before you, I wished, simply, as I said, to be implicitly guided by your opinion. The sermon may, very possibly, have been ill judged; and the plan founded on it, may, perhaps, be still more objectionable. I must cordially confess my incapacity of judging; but, I may safely say, that I never was more deeply persuaded of the expediency of keeping myself quiet. Prematurity of effort, is, in all matters, to be deprecated; but, most of all, in enunciating any part of our system. Besides, it would remain to be considered, whether, at any time, I should be likely to produce those opinions with effect. I am perfectly willing to remain in the back ground, so long as that appears, to your judgment, my proper destination; and even should it never be my lot to emerge, I trust I should be enabled to acquiesce, with cheerfulness and complacency. That I have hitherto been hampered by impediments, both internal and external, is to me a manifest, and most beneficial appointment of Providence; and, if a similar discipline be continued, I question not, the day will come, when it will appear to have been yet more gracious and salutary. The truth is, that, however remarkable my course of discipline may be, it is a far less severe one, than many others have found it their happiness to undergo; and, whether the progress is to become more, or less, of a trying nature, I feel, I trust, an unpresumptuous confidence, that the result will not be grievous, but joyous; and a sure conviction, that the intermediate stages will present no trials, but such as shall be strictly *ανθρωπινα*.

I could say much to you, about many matters, did time, or the circumstances in which I now am, admit of it. Tell Miss F., with my best regards, that I have, after a shameful delay, finished the little Itinerary*, and shall take an early opportunity of sending it.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER XCVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

June 5. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for your letter and parcel, which I found on my return from Glankeen. The former, far outgoes my expectation; I had looked for a far different judgment, both of my sermon, and my essay plan. As to your pamphlet, I have not been able yet, to gratify myself with a single page. The Archbishop evidently wished for a first reading of it, and I have just got it back. I keep it for a bonne bouche in the evening, having many letters to dispatch by post. I am truly delighted at your having taken up this subject; and can venture to predict, that I shall thoroughly approve. The truth is, I expect both an infusion of new ideas, and an establishment (that I may change the metaphor) of old.

The Archbishop probably told you of the living of Abington being now mine. It is worth, I believe, 1000*l.* per ann., with an incomparable house, &c. (for which I must pay smartly.) But what delights me, is the situation. It is sufficiently near Cashel, (twenty-four miles) to admit of occasional visits, for a few days at a time; and sufficiently remote, to leave me a free agent. It sends me to act in a new sphere; when, perhaps, my occupation was almost gone in the present. It constitutes me a sort of centre to the diocese of Emly; and it places me

* Of the excursion to England, in the summer of the preceding year (1809), in which Mr. Knox and the Bishop had been accompanied by the excellent person here alluded to, and so frequently mentioned throughout the Correspondence. For a still longer term of years, Miss Fergusson had been to Mr. Knox, all that Mrs. Unwin had been to Cowper. It will hereafter appear, that the Itinerary of their English tour, drawn up on a sheet of letter-paper by Mr. Jebb, at the request of this lady, was by her carefully preserved till her death, in 1828-9. Shortly before, she had shown it to Mr. Knox, as a memorial of former days. The beautiful MS. was returned to the Bishop, on his friend's death; and is now in the editor's possession.

within nine miles of Limerick. Who can tell, but that some providential purpose may be answered, by my being brought into the sphere of a great city; already the theatre of theological disputes; where calvinism is incipient; and where the opponents of calvinism, may possibly receive some indoctrination? I wish not to be sanguine, but odd presentiments have occurred to me; and I know not whether I should, with equal satisfaction, view my advancement, to any other preferment, in his Grace's gift.

To Whitty he has given Kiltinane; and to poor J. Torrens, Whitty's living, worth 160*l.* per ann., to help out his school. Is not this well?

I hope you will come amongst us. You are most earnestly wished for at the palace. ——'s heart is set upon your coming: I need not say what I feel. In 1805, you immediately succeeded my appointment to Kiltinane: may I not, in 1810, hope for your benediction, on my movement to Abington? I shall hereafter have room enough for my friends. It would be my happiness, to have one apartment denominated yours; and entitled to the denomination, by your occasional occupancy of it: and you must also know, that your visits would be deemed by me lame and incomplete, without the accompaniment of my kind and valued fellow-traveller. In truth, my dear friend, it would rob my settlement of one of its principal charms, if you were to deny me the prospect of having you and Miss F. under my roof. Be so good as to purchase for me, and bring along with you, for I look upon your visit to Cashel as settled, Miss Smith's Job, and Duigenan's work, which I have not read; also, for Whitty, Cowper's translation of Madame Guion's hymns.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
Ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I wish you could come before the visitation. It would be a scene that would please you; and I also should be gratified, by your witnessing the decorum and moderation of a Cashel visitation dinner.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.